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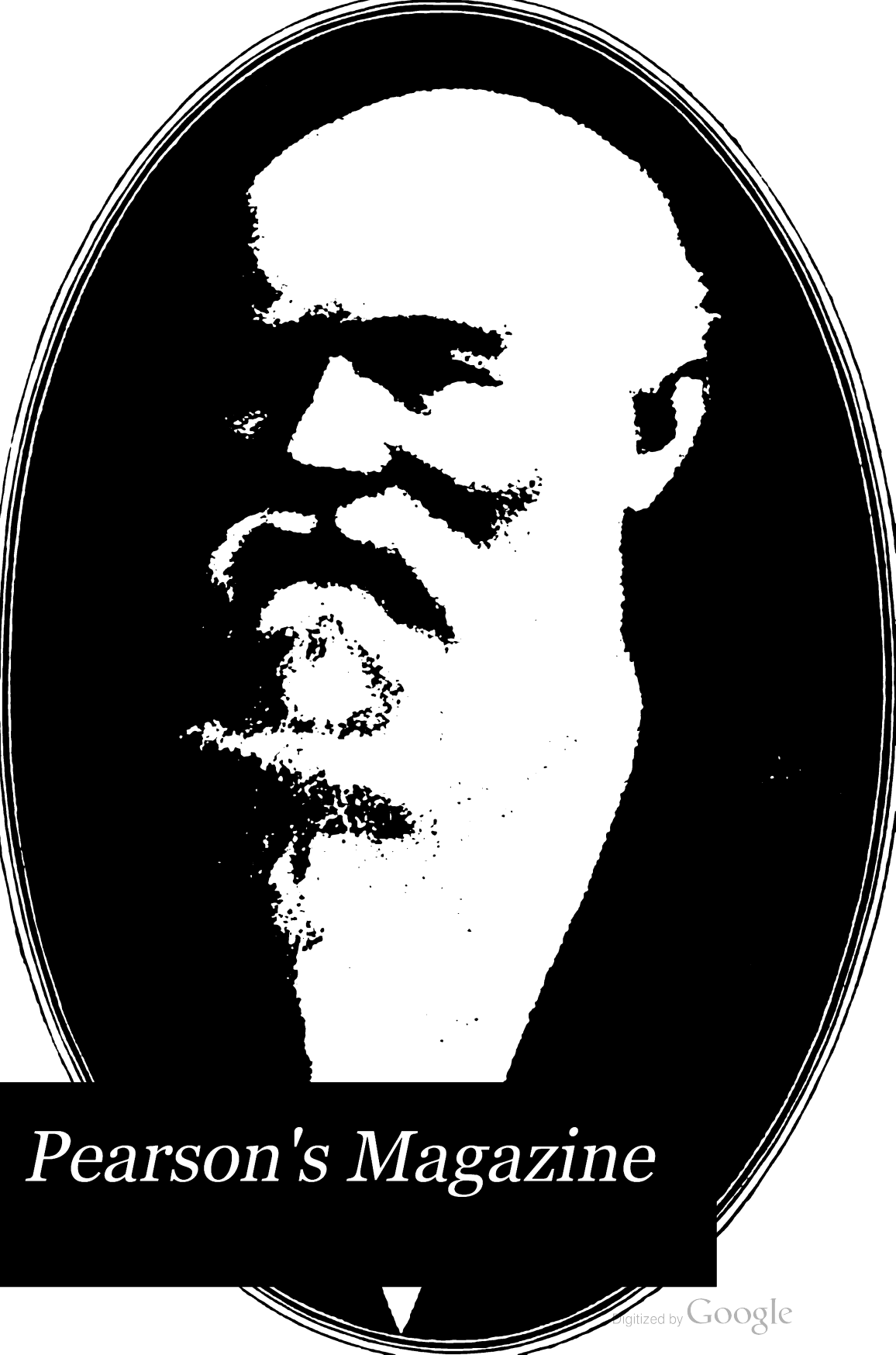
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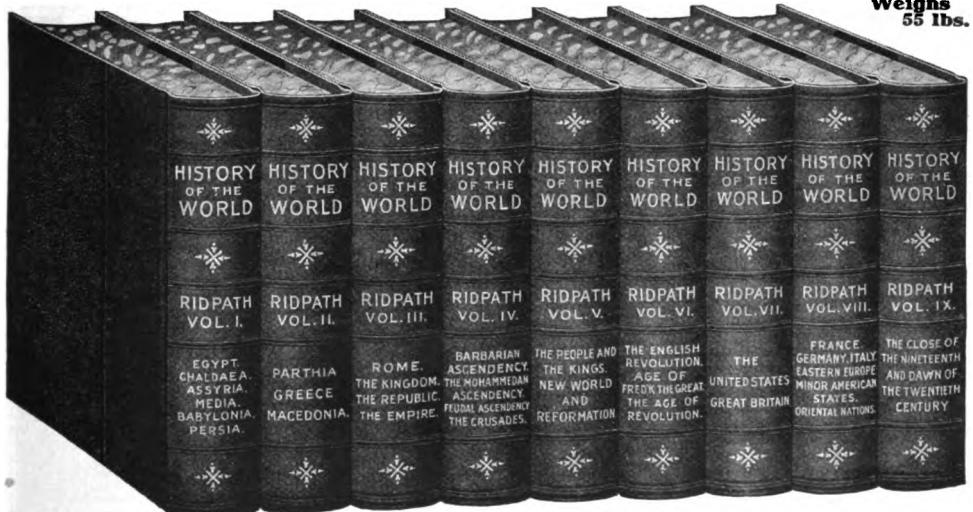
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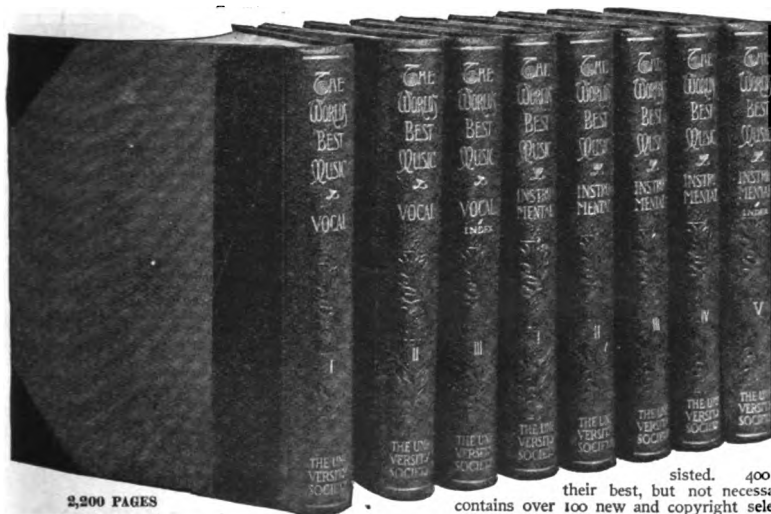
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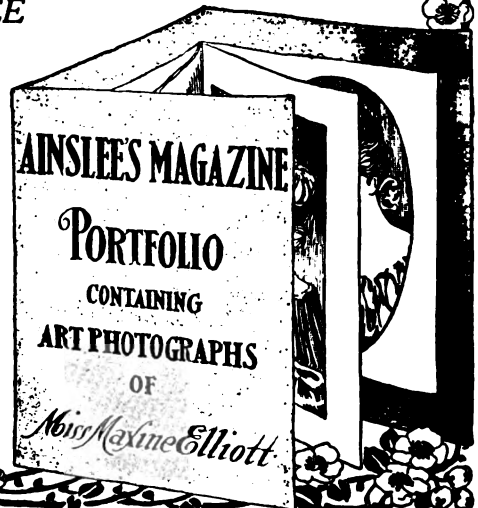
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With our help you can increase your income as did J. C. Leeming, to-day advertising manager for Crutcher & Starks, Louisville, Ky., at \$30.00 per week—a year ago a discouraged failure in a line in which competition was stronger than he.

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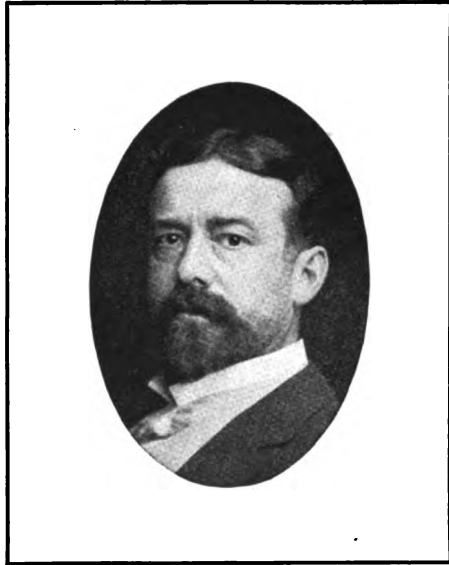
Malt is a food, half digested. Hops are a tonic. A little alcohol—there is but a trifle in beer—is an aid to digestion.

But insist on a pure beer—a beer that's well aged. Get a beer that is clean, filtered and sterilized. That always means Schlitz.

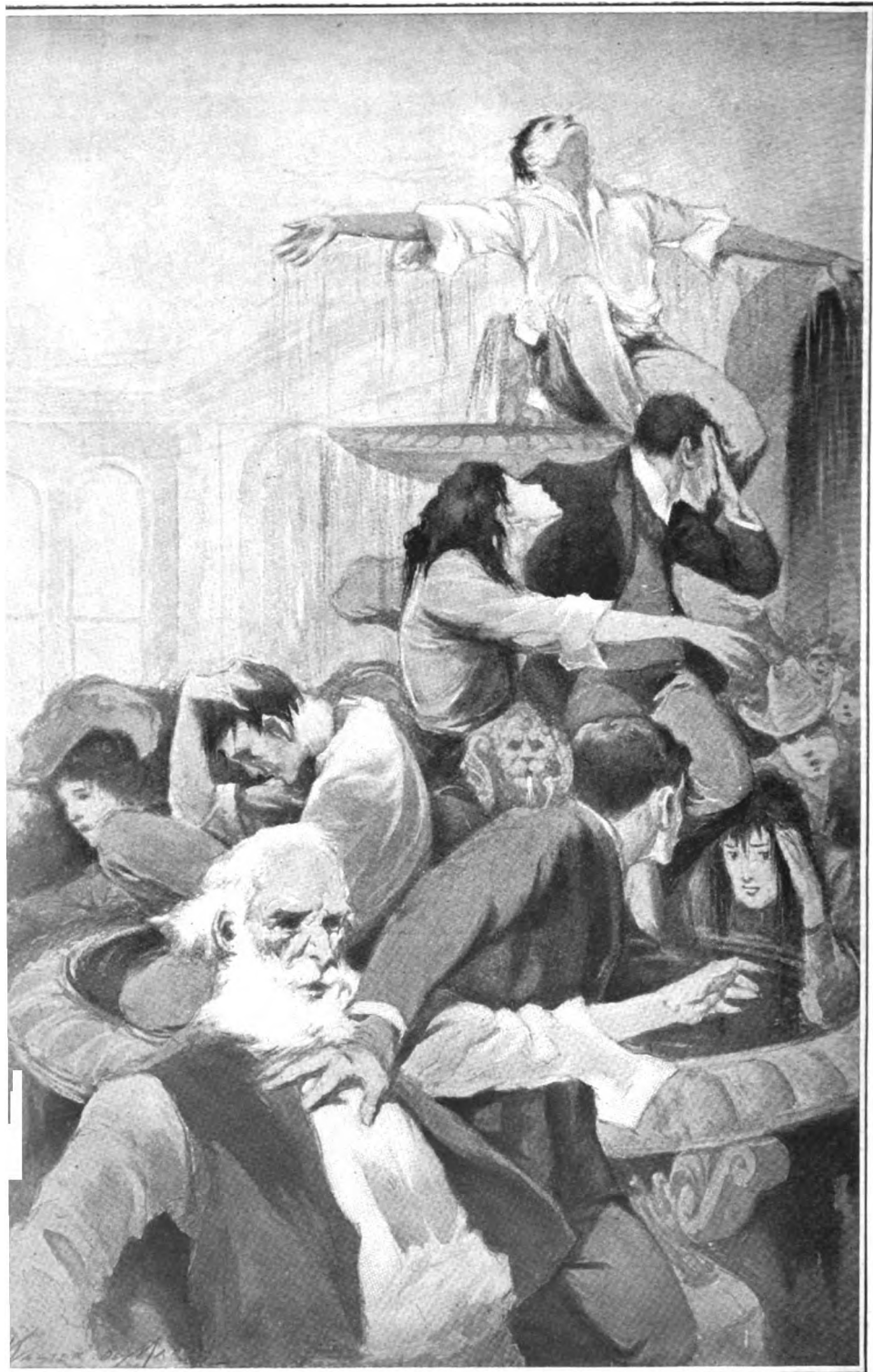
Schlitz

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown
is branded Schlitz.*

**The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.**



JAMES CREELMAN



"HURRAH!" CRIED THE MULTITUDE, "HURRAH FOR LIFE, AND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!"
(See "*The Fountain of Youth*," page 491)



Pearson's Magazine

VOL. XV

MAY, 1906

NO. 5

TRAGEDIES OF "THE SYSTEM"

BY

JAMES CREELMAN

GOING BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GREAT LIFE INSURANCE SCANDALS, MR. CREELMAN PICTURES THE DESTRUCTION OF MEN WHO HAVE DARED TO OPPOSE THE MYSTERIOUS, SILENT FORCE LYING AT THE CENTER OF AMERICAN MONEY-PAGANISM, AND SHOWS AN UNRECOGNIZED HERO.—EDITOR PEARSON'S.



WHEN they said that William Henry Beers looked like Socrates, the blue-eyed President of the New York Life Insurance Company used to laugh and shake his bald white head; for he loathed poverty, loved worldly success, lived in princely luxury, gloried in the power of the hundred and odd millions of dollars amassed by his company and, save for a curious likeness to certain yellowed marble portraits, could hardly have been more unlike the shoeless and penniless Athenian.

Yet the time was to come when he, too, would be accused of "denying the gods"—such invisibilities as control men in an age given over to the worship of money—and be made to drink a death-draught, bitter as ever was brewed.

In the large upthrust of the life insurance movement Mr. Beers had achieved a notable position in New York, had a long train of courtiers and parasites and was counted among the successful and powerful.

A man of moderate height, erect, white-

bearded, always in well-cut, immaculate black, with an old-fashioned white tie at his throat and a fine diamond sparkling in his plaited shirt bosom; shrewd, analytical, close-mouthed in his Scotch-Dutch way, he typified in his person the rise of life insurance from the picturesque and petty methods of the sewing-machine and lightning-rod propagandas, into an institution of such august proportions, measured by millions, that a money-mad civilization was awed into an attitude of reverence.

Like the other great captains of life insurance, Mr. Beers had emerged from an early environment of concentrated religious influence. Mr. Winston had organized the strength of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in the exalted social atmosphere of the Episcopal Church. Henry B. Hyde had gathered power for the Equitable Life Assurance Society by invoking the prestige of the sternly conservative Presbyterian community, and Mr. Beers had gathered enthusiasm and the proselytizing spirit in the aggressive Methodist organization.

There is a clear ingredient of truth in the recent claim of President McCurdy, of the

Mutual company, that the original argument for life insurance was made in the spirit of a "beneficent missionary enterprise," although such a claim, made to the Armstrong legislative investigators by that comfortable financial pasha, who lived daily in an atmosphere of nepotism and corruption, with his feet upon a three-thousand-dollar rug, paid for by the trust funds of widows and orphans, excited only derisive and contemptuous laughter.

But in 1890 the tone of the leading life insurance men in New York had changed; it was now frankly secular, almost pagan. So tremendous were the accumulated funds of the principal companies that they were regarded by the slowly concentrating financial interests of America as a certain future balance of power in the speculative money market, promising greater possibilities than national bond issues or well-timed deposits of government funds.

The combined assets of the Mutual, Equitable and New York Life companies had reached the enormous total of \$379,076,031. The resources of the other companies were trivial by comparison.

The master-spirit of this new power in finance was Henry B. Hyde. As the creator of the Equitable company and the majority owner of its stock, his authority over the resources of his company was legally impregnable. Besides, he was a man of brilliant originality, ruthless in his methods and of Napoleonic audacity. The presidents of the Mutual and New York Life companies had to depend for their power upon the proxies of policy holders.

Mr. Hyde aspired to supreme control in the life insurance world. It was his restless, ingenious mind that had added the "deferred dividend" idea to the straight and non-speculative plan of life insurance originally offered by President Winston in the Mutual company. Mr. Hyde had been a clerk in the Mutual company. He had gone to Mr. Winston and unfolded his ideas, including the speculative scheme of "deferred dividends." Mr. Winston had denounced his proposition roughly as mere gambling, incompatible with the useful and really benevolent idea of simple life insurance for the benefit of dependents.

So long as Mr. Winston lived he opposed Mr. Hyde and fought against his methods. But when Mr. Winston died and Mr. McCurdy succeeded to his place, Mr. Hyde

became, in many senses, the master of the Mutual company as well as the dictator of the Equitable.

For a long time Mr. Hyde had studied President Beers of the New York Life. That gentle white-beard had too parochial a mind to suit him. Not that Mr. Beers had too fine an edge to condone the soul-relaxing methods of insurance lobbying. Not that the New York Life company was not doing its share in its own way to corrupt legislators and make public supervision over life insurance affairs amiable to the point of peril. But Mr. Beers had the natural egotism of a successful man and stood in the way of Mr. Hyde's ambition for absolute control.

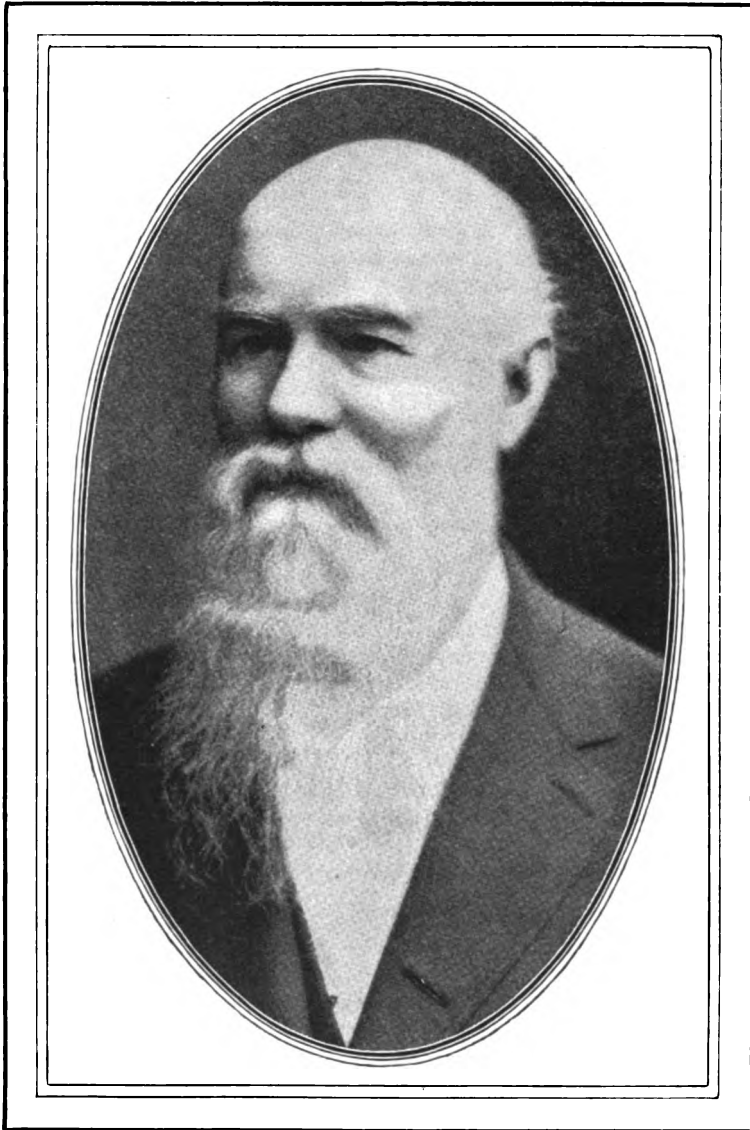
Mr. Beers had served for nearly forty years in the New York Life company. He had been its great actuary. He had worked it out of profound difficulties. He had brought it from semi-bankruptcy to a point at which it boasted a surplus of many millions. He had been the real master of the company when another man held the office of president. And now he had the office of president himself, with a salary of \$75,000 a year.

In 1890 there was "lobbied" through the New York Legislature a statute so daring in its conception and so shameful in purpose that students of the situation are still wondering how even bribery could have accomplished it. It was nothing less than a law providing that no person, save through the attorney-general of the State, could sue a life insurance company for an "accounting, injunction or receiver."

Nothing conceived by the sharpest minds trained to the service of "high finance" has ever equaled the cold-blooded diabolism of this statute inspired by the mind of Mr. Hyde.

It was neither more nor less than a deliberate plot to tie the hands of the whole judiciary of New York State and make the courts, high and low, dumb and helpless in the presence of whatever the overgrown life insurance combinations might choose to do in the future. The power of investigation was thus taken away from the policy holders and the courts at one stroke—and at the very time when the piled-up treasures, mysteriously disappearing dividends, drifting methods and speculative environments of life insurance called for the utmost publicity.

With a purchasable Legislature, a controlled attorney-general and a friendly Equitable company and his vassal, President Beers, of the New York Life Insurance Company, met one night by appointment a powerful life insurance magnate authorized to speak for President Hyde of the Mutual company and his vassal, President McCurdy of the Mutual company.



WILLIAM HENRY BEERS

*The head of the New York Life Insurance Company,
who was forced out of office by "The System"*

insurance system might become the mightiest financial power on the continent.

About this time a strange scene occurred. President Beers, of the New York Life Insurance Company, met one night by appointment a powerful life insurance magnate author-

This man in plain language unfolded Mr. Hyde's plan. He invited the New York Life Insurance Company to join with the Equitable and Mutual companies in an organized, systematic business control of the New York Legislature.

There was no attempt to mince matters or to make any delicate shadings of moralities in the proposed conspiracy against the public. The financial interests of the principal companies were so enormous that every law relating to them must be carefully controlled. Enormous sums of money would have to be spent in political campaign contributions and in direct bribery at Albany, to make sure that no sudden outburst of reformatory sentiment should make a breach in the wall of secrecy behind which Mr. Hyde and his associates were fortifying themselves.

The companies had already had a narrow escape. The Bogardus suit for an investigation of the dwindling life insurance dividends had been defeated only by the fact that Bogardus, having failed to pay his premiums, was not a policy holder in good standing. Then came Uhlman's suit for an accounting. Uhlman had paid his premiums. And Uhlman's suit had only been ended by a decision of the Court of Appeals, written by a judge who was himself a trustee of the Mutual company.

Mr. Beers was not overfine in his business moralities. A man cannot live at the responsible heart of such a cruel element as money, and all that its shifting exigencies involve, without having his moral sense blunted. It is easy to argue that the use of money in a legislative center is simply a surrender to necessity, made for the greater interests involved; to call it blackmail instead of bribery; to argue that the foundations of a great and wholesome institution should not be imperiled because of a too-nice view of methods otherwise loathsome; to ease the gnawing of conscience by the consoling thought that, after all, money paid to political grafters under particular conditions is spent in the true interests of policy holders, and that a little evil may be pardoned for the sake of much good.

But the plot which had been outlined to Mr. Beers that night had no glamor, no palliatives. It was cold treason. It involved corruption on a scale so vast, corruption so interlocked, that it could reach from the heart of the State to its utmost extremities and make a mockery of the Government itself.

Mr. Beers was not a saint; subsequent events proved that. But he indignantly refused to join in the proposed conspiracy. Thereupon he was informed in plain lan-

guage that he would be driven out of the New York Life company.

That night when Mr. Beers rejoined his wife, he told her with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes the story of the temptation and the threat. Later on he described the scene to his daughter, and laughed at the idea that any power could pull him down from his position.

He was yet to learn that a new power had come into existence, an all-pervading, all-controlling, untraceable influence to be known in time as "the System." The great banking interests, the vast and slowly-merging railroad systems, all the huge financial growths of the richest nation in the world were within parleying distance of Wall Street. The "captains of industry," as yet unknown by that name, were moving toward a vague and undefined common ground of interest.

Mr. Hyde had both imagination and courage. He was pitiless to all who dared to oppose him, and, although of a fierce temper, he could be patient. One of the clever things he did was to secure the services of John A. McCall as comptroller of the Equitable company. Mr. McCall, as state superintendent of insurance, had developed a keen taste for hunting down graft in the insurance companies. Backed by Grover Cleveland, then governor of New York, he had given Mr. Hyde many an anxious day.

So Mr. Hyde took Mr. McCall into his own service and, curiously enough, Mr. McCall's place at the head of the Insurance Department was promptly taken by former Senator James F. Pierce, one of the Mutual company's reliable lawyers, a well-worn political hack.

In the summer of 1891, President Beers, who had almost forgotten the threat uttered on the night he refused to join in Mr. Hyde's plot, made a visit to London. While there the first blow fell upon him—in the form of an announcement in the *New York Times* that there had been a large defalcation in the funds of the Spanish-American department of the New York Life Insurance Company, coupled with suggestions of gross negligence and mismanagement in the affairs of that institution. Mr. Beers promptly cabled to his assistant in New York asking that the books be opened to everybody at once. He expressed his willingness to have a full official investigation into

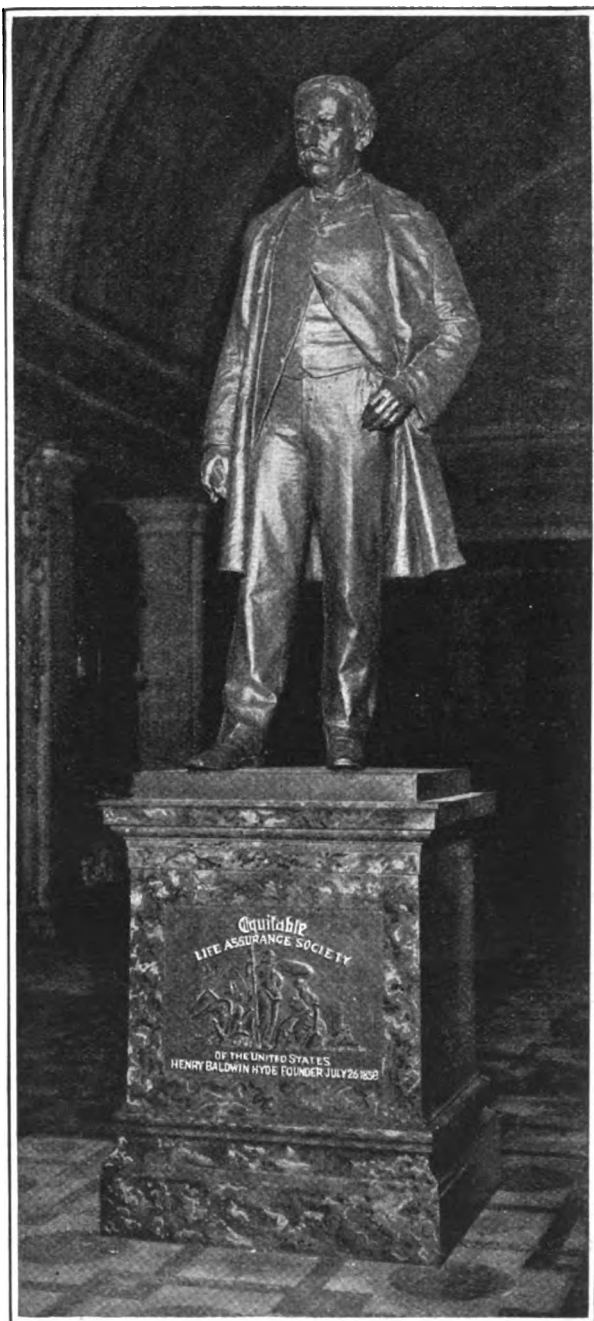
his company's affairs. Thereupon the trustees of the New York Life company invited the superintendent of insurance, Mr. Pierce, to go over the company's accounts.

This investigation was made all the more necessary by the fact that the *New York Times* had begun a vigorous and ceaseless warfare against the Beers management. No one has ever doubted the integrity of the *Times* or questioned the honesty of its motives in undertaking that fiercely-pressed crusade. But it is doubtful whether the *Times* would ever have been supplied with the facts necessary to its accusatory campaign, were it not for the fact that Mr. Beers had been marked for destruction.

The investigation made by Superintendent Pierce showed that there had been bad judgment exercised in the investment of the company's funds, notably in the Plaza Hotel property and Holbrook Hall, a New York apartment house. The value of the company's real estate in Paris was also proved to be hundreds of thousands of dollars less than its cost. There had been gross negligence in the relations existing between the company and its chief agencies, and large advances of funds made to agents without adequate security. The former cashier of the company, who had been dismissed because of his persistent attacks upon Mr. Beers, had preferred a formidable list of charges against him. These accusations were carefully tested by the superintendent of insurance, who dismissed the suggestions reflecting upon Mr. Beers's personal integrity.

The truth was that Mr. Beers, like other life insurance men, had fallen a victim to the craze for colossal assets. He bent all things to his desire for large figures, staggering totals. It was no longer a question as to which company should be regarded as the

best but, rather, which should appear to be the biggest, measured in terms of millions of assets and surplus. In this mad struggle for supremacy, agents capable of swelling



BRONZE STATUE OF HENRY BALDWIN HYDE, ERECTED IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY'S BUILDING, NEW YORK

the tide of success were coddled and favored and the ordinary rules of business abandoned for a loose system that had resulted in a serious defalcation, which, however, was made up by the partner of the guilty agent.

The superintendent of insurance in his report severely criticised the Beers administration, but left his personal integrity untouched, concluding his arraignment in these swelling phrases:

"Managing trustees and officers may come and go and careless administration may exist for a time, and decrease in some degree the profits and assets that belong to the policy holders, yet the system of life insurance as adopted and maintained by the large companies of our State continues to exist as a safe and beneficial system for those who invest therein, and, being substantially under the control of the investors, no great evils or mismanagement can continue long without exposure and remedy by those directly interested in the practical administration of the institution."

When the report was made, Mr. Beers consulted his trustees, his fellow officers and his lawyers. They urged him to stand his ground. Nothing had been proved but errors in judgment and carelessness in management. All that could be remedied. The company was solvent and prosperous. The policy holders had confidence in him.

The *Times* demanded Mr. Beers's resignation. Mr. Beers declined to resign. The *Times* continued its war against his administration. Mr. Beers still declined to retire, although a falling off in the new business of the company made him uneasy, for by this time many other newspapers had joined in the movement led by the *Times*. It was known that Mr. Hyde and Mr. McCurdy were secretly doing all in their power to fan the fire. John A. McCall vigorously supported Mr. Hyde in strengthening the agitation against Mr. Beers. A few weeks were to reveal Mr. McCall's interest in the matter.

So desperately was the movement against Mr. Beers urged that one day Joseph H. Choate, Frederick R. Coudert and William B. Hornblower, acting as an advisory council, asked Mr. Beers to resign and allow William C. Whitney to become president of the New York Life company for a year. This would put an end to the damaging agitation against the company, and at the end of the year Mr. Whitney would retire

and allow Mr. Beers to resume his place. Mr. Beers leaped to his feet, smote the table before him with his hand, and declared that he would die rather than yield up his place to any other man.

Then Mr. Beers's enemies struck him a final blow. He was informed that unless he resigned an elaborate attack upon his private character would be made public. This broke his will. To save his family from the agony of the threatened scandal—a matter in no way connected with his business life—he consented to a proposed arrangement. He was to resign as president in favor of John A. McCall and was to be retained in an advisory capacity at a salary of \$37,500 a year, half of his salary as president.

The company executed a contract with Mr. Beers providing for this salary, and one day Mr. Beers gave his seat to Mr. McCall in presence of the trustees. Mr. McCall declared that with Mr. Beers behind him as an official advisor he felt confident of success.

Next day Mr. Beers went to the office and, seeing his successor, advanced with smiling face and outstretched hand to greet him. Mr. McCall coldly turned his back upon Mr. Beers. The white-haired victim went home and, with tears rolling down his face, told the story of his treatment.

A few days later he went to draw the first instalment of his salary, and was coolly informed by Mr. McCall that the contract, under the shelter of which Mr. Beers had retired from office, was absolutely illegal.

Only then did Mr. Beers understand the power behind the warning words uttered so long ago by Mr. Hyde's emissary, and the deep-planned, patient treachery lying between the threat and its execution.

There is little more to tell of Mr. Beers. The Supreme Court annulled the contract. The business men who had once thronged about the old man now avoided him. To be known as a friend of Mr. Beers was fatal in the empire dominated by Mr. Hyde. His eyes grew dim, his body was shrunken, his step slow. At times he denounced the authors of his ruin, but the world in which he once was so great a figure took little note of his impotent complaints.

One day he had his infant grandson brought to his death-bed and baptized in his presence. Taking the child in his arms he blessed it and, in another moment, died.

On that very day John A. McCall issued a proclamation from the office of the New York Life company, in which he said of Mr. Beers:

The company under his guidance solely reached and maintained its magnificent position as one of the leading financial institutions of the world. The credit for its great success is his, and his alone. Nothing less could be truthfully said of him; nothing less should be accounted the record of his life. His place in the history of life insurance will be well defined, and the mature and unbiased judgment of the historian will accord to him the foremost position in intelligent, efficient and successful leadership.

Nevertheless, Mr. McCall was denied permission to look upon the dead face of the victim. Thirteen years later he was himself to know the bitterness of exile from place and power, and to go to his grave dishonored and discredited by the world which had fawned upon his footsteps.

AFTER that, the sappers and miners of the honest but reckless journalism which has shown how men may be destroyed by a sort of printed lynch-law searched in vain for an opening through which the affairs of the life insurance organizations might be seriously investigated.

The three great companies headed by Hyde, McCall and McCurdy worked shoulder to shoulder in secrecy and silence to reduce the law-making power of New York to a condition of eager and dependable servility. Mr. Hyde was the master-thinker; none dared to thwart him. Mr. McCall, trained from boyhood in the secret ways of Albany, was the expert who managed the subtle details of legislative control.

The influence of the dominant Republican party was bought outright by enormous campaign contributions paid regularly to the recognized leaders. Democrats powerful enough to be dangerous were also put on the pay-roll. The fund for legislative manipulation was so great, and was paid out with such a nice appreciation of values, that there came to be a touch of dignity in having one's name on the secret list of the insurance lobby, as implying an importance and influence in the Legislature that could

not be ignored. Life insurance money was "high-toned graft," not to be confounded with the vulgar and intermittent temptings of other corrupt interests.

With the Legislature thus enslaved, with the courts forbidden to interfere, except on the initiative of the attorney-general, and with the Insurance Department and the attorney-general's office controlled through the purchased political leaders, there seemed to be no hope for the hundreds of thousands of policy holders, whose attempts to investigate the reasons for steadily diminishing dividends—in the face of increasing salaries and unparalleled extravagance in management—were met in a spirit of mingled defiance and contempt.

Nothing could be falser than the charge that at this time the silence of the leading newspapers—those terrific forces of accusation and agitation, without whose whips and spurs reformatory movements seem helpless against the power of combined wealth, backed by corrupt or cowardly politics—was purchased by the advertising departments of the giant insurance combination. The truth is that the insurance advertising in any one of the great New York newspapers, for instance, represented a very trivial sum each year. And it is a fact easily proven that more than one of these journals attempted, again and again, to discover evidence on which it might base a campaign of investigation and exposure—for it is many years since the whispering galleries of journalism echoed persistent suggestions that all was not well in the life insurance world, and that, in spite of the distinguished array of names under which its leaders operated, the most staggering scandal of the age would be disclosed when once the facts were known. That was a prize for which many an ambitious editor worked—but without success.

But, until some man should make a breach through the wall of secrecy from the inside of life insurance, the newspapers and their allies were powerless. With the sacrifice of President Beers of the New York Life Insurance Company fresh in their minds, it seemed hardly possible that any man within the inner lines would dare to challenge the vengeance of men powerful enough to strangle the courts, control the Legislature, and use hundreds of millions of trust funds as if they were private property.

Yet such a man at last appeared in the

person of James Waddell Alexander, and the terrible fate which befell him because he dared to commit the unpardonable sin of breaking silence—a silence imposed everywhere within the frontiers of "high finance"—is one of the most pathetic and suggestive, not to say discouraging, incidents in contemporary American history.

To understand the character of this gentle, lovable man, who, with all his faults and sins, showed, in the last phase of his business career at least, a heroism that ought to have saved him somewhat, in the eyes of the public he tried to serve, from the pitiless pelting which overwhelmed his reputation, smashed him flat, and left him on the verge of mental darkness. To understand what he was, and what he came to be, it is necessary to go back to the year 1859, when Henry B. Hyde began the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Mr. Hyde was a tall, gaunt, long-legged clerk in the Mutual Life Insurance Company. His greatest asset, aside from his ability, was the fact that he was a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, then a center of wealth and commercial influence, and that its distinguished minister, the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, was his friend.

Before Mr. Hyde sat down in a back room on Broadway to manufacture the Equitable Life Assurance Society, he went to Dr. Alexander, explained his plans and begged for assistance. The minister's name and influence were great. His father and grandfather had been Presbyterian ministers also, men of great learning and immaculate reputation. Dr. Alexander himself was a divinity scholar known all over the country, a man of high conscience and greatly esteemed for his sound, common sense. In his congregation were many rich and conservative business men.

The young founder of the Equitable society pressed his scheme upon the minister as a moral and benevolent enterprise, and Dr. Alexander agreed to help him. In that way Mr. Hyde got the majority of his first board of directors from among the most influential men in Dr. Alexander's congregation. He also secured the necessary \$100,000 from the members of that church.

The Alexander name was one to conjure with, and Mr. Hyde well understood that fact. It represented a long ancestry of

intelligent and unselfish men, two of whom had been professors in Princeton University.

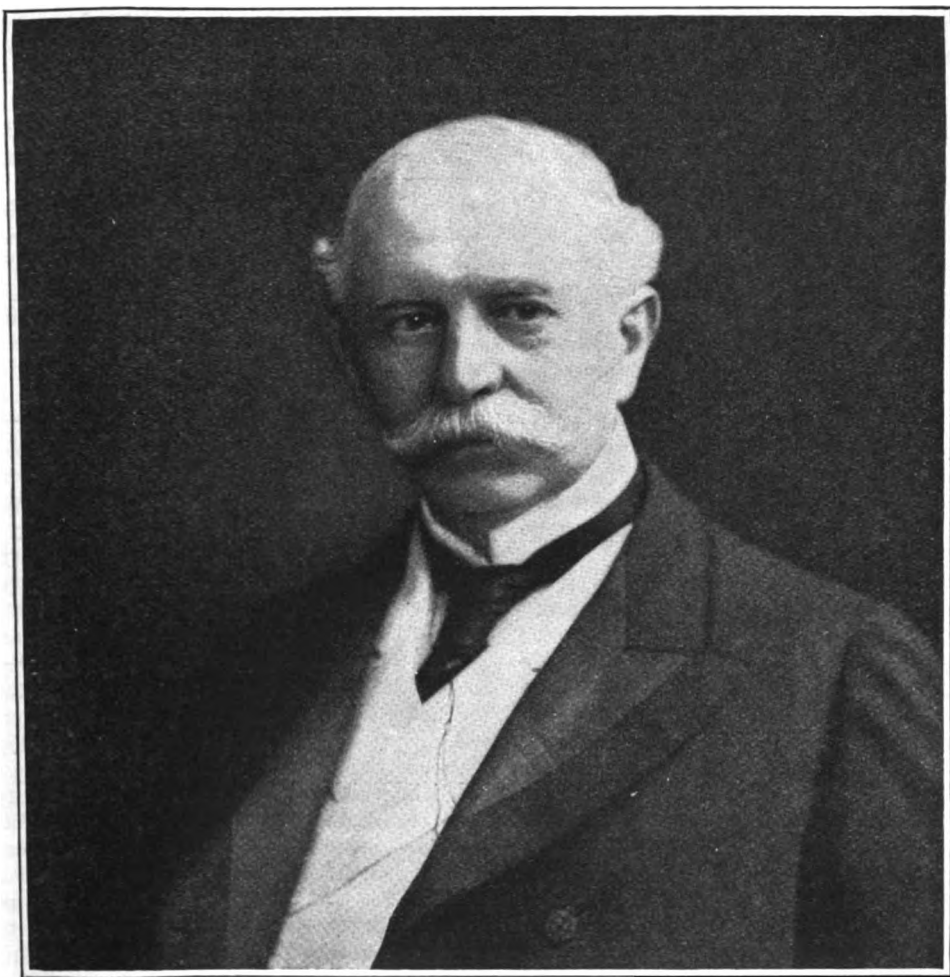
Mr. Hyde was unknown to the public and life insurance was as yet an unproved institution, so, further to assist his protégé, Dr. Alexander persuaded his brother William, who had been a candidate for governor of New Jersey, a man of great standing, to become the first president of the Equitable society. Mr. Hyde modestly served as vice-president, but was careful to keep all the power in his own hands and to buy control of the \$100,000 of stock as soon as possible and with as little ostentation as the circumstances would allow.

The honored Alexander name and the association of the company with the austere and careful Presbyterian community were the two notes which Mr. Hyde sounded everywhere in his first struggle for success. He went about the country proclaiming it as a moral enterprise closely identified with the benevolent side of church work. He was especially active among Presbyterians. He boasted of the strong and conservative churchmen associated with him. He even declared that persons of grossly immoral or intemperate lives would not be insured by the Equitable society.

It is hard to realize now the difficulties which confronted Mr. Hyde in those days. After working for months, he was at last able to write to one of his associates that the business of the society had grown to such a point that it would be necessary to buy a tin box to hold the securities. When Mr. Hyde died, forty years later, a single steel vault under his office contained more than \$200,000,000 of stocks and bonds, and that represented little more than half of the assets in his despotic control.

It was in 1866 that James Waddell Alexander, the son of the good minister whose influence started Mr. Hyde's brilliant career, and nephew of the Equitable's first president, abandoned a small law practice on Mr. Hyde's invitation and became secretary of the now rapidly growing organization. From that day on, for thirty-three years, Mr. Alexander worked as secretary and as vice-president beside Mr. Hyde. And when the founder of the society died Mr. Alexander succeeded him as president.

Mr. Alexander was a man of singularly graceful and attractive personality, slender, handsome, polished, a scholar deeply interested in educational work. The son of



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JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER

three generations of university-bred Presbyterian ministers, he was himself a graduate of Princeton and afterward became one of its trustees. He married the daughter of a chancellor of New Jersey and his daughter married a distinguished American painter. His home breathed refinement and cultivation from all its walls. The University Club selected Mr. Alexander as an exalted type of the well-balanced personality produced by university training and associations, and for eight years he served as the president of that distinguished social organization, its hero and exemplar.

But no man could work for thirty-three years under the constant and intimate influence of Henry B. Hyde and remain a

robust moralist. The master of the Equitable looked upon himself as an unrestricted proprietor. He had an iron will, a rough temper and a fighting energy that carried all before it. He bent men to his will, or destroyed them. And, as the power involved in the control of hundreds of millions of dollars was gradually added to his natural genius and an almost unbelievable capacity for concentrated strategic work, even the stoutest men were twisted this way and that in his strong and ruthless grasp.

All this is no excuse for the grave offenses committed by Mr. Alexander as an officer and director of the Equitable society, charged with the guardianship of funds held in trust for widows and orphans, but partly explains them. He was not a man

of great force. He was amiable, loved easy ways of doing things and trusted to others what a more prudent or alert man would have done himself. Under the leadership of Mr. Hyde he soon became morally blind to things done in the interest of the Equitable society which he would undoubtedly have scorned to do, or permit to be done, in his own private affairs.

Living in the midst of wealth measured by hundreds of millions, with an almost incredible absence of control or of accountability to the real owners of the millions, the policy holders, and seeing how readily the most eminent men in the active life of the nation—bankers, manufacturers, lawyers, statesmen—lent their names to all that was implied in the secret methods of the great life insurance companies, it is not surprising that a man of Mr. Alexander's naturally yielding and indolent temperament should have lost the fine edge of his conscience under the constant grinding of Mr. Hyde's fierce will.

It must not be forgotten that at no time in all this experience was the main, original principle of life insurance put in jeopardy. For, in spite of all the bribery, in spite of the carelessness, extravagance and grafting, the secret syndicates and the stock gambling connections effected through subordinate trust companies, the most relentless and public investigation has failed to show that any of the great insurance companies was ever for a moment put in danger of insolvency. The money held for the payment of death claims was always safe. The bitterest critic of life insurance mismanagement has had to admit that. Nor has anything developed in the shameful revelations of the past year in any way detracted from the merits of the life insurance idea, pure and simple, as an incentive to frugality, providence and sacrifice for the sake of others. The existence of about \$20,000,000,000 of life insurance policies in various forms in the United States represents a guarantee against want and suffering that cannot be honestly contemplated without a thrill of pride in the stamina and intelligence of the civilization that produced such a majestic result in so short a time.

The fact that the integrity of life insurance itself was never really threatened by the methods which he consented to, both before and after the death of Mr. Hyde, may not change Mr. Alexander's responsi-

bility, tested by high standards of conduct, but it undoubtedly softened in his mind aspects of business operations which shocked the country afterward when the facts were detached and put in fearful and damning contrast, without the dulling narcotic of the financial atmosphere in which he lived for almost forty years. It is doubtful whether any one of the men who have been pilloried and scourged in connection with the life insurance exposures had any conception of the moral enormity of his acts of omission or commission, until they were stripped of all deceptive, lawyer-bred arguments of expediency and tested by raw standards of simple right and wrong.

However that may be, it is impossible to escape from the fact that, under the influence of Mr. Hyde, Mr. Alexander was more or less morally atrophied.

When Mr. Hyde lay on his death-bed in 1899, he sent for Mr. Alexander and repeatedly exhorted him to stand by young James Hazen Hyde, then a student at Harvard. It was Mr. Hyde's dearest hope that his son should succeed him in time at the head of the Equitable. Mr. Hyde's never-wavering sense of absolute proprietorship was characteristically expressed in the trust deed in which he provided for his majority stock in the Equitable after his death. This document simply prevented his son from selling his heritage until he should reach a certain age, but left him in full control of the Equitable by making it impossible to elect any director of the society without his consent.

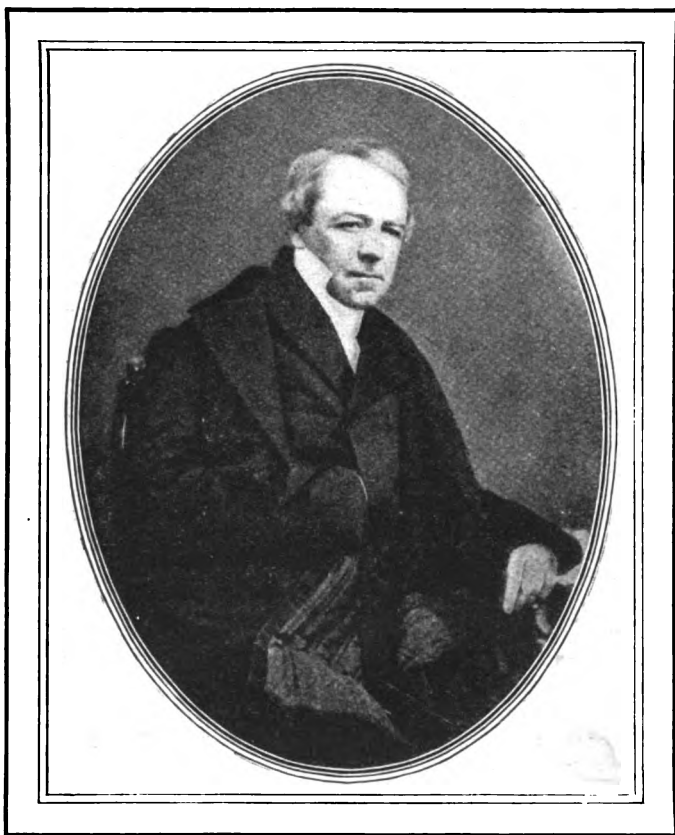
After the elder Hyde died, his son, then only twenty-three years old, was elected an officer of the company. Before long he was promoted to the first vice-presidency at a salary of \$100,000 a year.

To Mr. Alexander, now president of the Equitable, this rare and astonishing youth, a figure more to be looked for in fiction than in real life, was an object of great sentiment, suggesting the responsibilities of a parent and teacher rather than the discipline of a great financial institution.

The youth was an extraordinary combination of intelligence, aggressiveness, vanity and vulgarity. He had lived like a prince at Harvard, with a private cook, a valet, fast horses and a set of groveling sycophants. He wore extraordinary hats and waistcoats, aped the style of a Paris boulevardier in the wonderful cut and twirl

of his beard and mustache, carried costly flowers on his bosom, like a prima donna, tied violets in his horses' bridles when on his way to business, and had the splashing extravagances, the love of notoriety and the wasp-waisted, strutting, cock-a-dandy way of an unripe nature eager to express a sense

gant fancy-dress ball, with a French actress as its heroine, his princely progresses hither and thither, all emblazoned in the newspapers, and mostly at the expense of the Equitable—these things have been painted in vivid colors, and perhaps too little has been said in extenuation of the failings



JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

Dr. Alexander, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church and father of James Waddell Alexander, through whose aid and influence it was that Henry Baldwin Hyde obtained the start for his brilliant career

of unlimited wealth and power, in terms of an experience that had not yet gone beyond bright feathers and beads.

It will serve no useful purpose here to dwell upon the fantastic angles, the social adventures and the headlong follies of this precious young man as he burst, full-spangled and plumed, into the great central world of finance in New York. His shortcomings have been set forth to the American public—his famous banquet to Ambassador Cambon, his notorious and royally extrava-

of one so young and so warped by organized flattery.

As young Hyde realized his power over the vast assets of the Equitable society, he gradually ignored the authority of its president and usurped his functions. He cared little for the insurance side of the business. That was too dry and dull. His ambition was to be the financier of the society, the disposer of its hundreds of millions.

Wall Street woke up to the fact that young Hyde was an easy door to the nearly \$400,-

ooo,ooo resources of the Equitable. Wall Street had waited long for a supply of money that would flow where it was needed. The era of colossal industrial stock flotations was at hand. The country trembled on the verge of the most violent gambling fever in its history. All sense of proportion was melting away in the golden haze that settled down upon the American speculative world when one industry after another was merged, transformed into stocks and bonds, and sold at fabulous profits to an excited and credulous public. As this craze for industrial securities increased, Wall Street reached out for money to meet the requirements of new railroad mergers and other substantial developments. Billions of dollars of new securities were offered during this feverish period of glittering bubble-blowing, when even men like J. Pierpont Morgan, accounted the master-financier of his age, lost his head.

In all the great insurance companies the directors and officers found themselves standing waist-deep, as it were, in a sort of Mississippi of money, and so vast was this tide, so ever increasing, that the splashings of secret syndicate commissions seemed to them to be of small account. The very immensity of the funds in the control of the insurance system seemed to sweep away all considerations save that the solvency of the companies, their ability to meet all outstanding policies, should not be impaired.

So that, when the resplendent young swaggerer who really controlled the Equitable society was seen to be drifting into the hands of powerful men, like Jacob H. Schiff and E. H. Harriman, both directors of the Equitable, but representing outside interests which unloaded tens of millions of dollars of securities upon that organization; when it was observed that young Hyde, a be-flowered, credulous and inexperienced boy, was cozened and dazzled by flattery, was elected a director in something like forty corporations, and was invited to sit in council with the greatest men in the financial world; and that, in return for these sudden honors, he spurned the control and flouted the authority of President Alexander and other of the Equitable officers who failed to bow to his will, opening wide the currents of money, according to the influence exerted upon him by older and shrewder men—when all this was observed,

the eminent directors, to whom the public looked for an assurance of safe methods and sound procedure, were silent. Every man on the board, however high his name or great his wealth, owed his position in the Equitable to the consent of young Hyde, the owner of its controlling stock. Besides, was it not an undeniable fact that the company was not even remotely in danger of insolvency and had a surplus of tens of millions? Under such circumstances what was there to worry about? It was well understood among business men that directors of corporations were not expected to direct: they simply ratified.

But it was otherwise with President Alexander. At first he reproached young Hyde for his escapades, chiding him like a father and explaining the peril of his course. The youth would confess his errors, express his regret and promise to reform. But, as time went on, his usurpations of the president's authority grew more frequent and more gross. Controlled by his sense of loyalty to the trust imposed upon him by the elder Hyde, Mr. Alexander weakly lent his name and the sanction of his office to each fresh breach made by the stripling vice-president in the regular order of things.

It was when Mr. Alexander realized that young Hyde's personal henchmen were going about in the money markets advertising the fact that Mr. Hyde was the real power in the Equitable, that the president and all others were to be ignored, and that those who wanted to raise money, those who were to have any hope of advancement, must go direct to the young man with the fancy waistcoat and the violets in his button-hole—it was then that a change came over the amiable and easy president of the Equitable.

It is hard to say just what it was that first put the thought of war in the breast of Mr. Alexander. No doubt wounded pride, and the insolence of the young man who respected neither his office nor his white hairs, fired his blood to the point of revolt.

Some time in January, 1905, the venerable president, then in his sixty-sixth year, and suffering from a chronic and painful illness, went to Mr. Colby, his personal counsel and partner of his son, and said substantially, with a trembling of the lips and a gesture of utter weariness:

"Colby, I cannot keep this thing up any longer; I cannot endure this situation;

I am too tired and too sick. It is futile to attempt an open fight against Mr. Hyde. I shall resign from the Equitable society now."

The lawyer begged him not to take such a step without further advice. It meant the immediate abandonment of the Equitable and its nearly \$400,000,000 assets to the men who had Hyde under their control. At that time the country was flooded with stories of Hyde's wild extravagances and eccentric splurgings. The agents of the other life insurance companies were making deadly use of these stories.

Mr. Alexander went to the highest officers of the company and spoke to them, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups; and he asked them one question, "Am I, considering my age and health and the extraordinary situation created by Mr. Hyde, justified in resigning and leaving matters as they stand?"

Without a single exception the officers he consulted told him that he could not honorably abandon his post without a struggle against the new order of things. After nearly forty years' service as an officer in the society he owed it to his own name not to desert the policy holders at such a critical time.

Then Mr. Alexander went to several of the directors whom he believed to be free from Mr. Hyde's influence, among them John A. Stewart, Charles Stewart Smith and D. O. Mills.

"If I were thinking only of your interests, Mr. Alexander," said Mr. Stewart gravely, "I would advise you to get out at once; but under the circumstances I cannot see how you can honorably do anything but stick."

Now Mr. Alexander sat down with his lawyers and mapped out a plan of campaign. The root of the evil was Mr. Hyde's stock control of the Equitable. That control must be surrendered to the policy holders; the company must be mutualized.

A council of distinguished lawyers was called. Men like William B. Hornblower, Charles E. Hughes, who was afterward to strip the life insurance grafters naked before the Armstrong Committee, Mr. Joline, and other veterans, were asked to advise Mr. Alexander on his course. They pointed out his peril, the strength of Mr. Hyde's legal position, the disaster that would follow a defeat in such a fight.

It may have been anger, resentment and a desire to assert his insulted authority

that drove Mr. Alexander on at this time, but the fact must never be forgotten, that the breach in the wall through which the newspapers entered and the Armstrong Committee, with Mr. Hughes at its head, had to be made by a man on the inside of life insurance.

Perhaps if Mr. Alexander could have foreseen the dreadful waste of reputations that would follow, his own name smitten down in an indiscriminate moral slaughter backed by an infuriate and almost hysterical public opinion, he might have hesitated. But he had no fear of failure, and declared again and again with flashing eyes and clenched hands that it was unthinkable, when the facts were presented and the whole case was made up, that such a body of commanding and representative men as the board of directors should fail to stand by him in carrying through his plan to end Mr. Hyde's stock control.

"You will pull down the pillars of the temple," said Mr. Joline warningly.

"Then they must come down, and if necessary I will go down with them," was the steady answer.

Then followed the petition, signed by thirty-eight officers and heads of departments of the Equitable society, asking the directors to amend the charter so that the voting power should be in the hands of the policy holders, and protesting against the reflection of Mr. Hyde.

This was followed by a long and bitter war, charges and countercharges, committees and convocations of lawyers, whipping-up of public excitement by the newspapers and all the dreary confusion of scandal with which the public is familiar.

Apparently it never occurred to Mr. Alexander that he himself was vulnerable, that his participation in syndicate profits and his assent to methods which he now desired to end could be used to confound the public mind and discredit him beyond redemption.

But the time came when he saw that he would be beaten. He heard the public cry for his own downfall as well as Mr. Hyde's. Whatever his offenses may have been and whatever the motives that prompted his actions before, in that terrible moment of anguish all that remained of the conscience inherited from generations of Presbyterian clean living and high thinking rose in him and converted him into a hero.

One day Lawyers Hornblower and Guthrie, representing the "mutualization" side of the fight, came to Mr. Alexander. They had gone to Philadelphia with Elihu Root and Mr. Gulliver, who represented Mr. Hyde. These four men, adepts in the science of walking in water to hide tracks, had practically agreed upon a plan under which half of the directors of the Equitable were to be elected by the stockholders and half by the policy holders. They explained it.

That was the supreme psychological moment in Mr. Alexander's life. He knew that he had broken the sacred law of silence under which "high finance" worked. He knew that he had violated the unspoken covenant of secrecy, a crime against "the System" almost unspeakable and beyond forgiveness or expiation. The forces of Wall Street, of the banks and trust companies and railroads and industrial corporations, had joined with the directors of the three mighty insurance organizations, representing assets of more than a billion dollars—and he would have been deaf not to have heard the command for silence thundered from the throne of financial power.

Here was a door for retreat. He might accept the plan recommended by his lawyers, retain his office and end his days in peace. Had he assented, all hope of reformation would have been over at once, and no other man would have dared to speak.

Rising to his feet, Mr. Alexander, pale and haggard with illness, and so weak that he could scarcely stand, confronted his lawyers, folded his arms on his breast, threw his head back and, in effect, said, quietly, but in a tone that no one who heard it has forgotten:

"Gentlemen, I consider what you have proposed to be a pusillanimous compromise. It means, for all practical purposes, a failure in the objects for which we have been fighting. I do not care to consider personal aspects of the matter. If a sacrifice has to be made, I am willing to make it. You are attempting to go beyond your province as advisers, and I cannot permit you to commit me to any surrender of the principle of control by the policy holders. You must find some other way out of this situation. I intend to make a fight to the end for real mutualization, no matter what the result may be to my fortunes."

That settled it. It was soon whispered

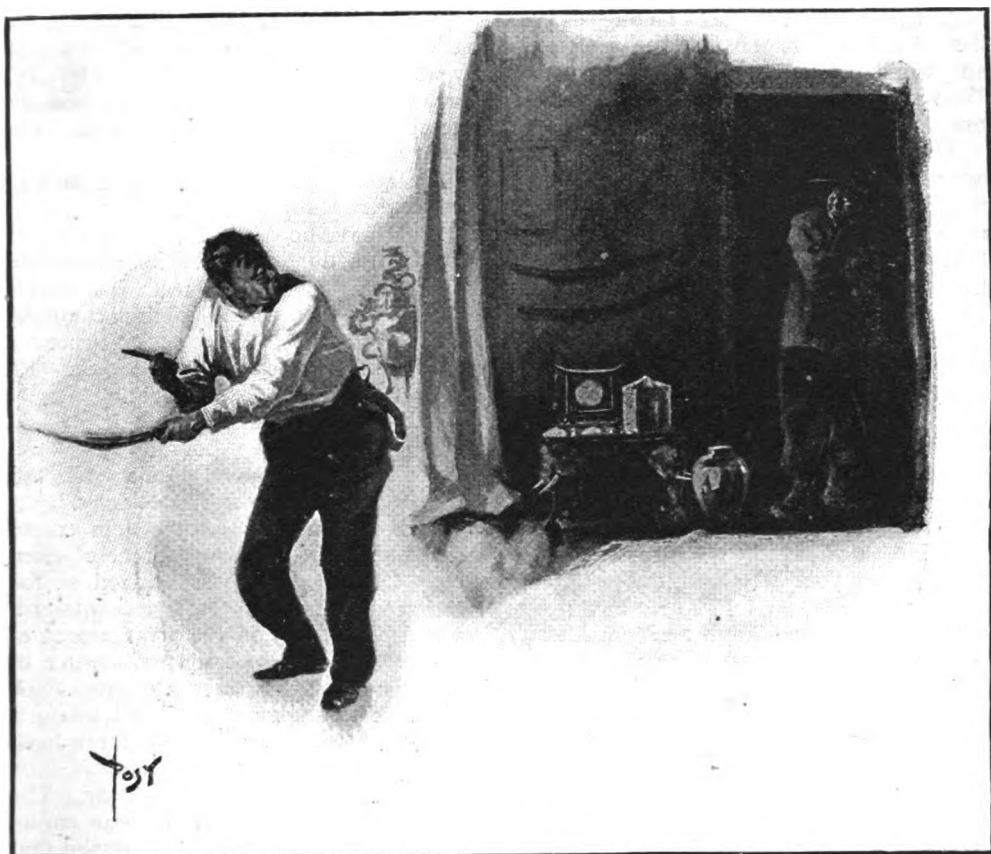
about that Mr. Alexander had adopted a hopelessly impractical attitude, was, in fact, suffering from a bad case of conscience. Instantly the whole atmosphere changed. The old man saw signs of his approaching downfall in the altered faces of the eminent business men who had partially given him countenance so long as they believed that his real object was control of the Equitable and its funds, and that he had a hope of success. In all the wild hurricane of denunciation that swept through the country there was no note of pity for Mr. Alexander, no recognition of his real situation, no breath of reward for the final quality which stirred in him.

The last desperate attempt to win the fight for mutualization was made when the Equitable agents were summoned to New York, to protest against Mr. Hyde's continuance in power and to demand the election of directors by the policy holders. Mr. Alexander remained up late at night. He canvassed the forces on his side. He told his advisers that he would go down in ruin rather than consent to a continuation of the methods of the past.

"I am an old man, near my grave, and if I lose I shall not have long to suffer," he said.

In the morning his son found him sitting by a window. The blue eyes were still and gentle. The countenance was bloodless. He could remember nothing. The strain was too great. For two hours on that critical day Mr. Alexander's mind seemed to be an absolute blank, and it was something like forty-eight hours before he could fully appreciate what was happening.

And when, a few days later, it was announced that Thomas F. Ryan, the boldest and strongest and freshest of the great captains of Wall Street, had bought Mr. Hyde's stock and was in control of the Equitable, the venerable president, stunned by the desertion of every element of power upon which he had counted, confused by the swift strategy which brought the crushing force of this new leader in place of Henry B. Hyde's foolish heir, and disheartened by the mob-like clamor in the newspapers, which seemed to call for the blood of the innocent and guilty alike, wrote his resignation, put his tired hand in his son's hand, and went home to sit in the semi-darkness of a mental daze, a warning to all future would-be reformers within "the System."



BY THE MOUTH OF A WITNESS

BY

E. MIRRIELEES

DRAWINGS BY C. J. POST



FOR weeks we had been threatened. "The streets will run blood!" my newly-converted man servant had said to me before he gathered together his belongings and went back to his mother's hut and to the faith of his fathers. Then came the murder of the German minister, Von Kettler, and the mad vengeance of his countrymen, and then every compound in Peking which held a

European inmate became a fort, and every fort, surrounded by the howling populace, was threatened from within by the grim enemy of hunger.

All who could reach the place sought refuge at the British Embassy, which was crowded to five times its true capacity. Most of us had dispensed with our servants at the first alarm—indeed, few of these had waited for dismissal—and while across the moat three thousand native Christians were crowded in the Wang Fu, in the Staff Buildings the

only non-Caucasian face among us was that of a little Mongolian girl of twelve, the adopted daughter of a missionary, who, in Western pinafore and stout leather shoes, prayed daily for the confusion of her own race.

The strain was great on all of us, and I am not ashamed to own that, when, on the morning of the twenty-second as I shaved myself, I saw, peering into the glass from behind, the grim, mask-like face of a hill Chinaman, the sudden quiver of the nerves which followed quite unmanned me. I stood staring like one fascinated, until a lean dark hand was laid upon my shoulder. Then, indeed, I moved. My shaving tray crashed to the floor as I sprang backward. With the motion the brown mask cracked and wrinkled into a laugh, and the apparition spoke with an English voice.

"Well, I shall pass in a crowd. Oh, hold on! No fireworks!"

"Who are you?" I asked, my pistol only half lowered.

"What, don't you know me? I'm Murray—if you remember who that is."

He closed the door as he spoke and settled himself on the bed like one quite sure of his welcome.

"Your nerves are not what they were, my friend," he remarked irritably. "I shouldn't have troubled you, but I saw some ladies in the hall. I feared *they* would be frightened."

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"I? Here and there, where fate led me. In the streets of the city, mostly, watching how our friend the Celestial makes war. Europeans are unpopular just now, but I have not been troubled. How does my outfit strike you?"

"You're too dark," I answered critically, "and too tall."

"Oh, good enough! But I was neither too dark nor too tall a moment since, was I? I'm no Coolie. I'm a hill Chinaman; a Boxer, if you please. The city's full of just such fellows. And I'll tell you another thing. When the next storm is brewed—and one's brewing—the most dangerous place in China will be right here between the walls of this Legation. That's why I leave it in an hour."

The question which was first in the hearts of all of us that summer sprang to my lips in answer.

"But the relief? What chance of help from outside?"

"One in a thousand; one in a million, indeed. No, this hour belongs to China and, my word, she's making the most of it! It's worth a few years of life just to see how she goes about it." He broke off and stared at me for an instant.

"See here, come out and have a look at it," he ended abruptly.

"I? I have no disguise."

"I have a duplicate. I'll loan it to you for an hour. To tell the truth it's what I came for—to pick up a European comrade, though of course I'd no notion whom I should find. Come, will you try it? I'll bring you safe back before night."

"If I could be sure—" I began.

"Settled then! My bundle's just outside. Get it, will you? I'd go myself, but you foreign devils are so bloodthirsty."

The bundle was one wrapped in coarse cloth, such as traveling Chinese often carry. Opening it, I was amazed at the completeness of the disguise it contained. We had a difficulty in the arrangement of the queue and a dispute on the matter of complexion, but, when our work was done and I rose to survey the finished product, the sinister countenance the glass threw back at me would have defied detection.

We left the room by a side door. The long hall leading to the court was empty when we started down it and it seemed that our exit would be uneventful, but as we approached the last door it opened and a young girl came out from a side room. Coming from the brighter light, her eyes were darkened and she advanced a step or two into the hall, smiling absently. Then, close before her, she saw us. She did not scream as I had feared, but her clasped hands flew to her breast, and her lips quivered with fast-whispered words.

"Miss Colter—" I began, but, "Hush! Hush! Hurry!" urged Murray at my side and we passed her at a run. As we came opposite, the light of consciousness faded from her eyes and she toppled back against the closed door, still in an attitude of prayer.

A moment later we had left the hall and, at cost of two or three hasty explanations, were before long standing outside the walls of the Legation. The rifle practice had ceased that day, thanks, as we believed, to an imperial edict. . . . The place was as quiet as a New England Sabbath, save that the body of a German soldier, horribly

mutilated, lay in the middle of the street—and from experience we knew what menace lurked behind the silence of the dismantled houses.

For a while we walked in silence, each busy with his own thoughts.

Then, "That is the cause of it, the true cause. No wonder the natives feel as they do," Murray began aloud.

"What?" I asked.

"Why, that girl! You saw her. We frighten her, and what does she do? Gibber prayers and spring to an attitude of worship. The true way to placate an infuriated Buddhist!"

"But what would you have?"

"Not much. A little more toleration perhaps. Now, saving I'm killed for the sins of my countrymen, I should be safe in any part of Peking to-day. I've burned incense before half the mud josses in the city. I'm a pretty good Buddhist and I'm a first-class Mohammedan. After all, what's in a name?"

The man in Peking who failed to defend his faith that summer was worse than apostate, he was a traitor, and something of this feeling must have found utterance in my answer, for Murray faced me with an outward gesture of the hands so truly Oriental that for a moment I half mistrusted him.

"Well, what would *you* have?" he cried. "Granted a man should own an hereditary faith, where shall I get one? I was born a Scotch Dissenter. I'm by education a Catholic, by profession a member of the Church of England, and by belief—what? Oh, I have memories! Dim church and sculptured saints and all the rest, but what does it amount to? I tell you the faith, par excellence, is that one which keeps a man's skin whole and his head on his shoulders. No, don't point out the error of my ways. This is no time for converts. And, look! here comes our friend the Celestial."

From a side alley groups of Chinese were pouring out into the street, and all ahead of us the thoroughfare was crowded with such a mass of heterogeneous humanity as only Peking in all the world can show. Here and there was one walking alone and staring about him with the astonishment of a rustic. Oftener they walked in groups of two or three, chattering and gesticulating, and more than once we passed a street orator haranguing a knot of his excited countrymen.

But these were eddies in a tide which set steadily forward. Shops closed as by magic at our approach; chair-men and street-venders deserted their burdens to swell the tide of the advance, and a fringe of wide-eyed watchers lined either wall. It was the rising of all kinds and classes, the silk robe of the merchant pressed against the coarse blue cotton of the laborer, a very Babel of babble and speech, from which I could pluck only an occasional phrase. Murray, however, pushed forward with glistening eyes, winding in and out among the press in pursuit of a conversation or pausing in rapt attention in the lee of a group of listeners.

At length, "We have chosen a very day of days," he said aloud, speaking, to my vast discomfort, in English. "The crowd is out after native Christians and I fancy it will get them. We would better stop presently, though, and assume the rôle of onlookers. Then, let either party win, we save our skins."

"That seems to be your principal concern," I answered incautiously. Murray laughed.

"Yours too. Else why so choice of that beautiful, laboriously acquired Chinese? But we can keep on if you wish."

"Let us stop," I answered shortly, and tried to suit the action to the word, but for a while the pressure of the crowd was so tremendous that escape was impossible.

At the intersection of two streets, stood a palanquin abandoned by its bearers and, seized by a sudden inspiration, I flung myself between its shafts. Murray followed, panting, and we clung to it while the mob swept by on either hand, a sea of gleaming eyes and fierce, eager faces, glistening with sweat and dark with passion.

It was the first time that I had faced them, and fear came upon me. I wrenched open the door of the palanquin, and climbed nimbly in, closing it behind me. Murray, himself, not unimpressed, crouched between the shafts outside, and with my face at the window (the tiny window in front through which the bearer receives his orders) our heads were not six inches apart.

"We've a good place," commenced Murray irrepressibly, almost as soon as we were settled in our positions. "Hear the musket-fire ahead! They'll be haling the Christians through the streets presently, and then remember you're a Brahmin, and your sympathy with the mob."

"Will they kill them?" I asked, horrified.

"It is highly probable. Indeed, why not? From your own expressions an hour ago, the man who deserts his religion deserves death. Well, this is one of those rare cases—By George! they're setting back already. Look out at your side window, and see what's starting them!"

"I can't see," I answered after an effort. "Some one is standing against it."

"Good enough! You're safe while the press lasts. I can see myself in a minute." He was standing now, straining on tiptoe to overlook the crowd.

"I think—they've—got them," he said slowly, a moment later. "Now for pandemonium."

In the pause which followed an indescribable tumult filled the air, from which slowly I sorted the sounds according to their order; the rush and scuffle of thousands of sandaled feet, the fierce, stertorous breathing of excitement, the crack of musketry, the sharp "Hail! Hail!" of the victorious fanatic, and, above it all, appallingly distinct and clear, the shrieks of the victims! Then the first reflux of the mob swept past us, and the sense of hearing was merged in that of sight.

The Christians were fighting still, though against inconceivable odds, fighting as men fight to whom defeat means death with torture. Now and then a group was borne, still contending, even below the palanquin, but for the most part the actual conflict went on far beyond and only the fragments, the spoil of the victors, passed us by.

After the first, I had dropped down on the floor, staring at the rabble outside in a half comatose condition. It is an awful thing to witness battle as a non-combatant. Hours seemed to pass before I heard a voice close beside me say, "They have pierced the inner sanctuary!" and at once a company of men burst through the crowd, bearing, tossed high above them, the body of a woman.

Her face I could not see, but one round arm, heavy with silver bangles, hung at her side, and as she passed the rose-stained fingers clenched and tightened in a paroxysm of fear.

I saw, and reason left me. I sprang up from my place and wrenched and battered at the fixed door. I shouted threats to the deaf mob outside, and shrieked and prayed aloud

in agony. Then the frenzy passed, and instantly I was conscious of the cool stare of Murray. He had stopped close to the low window and was watching me much as the entomologist might watch his wretched insect writhing on its pin.

"See here, Levin," he began, as soon as I was quiet, "you endanger both our lives by such an outburst. I warned you—"

"Be silent!" I interrupted fiercely. "You, with your training and traditions, you let her pass within arm's reach and did not save her! Her blood be on your head; you are worse than the murderers!"

He answered quite unmoved.

"Worse than the murderers? Why, I grant you that. Those murderers are really superior fellows from their own standpoint. As for the girl—oh, very well, I will be silent. Only try to get back your senses, my dear fellow."

He turned away to watch the mob, and I remained, my head sunk in my hands, trying vainly to shut out both sight and sound.

Of all that passed us by that day I have no wish to write. The afternoon shadows lengthened and the sun lost itself in a bank of western clouds, and still the horror went on uninterrupted, and still we watched motionless from our places.

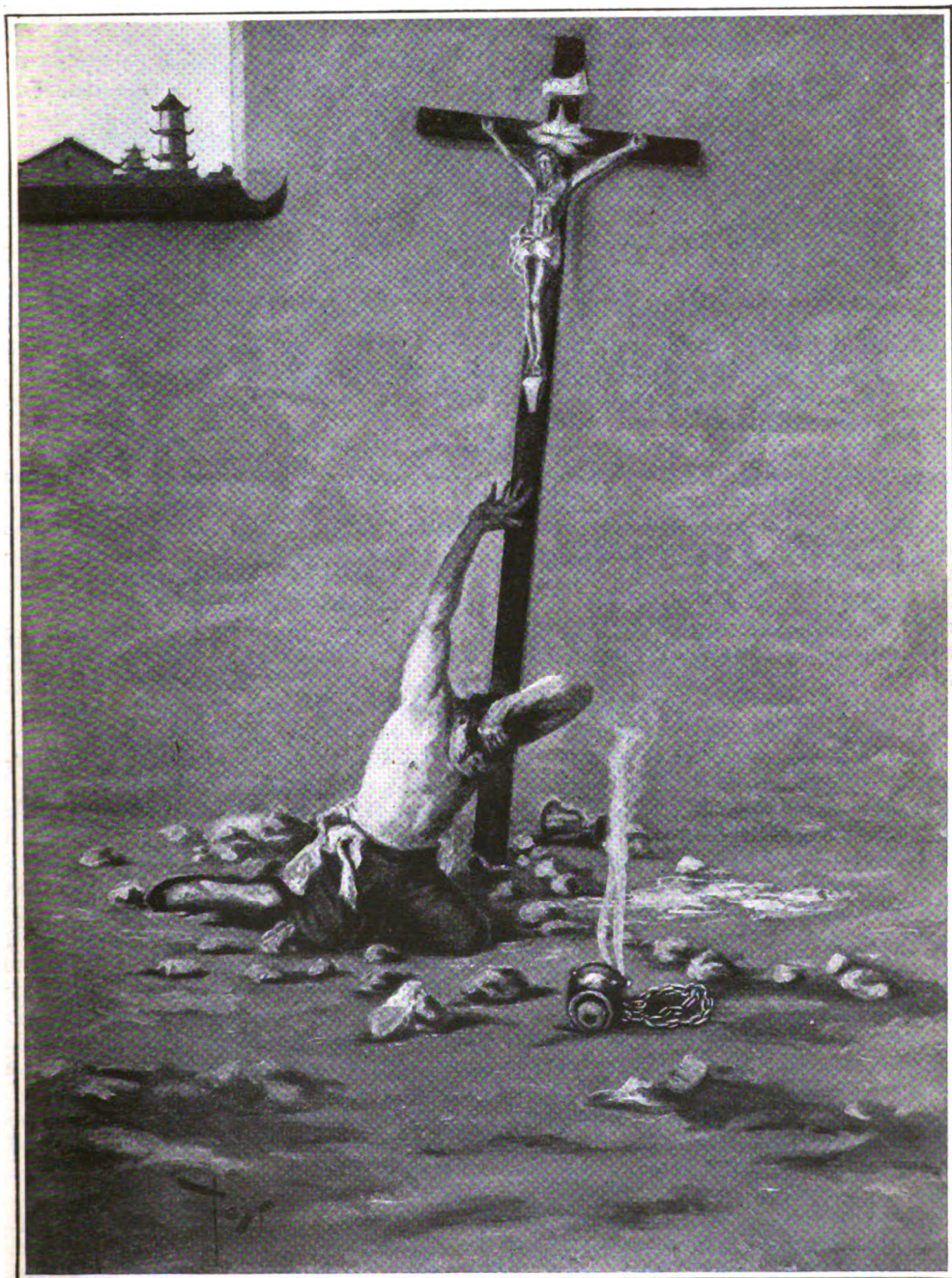
"Why, they're looting the churches!" said Murray suddenly in a tone quite new to him, and following his gesture I saw where one in the mob, a grotesque figure in flowing vestments, danced and sang in triumph. Others bore altar dressings and lighted candles and, behind these, high above the press, towered the mighty crucifix. I am not a Romanist, but the sight sent my heart knocking at my throat.

"It's a plot!" cried Murray excitedly, and his eyes were mere points of light; "they're doing it to make the Catholics reveal themselves. I tell you it's a plot!"

"But what does it matter?" I answered dully. "We're not Catholics."

"No, but one has a natural dislike to seeing good property—My God! I can't stand that!" He flung up his arms, hands clasped like a diver, and plunged into the crowd.

The cross had fallen to the earth, and one man ground his heel upon it; another, with an unimagined insult, spat in the pictured face. Then Murray reached them. Above the tumult I could hear his cry:



SURELY THE CHRIST, WHOM HE HAD BELIED, DOUBTED, SCOFFED AT, AND FOR WHOM HE WAS TO DIE, WAS
WITH HIS MARTYR IN THAT HOUR

"Back! stand back, you dogs!" In his excitement he was speaking in English. "No, I will have no help! Don't lay your heathen hands upon it. Mother of God, assist me!" And again the great Christ wavered above the mob.

But the weight was more than he could sustain. It toppled slowly back until it rested slantingly against the wall behind. So far the mob had looked on unresistingly. Thanks to his English, they believed it a renewal of their orgy of disdain. But now, when Murray's tall form sank from sight—and I divined that he had knelt before the symbol—an angry hissing murmur ran through the street from side to side, and all the crowd surged forward one impulsive step.

It was this which roused him to his danger. He was on his feet in an instant and peering over the heads of the people.

"Stand back!" he shouted, this time in Chinese, and for a moment they obeyed him. Before the moment was over, he had found what he sought.

"Chee!" he called sharply, and a man near the palanquin started violently from his attitude of spectator, "Chee, come here!"

"Murray!" cried the man and rushed forward, fighting his way with shoulder and elbow. But half way to the cross he stopped, doubt and hesitation chasing each other over his lean face. Murray encouraged him with voice and gesture.

"Chee! You know me! Why, are you afraid? Come on, I say!"

"What would you have?" asked the other, still hesitating.

"This," he indicated the cross. "It is mine and I am going to take it away with me. Go and find me men to carry it."

For a moment it seemed as if the very audacity of the proposal had proved its safeguard. The one called Chee again moved forward, though this time slowly, and the press, pushing and muttering, opened up a path before him. But a dozen steps from his destination he halted.

"Well, what is it? Don't you know me?" sneered Murray at him, and the very breath of the mob was hushed to hear his answer. When it came its form was fatal.

"I knew you," he said slowly, "when you scorned that sign"—I render freely, the words will not bear a translation—"as I did. I knew you when you believed with

me that we could drive this Christian scum into the sea. But since the driving began I have not seen you. Where have you been? What do you believe?"

And, like the chorus in a devil's opera, from a dozen throats the question was hurled back.

"What do I believe?" repeated Murray. "You want to know? Well, I'll tell you."

He looked down at the ground and up and around him. The men in the back ranks were already growling out their impatience. From the end of the street, the roar of renewed plundering rolled up to us like a wave; everywhere was violence and death, and lust for death, and willingness to brave it for a faith's sake. Murray looked, and I swear a new soul came to the man. Up went his head and his clenched hands.

"I believe in God." He made his answer clearly. "In God the Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in his Son—" With an inexpressible sound of fury the mob was upon him. To most of them the words were meaningless, but not the dullest could mistake the tone and look.

They swept upon him, eager and panting each to be first in the sweep of his long arms. And Murray met them, chanting the defiant psalm of his new found faith:

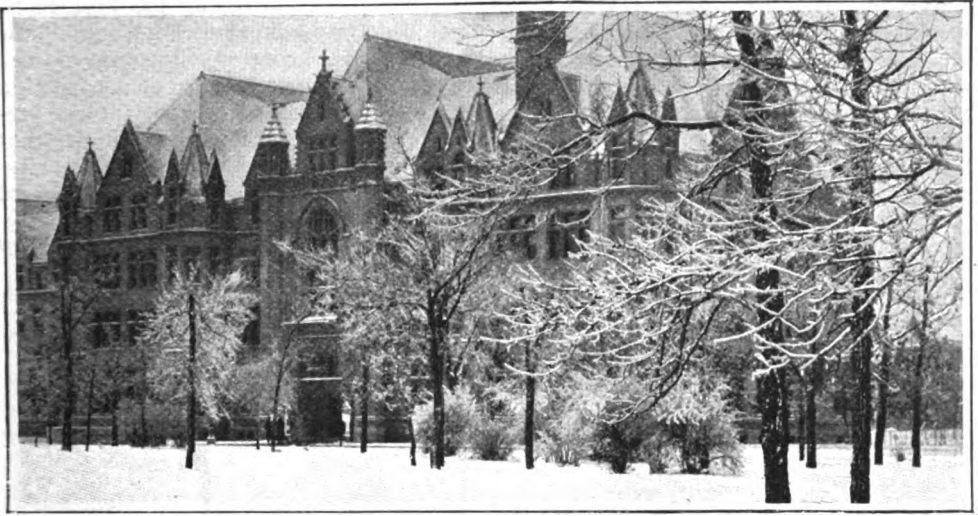
"And the third day, He was raised from the dead; He ascended into Heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God."

In such a stress the creed was born. He was raised. He *did* ascend. Surely the Christ, whom he had belied, doubted, scoffed at, and for whom he was to die, was with His martyr in that hour.

I saw him clearly a moment later. He had shaken off his assailants and stood erect. His clothing and disguise were torn away and the blood flowed from a wound in his shoulder. He passed his hand across his eyes like one awakening from sleep; he looked down at his mangled flesh.

"And I believe in the resurrection of the body: And in the life to come," he uttered slowly, and with the words fell forward to the ground.

Then the mob closed in between; and one, who also believed these things and should have joyed in death for their profession, grovelled upon the floor of the palanquin, sobbing aloud. For Murray was dead; he had died in the faith. And I yet lived, and was ashamed. And how was I to regain the Embassy?



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A "DEPARTMENT STORE" OF EDUCATION

BY MARTIN M. FOSS



AN undergraduate of the University of Chicago stood in the Yard at Harvard. His companion, a Harvard senior, pointed out the loved points of interest.

"That is Massachusetts Hall there, built in 1720—Revolutionary troops quartered there before the battle of Bunker Hill. Many famous men have lived there. The next is Harvard Hall, built on the site of the original building, where John Harvard's library was kept until the big fire. The next two are Hollis and Stoughton. John Adams and John Quincy Adams lived there. Charles Sumner occupied that room in Holworthy."

And so the Harvard man recounted the traditions dear to every son of Cambridge. The Chicago man listened for a time, and then broke in,

"Shucks! Out in Chicago University we wouldn't use those buildings for stables."

The University of Chicago has no tra-

ditions. Even the time-honored class names—Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior—have been abandoned. Courses are "Majors" or "Minors," class divisions have been dissolved in the merry-go-round of "quarters," into which the year has been divided, and education has been reduced to a business.

The University of Chicago is as traditionless as a department store—as traditionless, yet as effective; as free from the clinging ivy and moss of educational phraseology and custom as the "Fair" and the "Boston Store" of a hundred cities. It is the "department store," and the "trust" of education; a veritable octopus in its far-reaching efficiency and boundless plans.

There is no slur in this comparison. Twenty-five years ago the department store, in so far as it had developed up to that time, was the laughing-stock of the merchants whom it has now driven to the side streets, or the wall. A summary of the arguments which these merchants advanced against the possible success of such concerns wouldn't

be very different from a Harvard man's characterization of the University of Chicago. Education, to an Eastern student, is so closely associated with tradition and custom that few ever rise above the tangle.

A student may enter the University in October. Perhaps by January his funds are low, or disaster to the family purse makes it necessary for him to abandon, temporarily, his educational ambitions. The inviolable

ture study departments, for the work to be continued away from Hyde Park, in so far as the nature of the courses will permit.

President Harper believed that education should be adapted to modern business requirements, not to mediæval traditions; that it should be placed within reach of as many as possible; that it should be a matter of business, not solely of culture.

The inevitable result was a university



WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER

The builder of the University of Chicago, and its president until his death, January 10th, 1906

unity of classes in the East would make his three months' work dead loss, so far as credit toward a degree is concerned. Not so at Chicago. When affairs are favorable or when the individual work has earned money enough to enable the student to go on, he may take up the broken thread where he left it, and he is not compelled to start with those who are beginning where he began nor to wait for an October opening. It is possible, too, through the correspondence and lec-

ture study departments. The marvel of this work lies in the stupendous growth, in thirteen years, from nothing to the third largest university in the United States. The interest in its story is in the romance of the business achievement. As an industrial success (without considering its educational accomplishments) its history is unmatched in the business world—business, because business principles guide the scheme and management as surely as they do the great

trust from which its wealth had come. There is a wonderful parallel between this great college, built in a decade, and the colossal proportions of the Standard Oil Company, and there is a fascinating and not derogatory similarity in the spirit and growth of the two.

And such a university! It is not alone in nomenclature that tradition has been abandoned. The whole scheme of calendar, instruction and awards is revolutionary. The University grinds on night and day, summer and winter, without regard to the conventions of education. You can enter the University of Chicago at almost any moment; you can leave when duty calls or money runs short, but you do not lose your standing. You can stay there one year and gain your degree by three years more of correspondence. You can take your winter work in Florida, and your summer work in Canada through "affiliated universities." At some day, not far distant, you can travel abroad while you carry on your work.

There are four "quarters," each divided into terms, with only slight vacations between. You can enter in any quarter, and degrees are given to those who have completed the prescribed work, at the end of each quarter.

What of graduations, commencements and alumni banquets? Why, Chicago has them four times a year! What of the loved social gatherings of early summer in other universities? Chicago has them four times a year!

These are only trifling evidences of the enterprise and revolutionary character of the University of Chicago. The force which welded the oil interests through gigantic pipe lines and refineries is matched by the daring which flung tradition to the winds and built a university based on the requirements of business life, of modern civilization, of the West. Was there a germ of energy on those gold bonds which men now call a "taint"?

Rockefeller as an industrial king was matched by Harper as an educational leader; and the progress of the University—progress is too slow a word for its marvelous growth—is unequaled in any industry. There was plenty of money, limitless energy, and there will be more money so long as the University grows. That is Rockefeller's one restriction.

Yet there is solidity in everything at Chi-

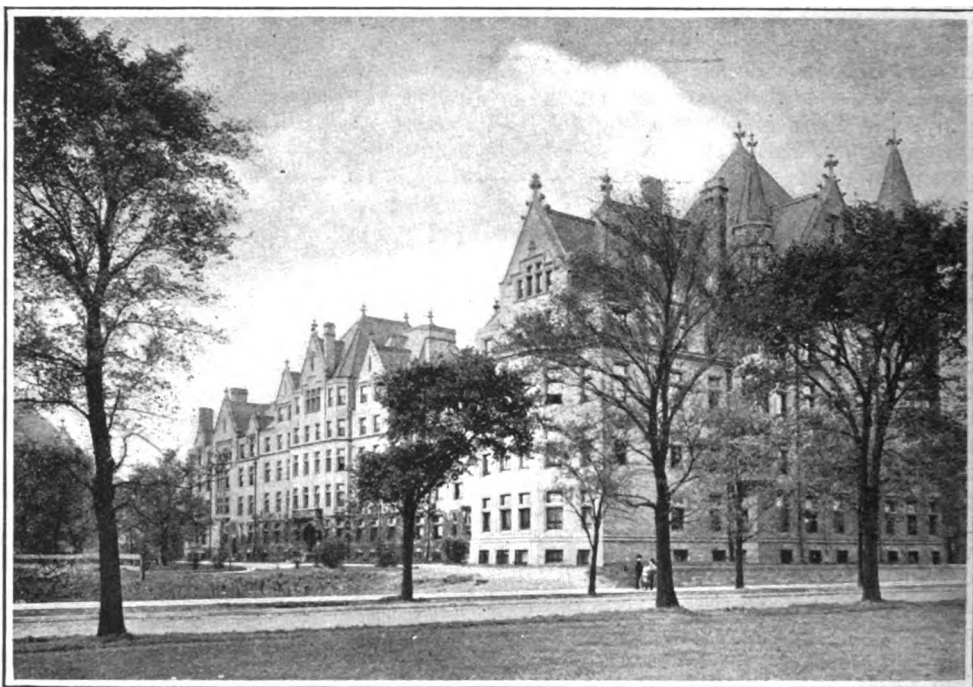
cago. It is as unlike the World's Fair which was built around it as a stone building is unlike a tent. The organization is planned for a growth far beyond the present. The numerous activities are classified and controlled like the branches of a perfectly organized business house. The parts work together as concertedly as the wheels and cogs of a perfect machine.

At any great Eastern university a man must enter at the opening of the fall term. His work, though largely a matter of individual choice, must be conducted with the others of his class. He must attend through the year, to the following June, and any lapse, generally speaking, even of a month at the end, will make it impossible for him to receive credit for what he has done.

To get his degree he must go four years, and when Harvard recently made it possible for a man to accomplish this in three, through President Eliot's influence, there was such a howl from Harvard graduates as almost to upset the scheme. Of what import was it that a man should save one year against the overwhelmingly important factor of class spirit and the preservation of class unities? A man would start, of course, as a freshman, and be a sophomore with the same men, but he would finish his work as a junior, or would he be a senior? There was the rub. A tradition was disturbed and a howl followed. Necessarily the Chicago university's classes lack uniformity. A man may get a degree, yet never have had a single class with its distinguishing numerals '07 or '09. It is yet to be proven that the purpose of higher education is defeated thereby.

A glance at a few of the departments into which this great University is divided, shows something of its activities. And in all such glances it must be remembered that the University of Chicago was opened for instruction in 1892, less than fourteen years ago.

The Graduate Schools, which include every department of instruction in which non-professional work is done, are: The Divinity School, the Swedish Divinity School, the Dano-Norwegian Theological Seminary—these last for the instruction of ministers to preach to the Swedes, Danes and Norwegians; the Law School, the Medical School, the School of Education, the Junior and Senior Colleges, divided into the Colleges of Liberal Arts, Literature, Science,



THE DORMITORIES FOR WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Commerce and Administration, Education, Religious and Social Science, and the University College.

Then there are the "affiliated" schools and colleges, the Lecture-Study Department, the Correspondence-Study Department, the Library Department, the Laboratory and Museum Departments, and the University Press, publishing thirteen magazines, which controls the departments of publishing, book manufacturing, laboratory supplies and retail bookselling. In itself this Press is a great business institution.

The organization is unmatched among the universities of the world. Yet in President Harper's plans all this was but a start—the mere foundations for the university of the future.

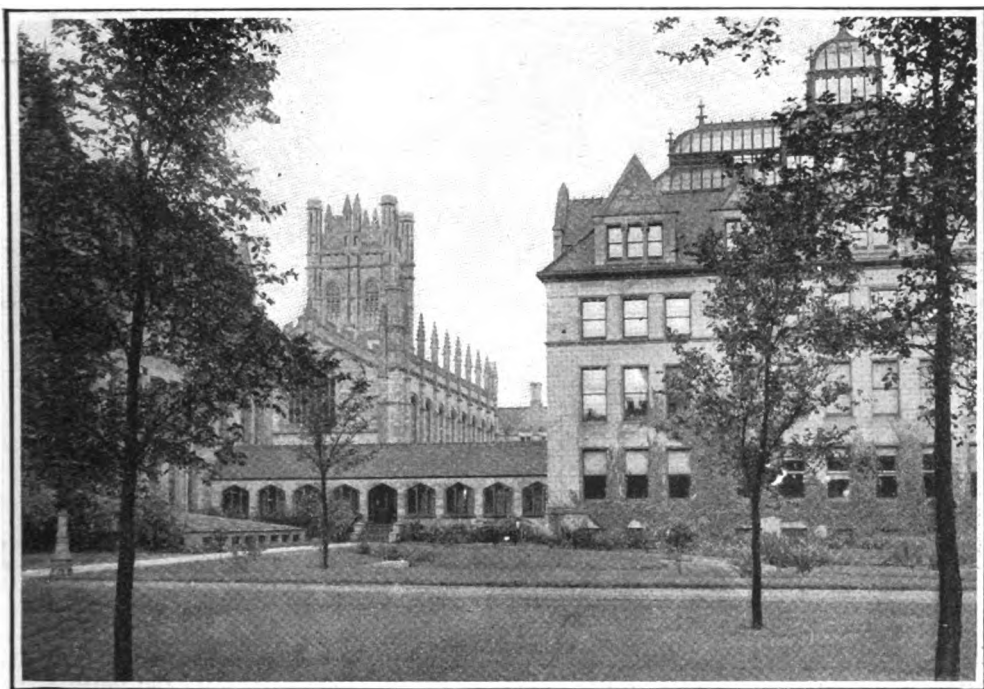
Nor are these departments mere names. Each has a well-equipped organization with special relations to the trustees, each is held for a given amount of growth, and it may be of interest to point out that while the schools of theology in almost every denomination have been losing ground in recent years, Chicago has forged ahead. Whatever President Harper undertook he carried through.

Newness in education has never been a

mark of worth. New as this university is, there are men in every department who represent the best brains available. They have been drawn from every college and school in the world. Money is a power in education.

It would be instructive to dwell upon the curious phraseology of Chicago's revolutionary organization. A student or a graduate of an older college would hardly know, from the official register, usually called a catalogue by other universities, that he was reading of an educational institution. The abandonment of the class terms has been mentioned. But this is not all. In six "quarters" out of the first two years (men are expected to take one "quarter" a year off for a vacation) those who have completed a given amount of work, eighteen "majors," to quote from this new language of education, receive the title of "Associate." This completes the Junior College. Eighteen "majors" more complete the "Senior College," when a man or woman receives the degree which his work warrants. The degrees are not unlike those of other universities.

The University of Chicago might have



THE BOTANY BUILDING AND MITCHELL TOWER, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

been unique in its organization; it would not have been great without an efficient and stupendous activity along well-conceived lines.

It is, however, in the unusual features that President Harper showed the true greatness of his educational foresight. He took down the barriers which kept hundreds of men and women from college when he made it possible to study a quarter, leave the university and return, whenever possible, for further work.

But this did not allow for all conditions of ambitious young men and women, and education for them was in President Harper's plan. So the Lecture-Study Department gives instruction to hundreds of clerks and laboring folk every evening. And this work can be counted toward a degree.

But not all of these young men live in and about Chicago. So there is a Correspondence-Study Department. In this the work of every course that can be taught by mail is carried on. The instruction is by the same men who give the regular lectures at Hyde Park, covers the same ground and counts for the same number of majors or minors as the case may be. A man is only required to do a year's work in attendance.

And when it was found that the rigors of Lake Michigan winds were too much for frail young women and men, the John B. Stetson University of Florida was affiliated, so that winter work might be carried on under genial skies. Verily education is adapted to the needs of the students.

There are grades of this system of affiliation both for schools and colleges. The underlying principle is to make the methods, the instruction, the standards of scholarships and the examinations, identical in the affiliated schools, and at Chicago. The affiliated school becomes a branch house, free in government to a great degree, but entirely overshadowed. Schools are required to build their material into a shape to fit Chicago. The advantages are well divided: the small college gains in strength, prestige and faculty; it loses its individuality. The small school becomes a well-regulated feeder for the great University. They all share the prosperity of the main office. Their benefits are those of the struggling factory, absorbed by its great rivals. Yet here there are none of the tactics of commercial warfare.

When schools and colleges are not will-



THE RYERSON PHYSICAL LABORATORY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ing to be affiliated, they become "coöperative," which constitutes a sort of second cousinship to the University of Chicago. Hundreds of schools and colleges, many of them important, are now in the Chicago family. The famous "corners" in wheat on the Chicago Exchange were never more daring and successful than President Harper's conception of education. Thus has business supplanted tradition in this great university of the West.

The abandonment of tradition was as daring as it was typical, and nowhere could it have been accomplished so fittingly as Chicago. Chicago is of the West, and to us, to-day, the West is the land of innovation and revolution—as it has ever been in the world. Educational standards, in all ages, have come from the East—yet only to a New Yorker or a New Englander, most provincial of people, is Chicago, West; they take no account of the millions of men and women of our own nation to whom Chicago is far east. Chicago is called "West" in this article because its life is typical of the great, hustling life of the Western country.

The small farms of New England, the family crops of vegetables and hay, support numerous colleges of age and worth. The broad reaches of the Mississippi Valley, the very scale of Western life, demands a different method. Imagine a

steam plow, a triplex reaper, on a rocky, valley-cut Maine farm. Is the plow-boy a sweet tradition to you? Do you like to think of the barefoot lad who goes up the shady lane, at sundown, for the cows? Then you love tradition, and the ranches of the West are commercial to you.

That is the spirit which President Harper abandoned. He has written of the barbaric customs of hazing, of the lawless traditions of students denying the authority of police on the campus, defying law, breaking up theatrical performances with rowdyish celebrations—in general of the habit of college men (in universities of tradition) of regarding themselves as special beings, untrammelled by the restraints of ordinary citizens. The spirit of youth is not crushed out in Chicago, but the spirit of the University does much to restrain it.

Yet President Harper did not abandon tradition, for the sensation it would make. Your scoffing Easterner would say, "How can there be tradition at Chicago? It has reached only the age of thirteen." But his reasoning is fallacious. The University of Chicago is unique in its abandonment of educational traditions which have ruled universities for centuries.

The first step, the conception of the idea, dates back sixteen years. From the resolutions passed in 1889, to the incorporation

in 1890, the opening for instruction in 1892, and the present position as third university in this country, is a wonderful story of business activity. There is not a man or woman at Chicago's university who was not born before its doors were opened for instruction. There is not a student who went there because his father did. It is a university of fact, not tradition. There is not even an attempt made to date the foundation back to the old University of Chicago, which it supplanted, nor to the Union Theological Seminary, which it absorbed. The University of Chicago has no traditions, and it borrowed none.

Instead, it stands frankly before the world with the following statement in its historical sketch:

In recognition of the peculiar relation of Mr. Rockefeller to the institution, the Board of Trustees has enacted that on the seal, letter-heads, and all official publications of the University, the title shall read:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Founded by John D. Rockefeller.

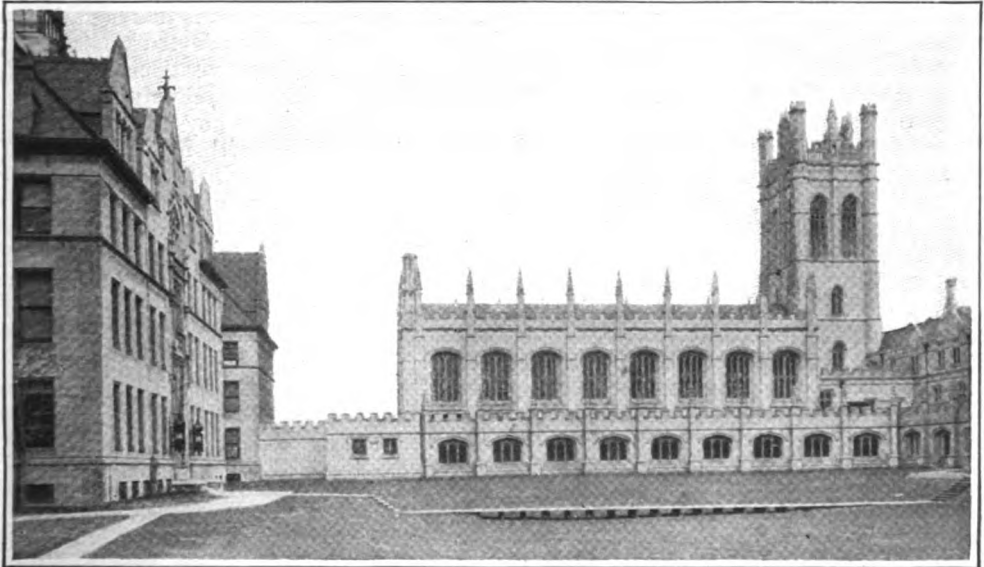
The University is Baptist in influence, though non-sectarian in its general departments. This accounts for the seed sown in Rockefeller's mind. What caused its development into a \$15,000,000 plum? Ask Mr. Rockefeller. He alone can tell.

Did the amazing energy of Harper appeal to the Oil King? Did Harper hypnotize him? Rockefeller's habits of business and modes of action do not indicate these solutions. Rockefeller has taken the initiative, asking what was needed, vitally interested in his pet.

And far, very far, from being a "good uncle," he has been a most exacting guardian. He has given millions to develop a university. He insists that the university be developed. Freely as he has poured his money into the coffers of the Board of Trustees, he has watched its expenditure as if it were an investment. Even now, when the University stands as a model of effective organization, agents of Mr. Rockefeller are working in every department to make sure that there are no leakages, to reorganize weak parts, and, above all, to report added needs.

The Standard Oil Company itself could not have developed an enterprise with greater speed. "Resolved upon" in 1889, incorporated in 1890, opened for instruction in 1892, it stands now third in point of numbers, and preëminently first in rate of growth.

And what of the man who accomplished this? President Harper was as remarkable as his university. He was a man who would have made the Wanamakers, the Strauses, the Fields, the Siegels struggle for a place,



HUTCHINSON COMMONS AND THE REYNOLDS TOWER

had he entered the arena of business. He was a man who would have planned, and doubtless developed, a railroad combination to which our present consolidations would have been as feeders and branch roads. But he had a passion for teaching.

He was preëminently a teacher. Even a few months ago, when a dread disease made necessary what was feared would be a fatal operation, he clung to his work to the last. On the afternoon of the ordeal he heard his son's lesson in Hebrew, while he waited for the doctors. In all the tremendous detail of a college president's life he never relinquished this branch of his work. His name was down for many courses. Teaching was his recreation, as well as his passion.

Born in New Concord, Ohio, fifty-one years ago, a graduate of Muskingum College, he was successively the head of Masonic College, the preparatory department of Denison University, the department of Hebrew at the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, the department of Semitic Languages and Biblical Literature at Yale, and the principal of Chautauqua. He received degrees from more universities and colleges than perhaps any living American. And in the years of the Chicago university's development he found time to serve two years as a member of the Board of Education of Chicago.

His work at Chautauqua was most distinctive. Had not the larger field of Chicago opened to him, he might have made Chautauqua the great national university. His plans for it were boundless, his accomplishments remarkable, and his hand aided its progress to the last.

Those who knew him in Chautauqua days have pictures in their minds of a vigorous personality, full of energy but lacking in dignity. When one course was over he would mount his bicycle, to save time, and with his arms stuffed with books and papers, his frock coat flying, his tall hat jammed on the back of his head, he would race across the grounds to new duties.

He was not a very different man from this at Chicago. The spirit which made it easy to abandon tradition could have little respect for conventions. Easy of approach, genial, thoroughly democratic, he presented

a marked contrast to many other American educators.

He was a man of brains and executive power. He was not a man of culture, as we understand the word. True as steel, he cared little for the outward forms—the shadows of his office.

With his pen he was singularly courteous, as he was in person, and both his writings and his public speaking were marked by more logic than finish, more lucidity than refinement.

Yet both as a speaker and a writer he was singularly lacking in those qualities which one looks for in a temperament of so much energy and directness.

And, above all, he was little understood. No phase of that "journalism" which has been dubbed "yellow" is more pernicious than the persistent building of cartoons, both in line and words, of men who are prominent in affairs. President Harper suffered much in popular esteem from this evil. The very radicalism of his methods, his support by Rockefeller, and the fancied relation between them, gave the newspapers this chance. With such a groundwork it took but a few injudicious theories on the part of his associates to give the University an entirely false color. Nor are the sensational papers alone guilty of the continuation of this error.

The University of Chicago stands, to-day, as a marvel of industrial and educational development. It is thorough, business-like and perfectly adapted to its field. But far from being sensational in itself it is as little given to self-advertising, to freaks for publicity, as any in the country. It is not dignified—youth rarely is. President Harper had none of the poise of President Eliot of Harvard. But President Eliot is a Puritan, head of a Puritan college. He was bred in the traditions of Harvard and New England. Without disturbing these sacred ornaments he has made Harvard the leading university of America. President Harper might have given Harvard its growth. He could not have maintained its dignity. President Eliot could not have developed Chicago University. He is of New England. President Harper was of Chicago, and the West.

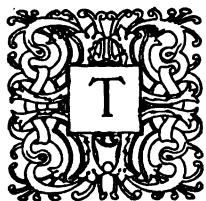
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TWINS

BY

W. H. G. WYNDHAM MARTYN

AUTHOR OF "THE CONVERSION OF DAD," ETC.

DRAWINGS BY BESSIE COLLINS PEASE



THE Twins were five years old; and on a certain beautiful September afternoon of their happy, busy little lives, they wandered, hand in hand, to their father's room as he sat writing. They waited for a few moments, because mother had always told them never to disturb him at his work. It was a wonderful book he was writing, and when it was finished he would read to them why the flowers have colors, and where the wild birds build their nests, and how the salmon sometimes live in the salt water and sometimes in the fresh.

Presently he looked up at them and smiled.

"Well, kiddies," he said, "what is it now?"

Cynthia spoke: "Mother says we've been very good to-day; so, may we go where we want to?"

"Of course you may, you quaint little people," he answered, "and as soon as I've finished, I'll come and look for you. Good-by."

Perhaps it would have been wiser if he had asked where their desired haven might be, but he was intent on finishing a chapter, and supposed that their mother knew.

But Cynthia and Arthur left the library, their little hearts beating all the faster for the joy they felt. A mile away, on the hill, stood a great gray house surrounded by a high wall. It appeared so remote to the tiny children, and so vast, that all the fairy

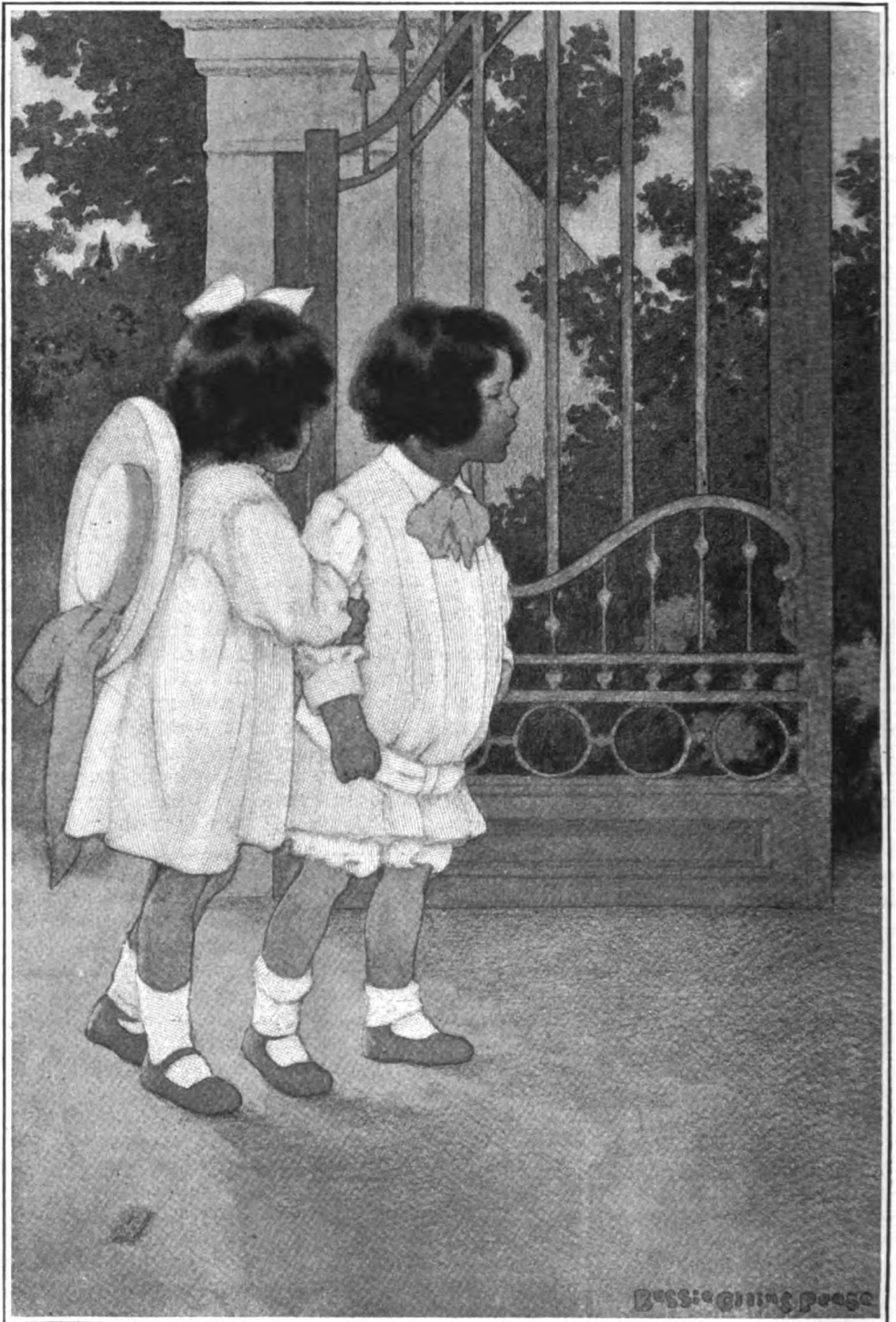
tales they heard seemed to have for the inevitable mysterious castle, this great gray house on the hill. They had peopled it with prisoned princesses, and the grounds, where the country folk said mastiffs roamed at night, were full of dragons and other strange animals. They had often begged for permission to explore this fascinating house, but had never been allowed to do so for fear of the caretaker's dogs. And now, all unwittingly, their father had given them the key to the mystery.

Outside the library door they discussed the situation.

"I shall take my sword," said Arthur valiantly, girding on a tiny blade; "mother says dragons always live underneath castles."

Cynthia's blue eyes sparkled. "Oh, yes," she cried, "cos then you can rescue me when I'm carried away to the dungeon."

There were many obstacles for the children to overcome before they could reach the gray house, and once or twice they lost their way, so it was nearly seven o'clock when they came to the big bronze gates. They could see that all the garden paths had been newly cleaned, and the big gate stood ajar. After being empty for some years, the house had been sold, and lacked the wild, forgotten air they anticipated. But it was somber enough to awe them, and the sound of a dog's distant baying made Cynthia cling to her brother's arm. "Oh, Arthur," she said, "get your sword ready, to rescue me at once if the dragon comes."



"GET YOUR SWORD READY, TO RESCUE ME AT ONCE IF THE DRAGON COMES"

"As quick as I can," said the hero; "but you see, Cynthia, I'm not very big yet."

"But the dragons always get killed," said his sister sympathetically.

Very big the house seemed to them as they neared it, and the absolute lack of sound almost frightened them.

"I think we ought to go home," said Arthur; "there isn't any dragons here."

"Oh, no," said Cynthia, feeling certain of rescue under any conditions; "we must go all over the house. We may find lovely things."

Arthur brightened up. "Will there be any engines?" he asked hopefully.

"Princes and princesses," said Cynthia with dignity, "don't play with silly old engines."

Arthur paused a moment, and then, putting on a bold front, stepped through an open French window into a very large room. Their little feet made no noise on the heavy Persian rug, and, unobserved, they saw an old man sipping coffee as he sat at the dinner-table. Arthur, after a swift glance, felt much relieved, and remarked, "Why, it's only a man, Cynthia!"

The old man looked up, startled, and the girl turned to her brother. "Yes, he's just an old man, and not handsome enough for a prince."

Their tones indicated deep disappointment.

The old man, who was very tall and heavily built, frowned at them. He knew nothing of children, and, knowing nothing, thought he disliked them, and classed them with lapdogs and similar nuisances.

"Go away, you children," he said.

They looked at him open-mouthed, for they had not been accustomed to being spoken to in anything but gentle tones. Seeing them make no motion to obey him, the old man struck the table with his clenched fist. "Go away," he repeated.

To his astonishment they burst into laughter. "Do that again," they said.

"Do what?" he demanded.

"Make the cups jump," answered Arthur.

He looked at them for a moment. "What do you want?" he asked.

"We came to kill the dragon," said Cynthia, readier of tongue than her brother. "Is there one here, please?"

"Only me," retorted the old man, with something like a smile.

Cynthia looked at him critically. "I don't think Arthur could kill you," she said, "you're too big. Isn't he, Arthur?"

Arthur agreed readily. "It wouldn't be fighting fair," he said.

Then without taking any more notice of him, the twins commenced a thorough exploration of the room. There were furs, and bronzes and ivories, and things more wonderful than they had ever dreamed of, and as they exclaimed over the wonder of it all, the old man watched them in silence.

"Curious animals, children," he thought, and his mind went back to those days thirty years ago, when his only child had been a boy about the age of this little stranger who made himself so much at home. Then he thought about the boy as he grew up; and, finally, the last scene came back to him—when he drove the boy, a grown man then, penniless from his home because he chose to marry another woman than the one his imperious father desired. When his son went, happiness closed its door to him, and even the amassing of money was losing its charm.

He was awakened from these reveries by Cynthia's voice. "Poor old man!" she said, "poor old man!"

He pulled his hand away, not roughly, but decidedly. "Why do you say that?"

"You've been crying," she returned gravely; "look."

"Tut, tut!" he exclaimed, "nonsense."

But all the same there was a telltale tear on his sleeve.

"You haven't told me who you are," he said.

"I am Cynthia, and this is Arthur."

She shook hands gravely, and Arthur followed suit. He had discarded his tin sword for a priceless Chinese ivory simitar.

It was a very difficult conversation, the old man thought. He was utterly at a loss what to do or say.

But Cynthia, after a whispered conversation with her brother, broke the silence. "Please, can we have some warm milk?" she asked.

It was the old man's first impulse to ring for the servants, but he hoped to get rid of his visitors without letting the servants know of their intrusion. He determined to give them milk and send them home, for he saw nothing strange in sending such young children into the growing darkness.

They pulled chairs to the table, and sat one each side of him.

There was plenty of milk, now almost cold, in the silver jug, and he handed a cup to the boy, who made a wry face on tasting it. "Sugar," was his brief command. They finished the milk between them, and enjoyed some dessert. Then, when he was beginning to doubt whether it would be kind to let them go home through the darkness unprotected, they made a fresh demand.

"Then tell us something real," said Cynthia.

"Something about engines," interjected Arthur.

The old man looked at the boy in a kindlier fashion. "Engines?" he said, "do you like engines?"

"Father says he's perfectly ridiculous about them," said Cynthia.

But the old man made up the most wonderful engine story they had ever heard,



They finished the milk between them

"Now," said Cynthia, dragging him to a big chair, "Arthur will sit on the tiger rug, and I will sit on your lap."

"But what shall I do?" cried the dismayed old man.

"You shall tell us a nice story, and then we will go home."

Arthur lay at his feet, resting on the head of a tiger, and Cynthia, in no wise afraid of him, twined her little arms around his neck.

And as he looked at their fresh faces so near his, he knew that he had missed that great pleasure which only the love and knowledge of little children can give to men. For a minute he could not trust himself to speak. Then, with an effort, he said, "But I don't know any stories."

all about the strange things that are inside locomotives and what makes them go; and he captured Cynthia's heart by making the engines bring carloads of dolls to a beautiful princess who lived in a tower.

As he neared the end of his story, he was aware they were asking fewer questions, and as he came to a triumphant finish he saw they were both asleep.

He had never experienced a keener gratification than that which now took possession of him. His financial triumphs seemed trifling beside his success with these children. Had he not given them warm milk, told them an interesting story, and so won their confidence that they slept without the slightest fear?

A few minutes later, he heard a step on the garden path, and a man entered by the open window—a tall pleasant-faced man of five and thirty, with hair thinning and turning gray at the temples.

"I must apologize for entering thus," he began, "but I have lost my two children; they were seen by the lodge-keeper to enter your grounds, and I picked up my little girl's hat outside this window. Are they here?"

The brilliantly lighted room for the moment obscured his sight, and he saw neither the boy sleeping on the rug, nor the girl gathered in the old man's arms.

"I have them here, Richard," answered the old man in his deep, gruff voice; "be quiet, or you will wake them up."

The younger man started back in astonishment, his face wearing a sterner look.

"When you drove me from your home, sir," he said, "I swore never to enter a house which sheltered you; and I had no idea that you were within a thousand miles of me. I came for my children and——"

"And found your father." The old man smiled grimly. "You are in luck, Richard."

The younger man commenced to speak, but was waved down impatiently.

"Don't talk loud. You don't seem to understand that children need sleep."

The father stared in astonishment. Here were his children sleeping happily, and his father telling him he did not understand their needs.

"He's going to be an engineer," said the old man a minute later, indicating the sleeping boy; "that's what I wanted you to be, instead of studying birds, insects, and that kind of rubbish. Sit down, Richard. There's cold black coffee. I gave the children all the milk."

"You gave them milk?" said the other incredulously.

"And why not?" snapped his father. "Are you the only one to understand children?"

There was triumph in his tone as he added, "I may tell you that they both said I prepared it better than even their mother did."

His son smiled. "How many lumps did you put in?" he asked.

"Seven in Cynthia's cup and nine in Arthur's."

"Good heavens!" cried their father, "two is all they are allowed."

"To think," said the old man, apostrophizing space, "that he doesn't know how to feed his own children! Richard, you never had much sense. Tell me this much: are you sorry for your disobedience?"

"I'm proud of it," said the other. "I did the first good thing in my life when I married my wife."

The old man did not answer him for a time. When he did, he spoke of another subject. He pointed to Cynthia's ears.

"Did you ever see anything so shell-like?" he asked. "I don't know where she gets such pretty ears from. All the women of our family have ugly ones."

"They are her mother's," said the other briefly.

"Has your wife the same eyes and expression?"

"Yes," said his son.

A few seconds later, the old man stood up, very carefully, lest he should awaken the child.

"You take the engineer," he told his son, "I'll take the little princess."

"What are you going to do with her?" asked the other, wondering.

"I'm going to take her to my daughter," he answered.



THE PLOW-WOMAN

BY ELEANOR GATES

AUTHOR OF "THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL," "BUENAS NOCHES," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS: Evan Lancaster, a cross-grained, crippled ex-section boss of a Texas railroad and an "irreconciled" Confederate, migrates in a prairie-schooner with his daughters, Dallas and Marylyn, from their native sage-bush plains to the fertile valley of the Missouri. They put up a rough shack opposite a military post, and Dallas plows the virgin soil. John Lounsbury, an Easterner, owner of a store and cattle ranch, tells them a survey line for a railroad will touch their place. Lancaster, who has neglected to file a claim for the land, goes to the land-office, to find a prior claim on it. Should the claimant fail to appear at the end of six months, Lancaster will own the tract, but they live in dread of his coming. The troops return from a campaign, with captive Indians. One of these, an outcast from his tribe, is befriended by Dallas. Lancaster starts again, with the venerable missionary, David Bond, to file his claim. During his absence, Nick Matthews, vicious and brutal, a professional gambler and bully, arrives, claims the land, and orders the defenceless girls to leave the shack within ten minutes.

IX

A HAND IN THE FUN



WHAT under the shining sun!" exclaimed Lounsbury, spilling ground coffee into his boot-tops. A pung was passing the grocery—a green pung drawn by a milk-white horse. On its quilt-padded seat were two men. Above them, as they slowly proceeded, sagged a high board cross.

Lounsbury's neighbors were also watching the strange sight. At the windows of the bunk-house opposite and at the openings of other buildings near were faces, wide with good-natured grins. As Lounsbury turned to the travelers again, his own mouth curved in a smile.

But, all at once, he sobered. The pung was now so far away that the backs of the men were presented to him; between them were the curved tops of a pair of crutches.

He started at a run up the street. His race, bareheaded, increased the laughter of those who were still watching. They yelled to him boisterously: "Sic' 'em, Bud!" "Sell 'em somethin', John!" "Drag 'em back an' skin 'em!" But the store-keeper was deaf. Each yard made him more certain of the identity of one traveler. He gained rapidly on the pung. At the edge of the camp, he stopped it.

Lancaster spoke first, for Lounsbury was too spent. "Wal? Wal?" he said crabbedly.

"Excuse me," panted the other; "excuse me, but I see you're headed from home. I wondered—I thought maybe I could do a turn for the young ladies while you're gone."

For a moment the section-boss did not reply. He was still smarting over Dallas's generalship, and, if anything, was more disgusted and rebellious than when he left the shack. His lids lowered. His lip curled.

"You understand, I'm sure," Lounsbury hastened to say. "I thought they might be alone, that——"

"Thank y'," answered Lancaster, snapping out each word; "thank y', they is alone. An' you'll oblige me a darn sight by leavin' 'em that way." He settled himself in his seat. "Git ap!" he said to Shadrach. The pung slipped slowly on.

As Lounsbury retraced his steps, the few who saw him were discreetly silent. For the camp knew that there were rare moments when it was best to give him a wide berth.

The interview in the trough of the drift was so brief that David Bond was shut out of it. But had he been given a chance to speak, the result might have been the same. The section-boss had been mute all the way to Clark's. So David Bond had no means of connecting the companion of his journey north with the fortunes of the Lancasters. As they left Lounsbury behind, he even found some censure in his heart for the store-keeper.

"You were quite right," he said, flicking Shadrach gently. "That young man should

pay no visit to your daughters while you are absent. Yet"—he could not refrain from putting a reproof where it seemed due—"yet I regret your manner of addressing him, your oath—"

Lancaster glared. "Oh, you' gran'mother's tortoise-shell cat!" he said wrathfully. For several hours he added nothing to this.

Back in his store, Lounsbury was mixing brown sugar with white, oolong tea with a green variety, and putting thread in the pickle-barrel. Simultaneously, he was torturing himself. Had the section-boss left home with no danger threatening—But—the green pung was undoubtedly bound for Bismarck. What was it that had suddenly made him see the necessity of attending to the claim? Along with this came self-arraignment. After all, he should have told Lancaster.

He buckled on his pistol-belt and padlocked the door. "I don't care whether the old man likes it or not," he declared aloud, "I'm going down there."

When the ten minutes he had allotted were past, Matthews made a great show of putting away his watch and took a last pull at the whisky-flask. The bottle disposed of, he walked down the drift to the warped door and rapped a staccato. No answer was returned. Again he rapped, and more imperatively. Again, no answer. He pushed back his hat and applied an ear to the latch-hole. Then he heard long, infrequent sobs, like those of a child who, though almost asleep, is yet sorrowing. Between the sobs, punctuating them fiercely, sounded the prolonged sucking-in of breath.

"Might as well stop yer bawlin' an' squallin'," called Matthews. "Time's up!"

Getting no reply, he altered his tactics. Shading his face with his slim fingers, he looked in. He could not see the girls. What he could see was—from the south window—the gaudy Navajo blankets, and nearer, two partly filled sacks, some harness and the seat of a wagon. The other window afforded a better view. "Looks mighty comfortable," he said as he contemplated it. There was a hearth with its dying fire; in front of it were circling benches and a thick buffalo-skin rug; above was a mantel piled with calico-covered books; a freshly scrubbed table stood in the farther corner beneath a dish-cupboard, which was made of a dry-goods box; to the left of this—high

up on the log wall—were a couple of pegs.

It was these that finally riveted Matthews's attention and brought him to a temporary halt. "Got th' gun down!" he exclaimed. He quickly dropped on all fours. "That biggest one 'd no more mind pumpin' lead into me than nothin'" he declared, wagging his head wisely. "I could tell that by the shine in her eyes." He crawled around the corner.

Behind the lean-to, he came to several conclusions: It would be useless to try to get in by either window; both were high and small; the best spot for an attack was the door. Unless he was hard pressed, he must not shoot; women were concerned, and the fort or Clark's might be stirred to unreasonable retaliation in their name; for example, there was that poor devil of a cow-puncher at Dodge who had been riddled simply for slapping his wife! Obviously, the shack must be occupied without the shedding of blood. But what of his safety? "I'll jus' have t' chance it," he said, and hunted for something to use as a battering-ram.

Not a pole, not even a piece of board, could he find. Disgruntled, but not discouraged, he crawled back to the front of the cabin and closely examined the door. "I thought so!" he declared joyfully. Rain and snow had swelled the thick boards of which it was built; but through the narrow cracks between these, he saw that the transverse pieces on the inside, like the four without, were only slender battens. "If I can git some of them cleats off," he said, "I can bust in."

With a horn-handle knife, he pried up the end of a batten until he could get his fingers beneath it. Then he pulled, and it came away. A light strip from side to side marked where it had been. Three times more he pried and pulled, and the outer transverse pieces lay on the snow. For the rest of his job, Matthews had to depend on his shoulders.

Putting his knife in his pocket, he backed to the top of the nearest drift. There he gathered himself together and, with a defiant grunt, hurled himself headlong at the door. As it bent with the force of the impact, a shriek rang out. Well satisfied, Matthews retreated and flung himself forward a second time. The door cracked ominously; the inside bolt rattled in its sockets. He warmed

to his task. And each time he fell upon the barrier, a weak moan from within swelled to a cry of mortal terror.

And then—a few feet behind him, a voice interrupted—a well modulated-voice, in an amused, ironical tone. “Well,” it said slowly, “I hope you’re enjoying yourself.”

Matthews whirled, and reached for a weapon. He was too late. As he swung it forward, the single eye of a revolver held him. Beyond was Lounsbury.

A queer tremor ran around the store-keeper’s mouth. His nostrils swelled and he wrinkled his forehead. “Sorry,” he said drily, “but it’s my bead.”

Sheer surprise, together with a lack of breath, made the other dumb.

“Drop your gun!” bade Lounsbury

Matthews’s right hand loosed its hold. His revolver fell, and slid, spinning, to the bottom of the drift.

“Now I know all you want to say,” said Lounsbury. “But nothing’ll excuse your trying to break into this house while these young women are alone. You haven’t the ghost of a right to this land. So you’ll oblige *me* by keeping off it from now on.”

Matthews found his tongue. “Who in hell are you?” he demanded coolly.

“Who am I?” repeated the store-keeper, smiling down the revolver barrel. “Why, I’m St. George, and you’re the dragon.” He raised his voice. “Miss Lancaster!” he called, “Miss Lancaster!”

A face appeared at a window, then a second. There were more cries, but not of fear. The sash was pushed open. Dallas and Marylyn, the younger girl still clinging to the elder, looked out.

“It’s all right,” said the store-keeper, not taking his eyes from the enemy. “I’m here.”

Dallas could not answer. But Marylyn, though exhausted, was fully alive to their rescue. Her eyes, wide and tearful, were fixed upon Lounsbury.

“Oh, we’re afraid!” she cried plaintively; “pa’s gone, and we’re afraid!”

“You needn’t be, any more,” he said reassuringly.

Matthews, under his breath, was cursing the self-contained man in the saddle. He saw himself “stood up,” like a tenderfoot. But a certain expression in Lounsbury’s eyes, a certain square set to his jaw—the very cues that guided the cattle-camp—made him cautious.

“Look a-here,” he said to Lounsbury,

assuming a conciliatory manner, “let’s talk as one gent to another. These ladies is your friends. So far, so good. But I has my rights, and I can prove that I slep’ on this quarter-section three times, and——”

Lounsbury’s face darkened. He was lightly ironical no longer. He urged his mount forward. “Don’t argue with me, you infernal blackguard,” he said. “You can prove anything you want to by a lot of perjuring, thieving land-grabbers. Don’t I know ’em! If you filed on this claim you were hired to do it. You hadn’t an idea of settling. You did it for speculating purposes. And the law, I happen to know, is dead against that. You’re a shark. But your game won’t work. These folks are going to stay on this Bend. *And you be mighty careful you don’t make ’em any trouble!*”

“I’ll git a Bismarck lawyer!” declared Matthews.

“Yes, and we’ll tar and feather the shyster. What’s more, I’ll head a bunch of Clark’s boys, and we’ll wipe Shanty Town off the face of the earth.”

Matthews raised his shoulders and put his tongue in his cheek. “You’re mighty interested in these ladies, seems t’ me,” he said insinuatingly.

The slur did not escape the store-keeper. “Hoist your hands!” he commanded.

Matthews obeyed. His fingers were twitching.

The next command was curt. “Mosey!”

The other moved away. When he was beyond pistol range, he produced his second revolver and waved it above his head. “You jus’ wait!” he shouted. “You jus’ wait! I’ll fix you!”

Lounsbury returned him a mocking salute.

X

AN APPEAL TO HEADQUARTERS



AS Matthews ceased his threatening and strode on, a new fear came over Dallas. She leaned toward Lounsbury. “What does he mean by ‘fixing you’?” she asked hoarsely.

The store-keeper was still watching riverward. “He means it’s a case of shoot on sight,” he said.

"Then you mustn't go near him. Promise me you won't! If you were hurt!—"

Lounsbury threw one leg over the pommel and sat sideways for a while, buckling and unbuckling his reins. When he spoke, it was very gently, and again he did not look at her. "Hadn't you better wrap up a little?" he suggested; "it's cold."

She put a coat about Marylyn. "It ain't right for you to make our quarrel yours. You mustn't get hurt on our account." Her eyes beseeched him.

He glanced at her. "It's worth a lot to know you feel that way," he said slowly. "But—I'm afraid I can't do what you want. It's *your* safety that counts with me."

Marylyn's face had been hidden, to shut out the dread sight of Matthews. Now, she lifted it. She said nothing. But as if suddenly smitten by a painful thought, she turned from Dallas to Lounsbury, from Lounsbury to Dallas, questioningly, doubtfully. She drew to one side a few steps and stood alone.

The movement escaped the others. The store-keeper had slipped from his saddle to pick up Matthews's revolver. And the elder girl, against whom was setting in a tide of reaction, was struggling for composure. She put out a trembling hand for the weapon.

"Got a rifle, too, haven't you?" he asked.

"No. Dad took it."

"Good heavens! I'm glad I didn't know that coming down!"

"How'd you happen to come?"

"I saw the sleigh go by, and was sure something had scared your father about the claim. So I didn't wait to black my boots."

"Oh, it was a comfort to hear you!" she said.

"Was it?" eagerly. He stepped toward her; then drew back. "Well"—with a feeble attempt at humor—"I'd rather be a comfort than a wet blanket." He had remembered that evil eyes were watching; that his least move might subject Lancaster's daughters to the coarse comment of Shanty Town. He dared not even remain out of his saddle. He mounted.

"Oh, you're going to leave us!" exclaimed Marylyn. She began to cry helplessly.

"But I'll be on the lookout every second," he declared. "Miss Dallas"—he urged his horse up to the window—"don't think I'm idiot enough to try to do up that saloon

gang down there single-handed. If I go to Shanty Town, I won't go alone. I intend to see the colonel over there and lay this matter before him."

"But, dad—" she began.

"Got to do it, whether your father likes it or not. We're dealing with a cut-throat."

"Yes—"

"And you can't tell what he'll do." He bent to her. "That scoundrel scared you," he said regretfully. "You're ready to drop. Oh, yes, you are! And it's my fault. I knew he might come any day. But I didn't believe he'd get here so soon."

"I'd given him up," she said.

"You! You *did* know, then!"

"Quite a while ago."

"Knew what?" asked Marylyn, stopping her tears. Then, certain there was some awful secret behind it all, she began to cry again.

Dallas soothed her, and explained.

"Do you know when Matthews's six months are up?" Lounsbury inquired.

"To-night, at twelve."

"To-night! Well, we've got to keep him off. He may try to establish residence in a wickiup."

"But hasn't he a right? Can't he—"

"He hasn't, and he can't. And if he comes this way after midnight, I'll fix *him* for trespassing!" He laughed.

"I wish you wouldn't go to the Fort, though. You know how dad feels."

"I wouldn't go if I didn't have to. But the temperature's falling. By sundown they'll begin changing the sentries at Brannon every hour. No one man could stay out even half the night. I must get some one to relieve me."

"I suppose you're right," she said reluctantly.

He brought the horse about. "Is there anything I can do before I go?"

"No. We've got everything but wood, and Charley gets us that."

"Charley," repeated Lounsbury. "Who's Charley?"

She told him.

He seemed relieved. "I'll look that Indian up," he said, and raised his hand to his cap.

From the road, he looked around. The girls were where he had left them, and Marylyn's head was once more pressed against her sister. The sight made him writhe in his saddle and wish he were as old

as the river-bluffs themselves, that he might go back and protect them. As he descended to the ice, their two faces rose before him: One, pretty and pale, with the soft roundness of a child's, the blue eyes filled with all a child's terror and entreaty; the other, pale, too—though upon it there still lingered the brown of the summer sun—but firm of outline, its crown a heavy coil of braids, its center, eyes that were brave, steadfast, compelling.

The first picture blurred in remembering the second.

"God bless her!" he murmured. "To think she knew all the time and never cheeped!"

At the shack, Dallas, too, was pondering—over a strange contrariety. Their home was in danger, perhaps their very lives. Yet the day had fulfilled its promise of the morning—it was the happiest in her life!

The ramshackle ferry-boat was firmly wedged in a dry-dock of ice on the western side of the Missouri. As Lounsbury passed it, with his horse following pluckily in spread-eagle fashion, he shouted for Old Michael; but received no answering halloo. He was disappointed. It was desirable to embroil as few as possible in the Lancaster dispute. The pilot, already a factor, was needed to act the picket—to fire a warning signal if Matthews left Shanty Town.

A substitute was found at the stables. The store-keeper came upon Lieutenant Fraser, busily roaching his riding-animal, a flighty buckskin cayuse that no one else cared to handle, and that was affectionately known in barracks as the "She-devil." The men had met before around the billiard-table at the sutler's, and Lounsbury had set the young officer down for a chivalrous, but rather chicken-hearted, youngster who had chosen his profession unwisely. So, his story told, the store-keeper was altogether surprised at Fraser's quick response.

"I've nothing to do, old man," he said, as they went toward the parade-ground. "So just take your time. I'll watch for you."

They parted at the flag-pole, the West Pointer going down to the river.

Colonel Cummings's entry and reception room were crowded when the store-keeper entered. A score of officers were standing about in little groups, talking excitedly. But Lounsbury was too anxious and distraught to notice anything unusual. He hurried up

to a tall, sad-faced man, whose mustache, thin and coarse, dropped sheer over his mouth, giving him the look of a martyred walrus.

"Can I see the K. O., Captain Oliver?" he asked. "It's important."

"I'll find out," answered the captain. "But he's up to his ears." He disappeared into the next room.

Lounsbury bowed to several officers, though he scarcely saw them. He heard Oliver's low voice, evidently announcing him, then the colonel's.

"Yes, bring him in," cried the latter. "Maybe he'll know."

The store-keeper entered without waiting. Colonel Cummings stood in the center of the room—a room known as his library, in compliment to a row of dog-eared volumes that had somehow survived many a wet bivouac and rough march. But it resembled a museum. In the corners, on the walls beneath the bulky heads of buffalo and the branching antlers of elk, there were swords, tomahawks, bows and arrows, strings of glass wampum, cartridge belts, Indian bonnets, drums and shields, and a miscellany of warlike odds and ends. To-day, the room was further littered by maps, which covered the table, the benches, and the whole length of an army cot. Over one of these hung the colonel, making imaginary journeys with the end of a dead cigar.

He turned swiftly to Lounsbury. "John," he said, before the other could speak. "I need an interpreter. Do you know one?"

"There's Soggy, that Phil Kearney fellow——"

The colonel gave a grunt of disgust. "In jail at Omaha," he said. "Played cards with a galoot who had some aces in his boot-tops. Plugged him."

"What's the matter with your Rees?"

"That's just it! You see, that bunch of Sioux out there——" he jerked his head toward the stockade—"helped in a bit of treachery two summers ago. Rounded up some friendly Rees at a dance and scalped 'em. So—there's poison for you! In this business on hand, I couldn't trust even my head scout." He began pacing the floor. "Anyway, sign language, when there are terms to be made and kept, isn't worth a hang!"

"I wish I could suggest a man," said Lounsbury. "Fact is, Colonel, I'm terribly

worried myself. I came to ask you for help in some trouble——”

The old soldier threw up his hands. “Trouble!” he cried. “Why I’m simply daft with it! Look at that!” He pointed to the farthest side of the room.

It was dimly lighted there. Lounsbury stepped forward and peered down—then recoiled, as startled as if he had happened upon something dead. On the floor was a man—a man whose back was bent rounding, and whose arms and legs were hugged up against his abdomen and chest. Torso and limbs were frightfully shrunken; the hands, mere claws. Lounsbury could not see the face. But the hair was uncovered, and it was the hair that made him “goose-flesh” from head to heel. It was white—not the white of old age, with glancing tints of silver or yellow—but the dead white of an agony that had withered it to the roots. Circling it, and separating the scalp from the face and neck, ran a narrow fringe that was still brown, as if, changing in a night, it had lacked full time for completion.

Lounsbury could not take his eyes from the huddled shape. Colonel Cummings paused beside him. “This morning,” he said, speaking in an undertone, “a sentry signaled from beyond the barracks. Two or three men took guns and ran out. They found this. His clothes were stiff. He was almost frozen, utterly worn out, and crawling forward on his hands and knees.” The ragged sleeves and trousers, stained dark, were mute testimony. “He couldn’t see,” continued the colonel. “They laid him out on a drift and rubbed him. The surgeon did the rest. He begged to see me. They brought him in, and he told his story. It’s an old one—you’ve heard it. But it’s always new, too. This is Frank Jamieson, a young——”

As he heard his name, the man stirred, straightened his legs and let fall his arms. He looked up.

“Young!” gasped Lounsbury. “Good God!” The face was aged, like the hair!

Jamieson struggled weakly to his feet, using the wall to brace himself.

Colonel Cummings hastened across and lent the support of an arm. “No, no,” he protested. “You mustn’t talk. You’re too weak.”

But Jamieson did not heed. “You an interpreter?” he asked in a rasping whisper.

“You’re too weak——”

“No, I ain’t! No, I ain’t! If he’ll go with us, I’m strong enough—why, I shoveled snow on the special to Bismarck—that’s how they let me ride—and skating home I didn’t stop to rest——”

“Yes, yes, my boy, we know.”

“I walked and walked—straps broke—I forgot to tell you—that’s why I had to. But it didn’t do any good—it didn’t do any good! When I got there——” As if to shut out some terrible sight, he screened his eyes with one palsied hand, and sank back limply into Colonel Cummings’s arms. Lounsbury swept the cot clean of maps, and they laid him there.

“His father was dead,” said the commanding officer; “dead—and naked, scalped, mutilated, full of arrows and rifle balls. The house and barns were burned.”

“The women?”

“Both gone.”

Jamieson put out his arms. “My mother!” he cried imploringly. “My poor little mother!”

Lounsbury knelt beside him, feeling shaken and half-sick.

“If I could only ‘a’ been there! But I was ‘way off at St. Paul. I knew something was wrong when the letters stopped.”

“But you must buck up, Jamieson,” said the colonel, “so you can help us.”

“I will! Oh, I will!”

“How’d you get down here?” asked Lounsbury.

“I didn’t eat for a long time. I was crazy. The snow blinded me, and I was hungry. But I didn’t leave the river—I knew enough for that.”

“You think the women are alive, Colonel?” asked the store-keeper.

“Undoubtedly, and with the other half of the very band we’ve got here—somewhere up in the Big Horn country.” He took a turn up and down the room.

“May I ask your plan?”

“We are in fine shape to talk terms to the captors. I’ll send a command to them, demanding the women. If they are not surrendered, I’ll hang four of the redskins I’ve got here, Lame Foot, the medicine-man; and chiefs Standing Buffalo, Canada John and Shoot-at-the-Tree—they all are ringleaders in this.”

“When’ll the command start?”

“Three hours after we get an interpreter. I’ve sent word up to Custer at Lincoln.

But the delay! Think what it means to those women!"

"It was about two women that I wished to speak," said Lounsbury. He felt apologetic, however, the one danger was so trifling beside the other.

Colonel Cummings listened. "Those girls had better come here until their father returns," he said.

"There are two arguments against that, sir. For legal reasons, it's best they should not leave the claim."

"I see."

"And, again, the father is—well, he's rather sore about the war."

"You don't say!"

"So if you could give me a couple of men to take my place now and then during the night—the situation is temporary, you see; the father'll be back from Bismarck in a few days."

"There are very strong reasons against my acting in the matter. I'm here to keep an eye on Indians. The settlers are expected to go to the civil authorities when they have quarrels to settle. Now, I'd like to mix up with Shanty Town, for instance. Yet I can only punish my men when they get themselves into trouble."

"I know that's so."

"Of course, I shan't see defenceless women suffer——"

Lounsbury was piqued. "Not altogether defenceless, Colonel. But I can't stay at the shack——"

"True, true." He thought a moment, passing a hand over his clean-shaven face. "An outside guard would have to be relieved."

"Yes."

"In that case"—he drew Lounsbury close, and spoke with his lips to the store-keeper's ear. "But you understand," he said aloud as he concluded, "that I know nothing about it. If I hear of it, I shall be very displeased, *very*."

Lounsbury was wringing his hand and ready to bolt.

"Good luck!" said Colonel Cummings, going back to his maps.

"Thank you."

And just at that moment, as Lounsbury swung around on his heel, there rang out from the river a single pistol shot. It echoed sharply against the barracks and went dying away upon the bluffs back of the river-bank.

XI

A LITTLE STRATEGY



"HAT is it?" was the store-keeper's first breathless demand.

Fraser, hands on hips, nodded straight ahead. "You see those willows just below the cut?" he asked. "Well, there's a

queer, black bunch in 'em."

"Yes. Is it a man?"

"I think so."

"Moved?"

"Not yet."

"Come on, then. Maybe he's aiming for the coulée mouth, so's to sneak up to the Lancasters' from behind."

They charged away across the mile of ice.

"If it's Matthews, why didn't he wing me as I went by," panted Lounsbury.

"Look! Look!" cried Fraser. "Now, he's moving!"

The tops of the willows were shaking. Presently, they spread outward, and the black bunch lengthened. Then it emerged, and was resolved into a blanketed Indian.

"Charley!" exclaimed the officer. As he spoke, the outcast, shouldering a bundle of sticks, began to climb the cut.

The two men looked at each other and burst into a laugh.

"Fraser," said Lounsbury, "did you ever hear of the fellow that stalked a deer all day and then found it was a speck on his glasses?"

"That's one on me," admitted the lieutenant sheepishly. "I knew nobody had come out of that door—but you see we were in the stable a while."

"Charley—that squaw Indian they told me about, eh? Pretty good to them."

"Yes. From what I understand, they're pretty good to him."

They followed leisurely and took up a stand in the cottonwoods above the landing.

The sun was fast declining. Soon it disappeared behind the river-bluffs, when the boom of the evening-gun swelled the last note of "retreat."

Fraser sighed. The trumpet had suggested a certain dire possibility.

"Say," he said ruefully, "do you suppose the K. O.'ll give me more than a month in quarters for this? There's that dance

at the major's next week; I'd like awfully to go. If I'm under arrest, I can't. And who'll feed my horse and my rattlesnakes?"

"Some sassy sergeant'll shoot your fiend of a nag," said the store-keeper, "and the rattlers'll be requested to devour one another. When that's over, I'll break it gently to you (and you must be mum) that the K. O. is disciplining you simply to keep his face. He knows—suggested it himself—that I'm to be helped out by some of you fellows."

"Well, that's better!" returned Fraser, relieved. And while they walked back and forth, he launched into a defense of his pets.

"Fiend of a nag," he quoted. "Why, Buckskin's a tactician; knows what the trumpet says better than I do."

Night settled swiftly. Despite Lounsbury's prophecy, the temperature was not unbearable. The wind died with the glow in the west, leaving the air so still that to the watchers among the trees sounds from Brannon mingled distinctly with the near laughter and talk of Shanty Town. No moon rose. Only a few stars burned their faint way through the quickly hidden rents of the sheltering cloud-covering that, knitting here, breaking there, again, overlapping in soft folds before an urgent sky breeze, sagged low above the ground.

With darkness, the two left the grove for the ledge upon which was Shanty Town, and stationed themselves where they could still see whoever went in or out of the Trooper's Delight. Matthews did not appear. Numerous men in uniform did. They made noisy exits, and went brawling along to other shanties; they skulked out of the willows, flitted across the bit of snow-crusted beach below the saloons, and scrambled up to hurry in.

When two hours or more had gone by, the store-keeper grew impatient. He walked back and halted in the inky shadow of the wall down which Nick Matthews had tobogganed. From there, he pointed to a shaft of light that was falling upon the north side of the second shanty in the street. It was from an uncurtained south opening in the first.

"You see that?" asked Lounsbury. "Well, I'm going over there to look in. How do we know he hasn't given us the slip?"

"Let's be careful," said the lieutenant. "A proper amount of caution isn't cowardice."

"I can roll a gun, Fraser."

"But Jupiter! This chap isn't going to fight you in the open. He'll use Indian tactics—he was raised among 'em."

"What's that?" asked Lounsbury.

"Raised among 'em, I said—with the Sioux."

"Speaks the tongue, then?" For some reason the store-keeper seemed strangely agitated.

"Why, yes."

At that, Lounsbury was off, making straight for the shanty entrance.

Fraser went tearing after; and, not far from the door, managed to stop him.

"For heaven's sake!" he gasped. "What's struck you?"

"Fraser," said Lounsbury, "did you hear that the colonel wanted an interpreter?"

"Why—why—Great Scott!"

"Exactly—Great Scott." The store-keeper set off again.

"Hold on." Fraser caught his arm. "You can't impress the man. He's got to go of his own accord."

"Hm! that's so."

"What you suppose he'll say if you rush in there and ask him to please go away on this long trip and leave your friends serenely in possession of the land?"

"I wouldn't say 'please'—but you're right. Let's take a look through that window."

Fraser assented. Shoulder to shoulder, they tiptoed forward, and, keeping out of the shaft of light, viewed the scene within.

It was a busy one, and well bore out the inviting legend of the shingle sign. Along the plank bar, the "Troopers" were thickly ranged, smacking their lips in "Delight" over greasy glasses. Beyond them was a squint-eyed man who trotted untiringly to and fro, mixing and pouring. Nearer was the stove, an unbroken circle of men surrounding it, hats on, rawhide-bottomed chairs tilted back to an easy slant. From their pipes and cigars, smoke rose steadily and hung, a blue mist, against the sloping rafters of the roof.

There was little talking in the circle. Two or three were asleep, their heads sagging on their necks with maudlin looseness. The others spoke infrequently, but often let down their chairs while they spat in the sand-box. Among these was Old Michael, his blowzy countenance suspended over the pasteboards he was thumbing in a game of solitaire.

The two outside went under the shaft of light and peeped into the rear of the room. There was Matthews, one of five at a table. A cigar-box partly filled with coin and chips was before him. In front of the other players were other chip-piles. About the five, hanging over them, were a number of troopers. Two or three were idle onlookers. But the majority were following with excited interest every turn of the cards.

"Wretches being plucked of their good six months' pay," whispered Fraser.

"Looks like they're good for all night," Lounsbury returned.

But the officer was pinching him. "Sh! See there!"

A half-drunken trooper was interrupting the game. He had reeled forward to the table and seemed to be addressing himself to Matthews, who, as he answered, glanced up indifferently. The trooper continued, emphasizing his words by raising a clenched fist and striking the board a blow.

The chip-piles toppled. He turned to those about, gesticulating. A few surrounded him, evidently bent on leading him toward the door. Others appeared to be continuing the dispute with Matthews. But as the disturber was pushed out, they gradually subsided.

"I've got an idea," announced the store-keeper. And he disappeared around a corner.

When he returned, he was leading the trooper and talking low to him. All three retired to the shadows of the wall.

Here there was a colloquy. First, Lounsbury held forth; next, the trooper, protestingly. When the lieutenant broke in, two phrases were frequently repeated,—*"To the guard-house,"* and *"Won't, if you will."*

At last the three went back to the window.

"Remember," cautioned the store-keeper, "we don't want all these shebangs stirred up."

"Needn't worry," said Fraser. "Just listen to that rumpus down street."

The disjointed music of a wheezy accordion was rending the night. With it sounded the regular stamp of feet.

Now the trooper rounded the corner. A moment and, through the window, Lounsbury and the officer saw him enter the door.

He slipped down to a seat beside Old Michael. There he stayed for a while. Whenever a brother trooper looked his way, he called him up by the crooking of a finger

and whispered to him. Before long, a knot of men had again surrounded him. But this time their attention was all for the table at the rear of the room.

There the game was going on. Matthews's chip pile showed where the winnings were gravitating. In the dim light, there was a strained look on the faces of the players.

Deal after deal passed. Finally, one of the five, having no more disks before him, pushed back his chair and got up.

As he stood, dazed and dismayed, the trooper who had been ejected, appeared at his side, clapped him upon the back and spoke. At their elbows was the knot that had gathered at the stove.

The next moment, the trooper turned to the table and snatched the pack of cards from Matthews's hand. He held up one, pointing at its back; snapped it down; pointed at a second; then scattered the pack in the air.

Lounsbury and Fraser whipped around the corner and in through the door.

An uproar greeted them—"Cheat!" "Clean him out!" "Do him like Soggy did!" Before them was a jostle of blue backs. Across these, on the farther side of the plank bar, they saw Matthews, facing the crowd. His left hand held the cigar-box against his chest, his right was up and empty.

"Hold on, boys!" It was Lounsbury.

As if he had caught a cue, the foremost trooper—he who had been the disturbing element—repeated the cry and directed the eyes of his comrades to the door.

There was a sudden lull. The men in blue wavered. Here and there a revolver was covertly returned to place.

Lounsbury pushed forward to the stove, Fraser beside him. "Hold on, boys," he said again, and pointed at Matthews; "hold on—I've got a message for that man."

The lull became a dead silence. To the troopers, the sight of shoulderstraps was discomfiting. To Matthews, the interruption was welcome. His right hand slowly lowered to join its mate.

"I'm going to ask you to call your little differences with that gentleman off," continued Lounsbury.

Matthews fairly blinked. The store-keeper's voice was soft, confidential, ingratiating.

"Mr. Fraser and I have come to say that

Mr. Matthews is wanted to serve as interpreter for Colonel Cummings."

"Interpreter?" queried Matthews.

A bullet head made itself visible from behind a barrel. "Don't let him bluff y', Nick," called a voice.

The other looked around. "Shut y' fly-trap, Babe."

"Thank you," said Lounsbury pleasantly, "'interpreter' is right. Two white women are held as captives in an Unkpapa camp somewhere west of here. It's been learned that you speak the tongue. So we present Colonel Cummings's compliments. He would like very much to have a talk with you."

It was a solution to Matthews. "Yes? yes?" he said approvingly; then hesitated in suspicion.

"Oh, I guess I don't want to be no interpreter," he said.

Lounsbury smiled. "Just as you say. Just as you say. Boys,"—cheerily—"sorry if I cut in at the wrong time. Don't let us stop your fun. Mr. Fraser is not here *officially*."

A murmur ran around. The disturbing trooper advanced toward Matthews.

Up went Matthews's hand again. "Just a minute," he said, and turned to Fraser.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you give me your word there ain't no put-up job about this?"

"Put-up job?" Fraser reddened, keeping a straight face with difficulty. "I give my word," he said solemnly, "that you're wanted as interpreter, and that I'll conduct you safely to headquarters."

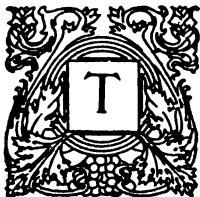
Matthews put down the cigar-box and saluted.

"Word of an officer," he said, "is different. And if I can do anythin'—as it's ladies——"

He reached to a shelf for his hat.

XII

A CONFESSION



THAT night, after Squaw Charley had come and gone, Dallas returned from the lean-to to find Marylyn lying before the hearth, her face flushed and wet with tears. Instantly, all concern, the elder girl knelt beside her.

"Marylyn," she begged, smoothing the

soft, unbraided hair spread out upon the robe, "Marylyn, what's the matter?"

A long sob.

"Why, dear baby, we're going to be all right. Dad'll soon be back; Mr. Lounsbury's watching, and we won't lose the little home."

"Oh, it ain't that, it ain't that," weeping harder than before; "I'm so unhappy!"

It was an answer that smote Dallas to the heart. Some trouble, heretofore concealed, was threatening her sister's peace of mind. And she had not discovered it in time, had not prevented it, had not shielded her as she ought.

"Marylyn, honey, tell me what's the matter."

The younger girl crept closer, screening her eyes.

Dallas lifted her into her arms. Her cheek was feverish, her hands were dry and hot.

Sudden terror seized the elder girl—the old terror that had fastened upon her through all the years of her mother's failing.

"Marylyn," she said huskily, "do you feel that—that you're not as well as you were? Are you afraid you'll be sick like—mother?"

There was an answering shake of the head.

Dallas pressed her close, murmuring her thankfulness, whispering broken endearments. "Oh, Dallas is so glad! She couldn't stand it if her baby sister was to suffer. Oh, honey-heart, honey-heart!"

But Marylyn was not comforted.

"Listen," bade Dallas, "in all your life have you ever asked me to do anything that I didn't do? or to give you anything that I didn't give you if I could? And now something's fretting you. I can't think what it is. But you got to tell me, and I'll help you out."

"No, no."

"I don't care what it is, I won't blame you. If it's something wrong—why, it couldn't be—I'd forgive you. You know that, Marylyn."

Again, "No, no," but with less resistance.

"Tell me," said Dallas, firmly.

Marylyn looked up. "You'll hate me if I do," she faltered.

The elder girl laughed fondly. "As if I could!"

"You promise not to tell pa?"

"Course I promise."

"Oh, Dallas!" She buried her face in her hands. "It's—it's that I—I like him!"

A moment of perplexity. Then, gradually, it dawned upon the elder girl whom the other meant. In very surprise her arms loosened their hold.

"You *do* hate me," Marylyn said plaintively.

"No, honey, no—Why should I hate you?" Her words were earnest. But her voice—something had changed it. And she felt a strange hurt, a vague hurt that seemed to have no cause.

Marylyn raised herself on an elbow. "He liked me—once," she said. "He showed it, just as *plain*. It was right here, that day the cattle went by."

Dallas got up. She had begun to tremble visibly; her breath was coming short as if she had been running.

But the younger girl did not notice. "He stayed away so long," she went on. "Then, to-day when he came—you remember, Dallas,—he just said a word or two to me, and laughed at me because I was afraid. And—and I saw that I was wrong, and I—I saw—he liked—*you*."

"*Me!*" Dallas turned. She felt the blood come driving into her face. She felt that strange hurt ease—and go in a rush of joyful feeling. Then she understood the cause of it—and why she had trembled—why that day had been the happiest of her life.

Of a sudden she became conscious that Marylyn's eyes were upon her with a look of pathetic reproach. She began to laugh.

"Nonsense, honey," she said. "Don't be silly! Why, he'd never like a great big gawk like me!"

"But—but—"

"Me, with my red hair—you know it *is* kind-a red—and my face, sunburned as an Indian—hands all calloused, like—like a man's." She turned back to the dusk through the window. "Oh, no, not me."

"But you looked so funny just now."

"Did I? Did I?" Dallas stammered out her reason. "Well—well, that was because—because I thought you were going to say it was a soldier." She laughed—nervously. "But it was Mr. Lounsbury you meant, honey, wasn't it?"

The suspicion that had troubled the mind of the younger girl was allayed. "Why, Dallas, how could you think such a thing about me! Like a soldier? My! No! It was Mr. Lounsbury—but he don't like me."

She got up and went to the foot of her

father's bunk. When she reappeared, she was carrying the soap-box that held her belongings. On the robe once more, she took out of it, and held up to the light of the fire, two books and a strip of beaded cloth.

The elder left the window and stood beside her.

"These are what he gave me," went on Marylyn, putting forward the books. "And this"—she showed the bead work—"he asked me to make for him. But to-day," mournfully, "he didn't even speak of it."

Dallas leaned down and touched her lips to the other's hair. "Baby sister, what did you expect him to do? Hold up a man with one hand and—and reach out for a present with the other?"

Marylyn put away the box. "Anyway, he don't like me."

"Like you? Why, he couldn't help it. There isn't a sweeter, prettier girl on the prairies than my little housekeeper."

"He called me the 'prairie princess'," declared Marylyn, but with lingering doubt.

"Now, that shows," said the elder girl. "When he comes again, you'll see."

So Dallas soothed and comforted her until she fell asleep, when she lifted her to her father's bed and covered her carefully. Then she drew aside a swinging blanket to let the firelight shine through—and saw that there were still tears on her sister's face.

XIII

A PROPOSAL AND A PROMISE



THE Medicine Lodge of the Indians stood just within the sliding-panel of the stockade. Thirty poles, their tops lashed together so as to leave a smoke-hole, their bases spread to form a generous circle, supported a covering of tanned buffalo hides seamed with buckskin thongs. Here, barely an hour after Matthews's arrival at Fort Brannon, by the flickering light of a fire, the warriors of the band entered the low entrance and seated themselves in a semicircle.

When Colonel Cummings learned that an interpreter had been found, he had promptly ordered the completion of preparations for the Jamieson expedition, and the calling of

a council. But his interview with Matthews threatened a change in his plans. The latter, having listened to the story of the captured women and to the scheme for their rescue, astonished the commanding officer by declining absolutely to take the proposed journey.

"I'd like t' be obligin'," he said, "but I can't go. I didn't know there was goin' t' be any travelin'. There's business that'll keep me here."

"Why, man!" cried the colonel, "I've made you a good offer."

"I ain't a-sayin' y' didn't," was the curt answer.

Colonel Cummings knew to what "business" he referred. But he pretended to guess at reasons for the refusal.

"There's scarcely a possibility of trouble during the journey," he said. "Indians don't like to fight in the snow, especially when their families are with them and their war-ponies are feeding on cottonwood bark. Besides, their head-chief will be sharp enough to see that he'll have to treat and not fight if he wants to save the necks of his favorites. Then, as far as the safety and comfort of my men are concerned, everything is being done. Better reconsider, Matthews."

"Can't do it."

Colonel Cummings left his library, where he had been talking, and sought Lounsbury's advice. The two held a short, whispered conversation in the entry.

"Let me have a few words with him," said the store-keeper. They entered the library.

"Matthews," began Lounsbury, "you might as well go along. If you stay, you can't get a-hold of that claim." He looked at the colonel's clock. "It's midnight. Your six months are up. If you did have a chance, it's gone. Possession's nine points in law, and Lancaster's up at Bismarck nailing the tenth."

If the store-keeper's blunt assertions were of any particular interest to the other, he failed to show it. He occupied himself with finding a cigar, cutting it carefully and lighting it at the stove. Then, he turned about to Colonel Cummings, his glance, as it traveled, utterly ignoring Lounsbury.

"Not to mention the risks you run with the boys," added the store-keeper easily, amused by the play of indifference.

"Oh, I guess Shanty Town can take keer

of itself," observed Matthews, sending up smoke rings.

Lounsbury walked out.

There was but one thing left for Colonel Cummings to do: Ask this man to interpret in the Medicine Lodge, that at least the Indians might learn their position. Knowing it, they might select one of their own number to accompany the expedition and repeat the terms.

"I can parley-voo for you there, all right," agreed Matthews, patronizingly.

On the appearance of the commanding officer and the interpreter at the Medicine Lodge, the warriors rose gravely, shook hands and motioned the white men to take seats upon a robe placed at Lame Foot's left hand. The air in the place was already beginning to thicken with kinnikinick and fire-smoke; the mingled smell of tobacco and skins made it nauseating. Colonel Cummings would gladly have hurried his errand; but Indian etiquette forbade haste. He was forced to contain himself and let the council proceed with customary and exasperating slowness.

The first step was the pipe. A young Sioux applied a burning splinter to a sand-stone bowl and handed the long stem to the medicine-man. His nostrils filled, he gave the pipe to Colonel Cummings, from whom, in turn, it passed to Matthews, Standing Buffalo, Canada John, and thence along the curving line of warriors. When all had smoked, the bowl was once more filled and lighted, and once more it was sent from hand to hand. Not until this ceremony had been repeated many times did the council come to speech.

But neither the commanding officer nor his interpreter made the first address. Though the braves guessed that something unusual had brought about an assembly at this hour, and though their curiosity on the subject was childishly alive, they surpassed their captor in patience. Stolidly they looked on while Lame Foot rose to his feet.

The war-priest was not the figure that had led the band south after the battle; not the haughty, stately brave that the sentimental loves to picture. He was feathered and streaked as before. A stone mallet hung from his belt. But he wore no string of bears' claws. They had gone the way of the sutler, which was a tasty way, strewn with bright-labeled, but aged, canned goods. And as for his embroidered shirt, it was

much soiled and worn, and he had so gained in weight—through plentiful food and lack of exercise—that he pressed out upon it deplorably with a bulging paunch.

Pompously, but using no gestures or inflections, he began a rambling, lengthy account of his past deeds of valor. From these, he finally swerved to a recital of his people's wrongs. He climaxed, after an interminable amount of talking, with a boast that awakened the hearty approbation of his sloven fellows. "We but wait for the winter to go," he said, "for in the spring we shall have freedom. Our brothers, who are sly as foxes and swift as hawks, will sweep down upon the pony soldiers and slay them."

He sat down amid a chorus of "Ho, ho's!" The semicircle moved and bent and nodded. It was plain that he had expressed a common belief.

There was one Indian not of the council to whom his words meant more than freedom. That Indian was Squaw Charley. A moment after Colonel Cummings's arrival, the pariah had crept noiselessly into the lodge and lain down in the shadows. From there, careful to keep himself well screened, he listened to *Lame Foot*. But when the chief came to his bragging conclusion, Squaw Charley forgot his own degradation for a moment, and forgot to fear discovery. Was a battle indeed coming! New hope all at once!—the hope that he would have the opportunity, long desired, of getting away from the squaws, the old men and the mocking children, and going with the warriors. Once with them, even in the rôle of cook or drudge, the chance might come to do a brave act, such an act as would reinstate him. Perhaps he could wound an enemy and count coup upon him; perhaps he could face bullets or arrows to rescue a brother—His dull eyes glinted like cut beads. In very excitement, he raised his bent, spare body.

Hearing the movement, *Lame Foot* glared around, and his eyes fell upon the outcast.

"Woo!" he cried. "A squaw in the council-lodge! Woo!"

There was a general turning, and those nearest the pariah made peremptory gestures.

A second, Charley stood uncertainly. Then the look of one damned came slowly into his face. He tottered backward, through the lodge opening, out into the night.

The council continued.

A dozen warriors followed the war-priest

in speech-making. Each of them said no more than he. To Colonel Cummings's disgust, each one said no less. Added to the tediousness of it all were Matthews's interpretations. Toward three o'clock, however, the prime object of the meeting was reached.

When the commanding officer at last rose, he was in no mood to mince matters. He used few words, but they were forcible. He asked the interpreter to repeat them precisely.

They had their effect. While Matthews was doing this, the colonel did not glance away from the council-fire, yet he knew that in the semicircle there was genuine consternation. Grunts, startled, angry, threatening, ran up and down the line. Those warriors named for possible execution alone were silent.

Presently, one of the others spoke. "If we tell you where to go, how do we know the white chief will not fall upon the winter camp of our brothers, as Custer, the Long-Hair, fell upon Black Kettle's?"

"I am not going with the pony soldiers," Matthews hastened to say. "Across the Muddy Water, where the road passes, is a wide piece of land which has been stolen from me."

One of the four condemned glanced up. It was *Lame Foot*. "By the Plow-Woman?" he asked.

"By her father. I shall stay until that land is mine again. One of you must ask your chief that he give up the pale-face squaws."

Canada John answered him. "A brave can but take the words of the white chief. That is not well. One of a double tongue must go."

"The white chief has but one," said Matthews, and tapped his own chest.

A silence followed.

"The journey begins when the sun is little," he added, and sat down.

"Will not the white chief wait until spring?" asked *Lame Foot*, whose guile made up for his physical defect.

The others studied Colonel Cummings's face as the question was put to him. They saw the purpose—postponement, which might bring freedom for them, and also a retention of the captive women.

The colonel's answer did not need interpreting. "No!" he said, and struck his knees with his open palms.

"Why should two squaws matter?" asked Shoot-at-the-Tree. "Are there not many everywhere? We will give the white chief some of our ponies."

"Your ponies floated, belly up, down the river moons ago," said Matthews.

Twenty pairs of eyes sparkled with hate. That was news indeed!

Lame Foot spoke again. There was a mathematical phase of the terms which troubled him. "Why should four die for two?" he demanded. "Among the whites, has a squaw the value of two soldiers?"

Matthews answered gravely that it was so. The brave snorted contemptuously.

Canada John shook his head. "Thus comes much evil because we shot the pinto buffalo."

At that point, the hoof-sheaths that trimmed a rope near the entrance rattled. A plump hand pulled aside the flap of the lodge. Then, through the low aperture and into the light of the fire stepped an Indian woman. She flung back a head-shawl and faced red man and white. She waited no invitation to speak. She paused for no words. In her earnestness she leaned forward a little.

"Brown Mink is young," she said. "She is but an unfledged crane walking in strange waters. But she speaks with the voice of her father, your mighty chief that was. Canada John talks straight. One of a double tongue must go. The white chief is very angry, so that he plucks the hairs from his head. The squaws must be brought back, or four braves will be choked by ropes. But who can make things smooth? Only the Double-Tongue. Promise him much—promise to help him drive the thief from his land."

Matthews straightened up.

She put out one arm and measured a small length upon it. "When our warriors come, thus short a space will it take to rid the land," she said. And was gone before any could answer.

There was a long "Ho-o-o!" of assent.

"What's this all about?" asked Colonel Cummings.

"She wants me t' go," said Matthews.

"Well, so do I."

The Indians conferred among themselves.

Suddenly, as if they had reached a decision, they fell silent and settled back. Lame Foot spoke.

"In the Moon of Wild Strawberries," he said, "the sun is warm and the grass is growing." He turned to the interpreter. "Ask our brothers to send the women then, *and follow them*. We shall go free; and as we go, we shall free the land."

"But if your brothers cannot come?" said Matthews.

Lame Foot answered. "The white chief will send us to Standing Rock Agency. From there, braves will go out to hunt—and arrows fly silently. There are some of two tips. These bite like the rattlesnake——"

Matthews rubbed his chin. He knew that what Lounsbury had told him in the colonel's library was true: All legal and moral claims to the valuable town-site across the river were gone. He could secure the bend now only by underhand means. And here were those who would do what he dared not.

"They make a cunning wound," continued Lame Foot, "and no one finds the arrow."

Colonel Cummings was growing impatient. "Interpreter, interpreter," he ordered.

"They think it's all up with 'em if I don't go," said Matthews. He looked down thoughtfully. The trip would be a comparatively short one and offered good reward. If the Indians kept their word with him, he would have both the pay and the land.

"Will they tell me where the camp is?" asked the colonel.

Matthews met his eye. "Ye-e-e-s," he answered. "If I go." He addressed the warriors: "If your promise is a promise——"

An old chief caught his arm. "We are not liars," he said.

"It is a task for a child," added Lame Foot.

"Enough," answered Matthews. To Colonel Cummings he said, "I'm your man, sir."

"Good!"

Then the interpreter and the Indians, with the commanding officer unwittingly taking a part, sealed their compact in a pipe of peace.

(To be continued)

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLOOD-RED HAZE OF MADNESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS



It was five years later that I strode down the gang-plank of the *Mesopotamia*, and rushed unknowingly into the lank, lean, long and outstretched arms of Blenkinsop. "The sight of you——" he had begun. And then he stopped. He had started to seize one of the two leather bags with which I was laden, when he glanced involuntarily at some one standing at my side.

"And who," he inquired, with a disregard of the conventions, "might *this* be?"

I was conscious of flushing slightly, but I was not embarrassed. "This," I returned laughingly and with a fine disregard of conventions, "this—is Marguerite."

For I knew, even then, that Blenkinsop would call her by no other name. She was Marguerite to me, and Marguerite to him. I need not here retail how I had met Marguerite one day upon the decks of the *Mesopotamia*—she was an orphan, bound for the home of her only relative in the world. I need not set forth how Marguerite and I, with an utter and hopeless disregard of the conventions and without the aid of a chaperon, had discovered that our paths lay in the same direction, and had concluded that for us, there was no future parting of the ways. These things are not of interest.

There we were, upon the Cunard pier, with Blenkinsop—our hands within his big, ungainly paws—greeting us with a welcome all his own. We little knew, Marguerite and I, as we stood there, the things that were in

store for us. We little knew that, even then, eternity was reaching down toward us, and—— But I anticipate.

I saw that Blenkinsop was distraught. I noted that he heeded but little my relation of incidents that had happened, of scenes in countries I had passed through. His mind was elsewhere. Suddenly he stopped me as I talked.

"I've waited for you for three years," he said, grasping me by the arm, "I've kept the world waiting all that time—just for you. It was two years after you had gone that I discovered——"

I looked at him from the corner of my eye. He was gnawing nervously at the forefinger of his right hand—an old habit of his.

"You have discovered—what?" I queried. With a wave of his long right arm he hailed a carriage, bundled Marguerite and myself into it, and gave a brief direction.

"We'll have dinner," he remarked, "and then I'll tell you." It was an hour later that he sat before us, half sprawled across a dining table, clutching me by the wrist to emphasize the things he had to say.

"Do you remember," he began, "do you remember Baker's Lane?" For a brief half moment I searched the archives of my memory.

"Baker's Lane?" I answered. "I have forgotten Baker's Lane." He lifted his eyebrows. "The Green Scourge," he returned, "the concentrated vapor—surely you have not forgotten what the whole world still remembers."

And then I recalled Baker's Lane. It was

the crooked alley way over on the East Side where Blenkinsop and I had found one of the anthropophagi, on a night five years before, gnawing at the throat of his victim. I shuddered slightly. "I remember Baker's Lane," I answered, slowly.

Here, perhaps, for the sake of logic, it is best to refresh the public memory upon the bare details of the Green Scourge of five years before. It will be recalled that at that time the Borough of Manhattan had for twenty years been coated with asphalt and granite pavement, brick and stone, tar and concrete; that the earth upon which it was built had had for years but little access to the air; that from the beginning of the world the island had been rock bound and water bound; that the artificial gases which had leaked from mains and sewer pipes had collected for twenty years or more underneath the artificial coating—had saturated the earth; had at last forced themselves into basements and first floors, killing people in a night; that after that had come the dread green vapor, that Blenkinsop and I have ever called the Green Scourge—a vapor which, in the same way, had been bottled up, had become saturated, and had burst out upon us like the gases, in a wonderfully concentrated form. It will be remembered that it was Blenkinsop who diagnosed the case, and prescribed the remedy—Blenkinsop who discovered that the green vapor contained a strange principle of energy, which, in its concentrated form, had made men mad; had made them vampires, anthropophagi, beasts and birds of prey. All this had been five years before. And I now recalled that Baker's Lane, away over on the East Side, had had the worst of it—I recalled that Baker's Lane was a low, sunken, dingy, dirty street through which the green vapor had crawled like a sluggish serpent.

"I remember Baker's Lane," I said again to Blenkinsop. He nodded. He was breaking toothpicks into small bits, sprinkling them across the tablecloth.

"The green vapor is there yet," he added ominously. I started back.

"What?" I cried. Again he nodded. "It still oozes," he answered in a matter of fact way, "at odd times, through the cracks and holes." He drew himself together. "I'll tell you why," he went on. "Baker's Lane and one or two other small streets that adjoin it are cut off, strange as it may seem, from the rest of the Borough. I don't mean from the rest of the people—I mean from the rest

of the land. Baker's Lane is an island of dirt, completely surrounded by the rocky strata of which Manhattan is largely composed. Baker's Lane is like a bucket filled with earth and covered over with a lid. What is inside cannot get out."

I interrupted him. "Why," I inquired, "did you not open up Baker's Lane as you had opened up a dozen other places in the city, and let the green vapor out, for good and all?"

He laughed. "Because," he drawled, "I was not yet through with the green vapor." He stopped, and looked uncertainly at me and at Marguerite. "The Borough of Manhattan is not through, yet, with the green vapor—the world is not through with it. There's more to come, though of a vastly different sort. We didn't even guess, then, you and I, what it all meant. I thought I knew—but I didn't even guess. When I found out, I waited—until you should come back. Maybe I need your help."

He looked at me curiously from beneath contracted brows. "Your help," he added, "and possibly, Marguerite's. I could not trust anybody else."

I tried to smile—to laugh. But I couldn't. The strange spell of the manner of Blenkinsop was upon me—Blenkinsop, formerly doctor of chemistry of the Associated Universities on the Heights—now the one-man Board of Health, Commissioner of Vitality, physician to the people, overseer of conditions,—a man, who in the Borough of Manhattan was all things to all men. Ten years before they had laughed him to scorn. Now he stood upon a pedestal, before which each man lifted his hat as he passed.

I had told Marguerite of Blenkinsop as we sat day after day on the decks of the *Mesopotamia*; but I could see that, until now, she had failed to understand the mysterious individuality of this man who lived a century before his time. I caught her nervous glance as she looked at Blenkinsop. She leaned over toward him.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, "what it is you mean. Tell me what it is all about. I want to know."

Blenkinsop shook his head. "I shall not tell you," he answered, "I'll do better than that. In a day or two I'll show you what I mean."

He was as good as his word. It was three days later that we went to him again. In the meantime Marguerite and I, because

we were sure of each other, had linked and merged our identities together, taking each other for better or worse, because we knew that nothing in the world ought ever, in the fitness of eternal things, to sunder us. And Blenkinsop had helped—standing by in his worn clothes, his big felt hat held in one hand, his pipe in the other, towering above the heads of the minister and Marguerite and I, like some grim prophet, bestowing his solemn approval upon us and upon the thing that had taken place, and bespeaking for us an eternity of material happiness. An eternity—ah! We little knew, then, what the word might mean.

"Baker's Lane," said Blenkinsop to us, "will be a portion of your honeymoon. So we'll go down there at once."

We rode, and left our carriage at a corner in the depths of the east side of the borough, and walked. As we went we passed two blue-coats, each of whom solemnly doffed his hat to Blenkinsop, and as we went we passed two more.

"Well patrolled—this," I remarked. The big chemist smiled. "More than that," he answered; "it's isolated. It isn't everybody that I let come down here."

Marguerite laughed. "You?" she said. She had forgotten that Blenkinsop was a one-man power in the municipality—that in matters of science and health, his word was law. As we went, I noted that houses were deserted and silent. At a dirty corner Blenkinsop stopped us, and lifted the cover from a manhole that led into a sewer.

"Look down there," he commanded; "tell me what you see."

We looked. "Nothing," we answered.

"Look again," he said. We looked again; and then, for the first time, became aware of the existence of a faint glow, an almost imperceptible effulgence in the void beneath. He perceived that we saw it. "Come on," he said.

"What does it mean?" I asked. He shook his head and led us half a block farther, still between deserted houses. Finally we reached two houses, side by side, that appeared to be inhabited.

We knocked at the first door. "I have to pay these people to stay here," whispered Blenkinsop. The door opened, and a fresh young matron with a worried look upon her face, spoke a word of welcome to big Blenkinsop. Blenkinsop introduced us.

"Two of my assistants," he told her; "this

is—official," he added. He evidently had said it to reassure her.

"I knew, Doctor," she said, "that you wouldn't go for to bring folks here that had no right."

"It's the boy we want to see," he said. She left us for a moment, and he turned to us. "You won't like this," he whispered, "but I want you both to *know*."

An inside door was thrown open and we heard the prattle of a baby voice.

"Come in, Doctor," said the matron, "here's Jimmy, waiting for you."

We entered the small room. There was absolutely nothing to attract our attention, other than the pretty year-old child who played and crawled upon the floor as best he could. In his eyes was a look of baby intelligence, and he chuckled with glee as he looked up into the face of Blenkinsop.

"How do you do, small sir?" said Blenkinsop, pulling from his pocket a little toy. Marguerite stooped down and touched the baby gently on the head, and he looked up and smiled, and clutched her by the hand.

"This is the baby," said Blenkinsop to us, in a low voice, "that I wanted you to see."

Over in the corner stood the mother, still with that worried look upon her face.

"Mrs. Presby," said Blenkinsop gently, "I should like to have these people hear from your own lips just how old your little Jimmy is."

The woman's mouth trembled. She faltered for an instant. Then she addressed herself to Marguerite.

"If you please, miss," she returned, "*he's five years old this day last week.*"

Marguerite started back from the child as though shot. I recall now that I uttered some kind of an exclamation.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Marguerite. And we all eyed the boy as if we were afraid of him. Yet there was nothing abnormal. There he was, a fair-haired, sunny-faced baby boy—playing in the way that babies play. Blenkinsop seized each of us by the arm.

"Good-by, Mrs. Presby," he said, "and—much obliged."

We hurried out into the open air. "What did she mean?" demanded Marguerite of Blenkinsop.

"Just what she said," he answered, "she spoke the truth. Four years ago I first laid eyes upon that baby boy, and he looked and acted then just as he acts to-day. He is a

splendidly developed year-old child—who is exactly five years of age.”

“What does it mean?” I asked again. He did not answer.

“Come on,” he said. He led us to a house next-door, also inhabited. He knocked. A young girl appeared—a girl of fifteen.

“Grandfather in?” queried the chemist. The girl assented.

“On—business,” said Blenkinsop. He pressed into a rear apartment. A spry old gentleman was reading a newspaper. He nodded briskly. There was an air of pride about him.

“Two of my students,” explained Blenkinsop to the old man, who welcomed us. Blenkinsop laughed.

“Mr. Keazey,” he said, “you seem as young as you did when you were only ninety-five.” The old man chuckled.

“Younger,” he answered. Blenkinsop gestured toward the mantel-shelf. “Get down the book, Gertie,” said the old man to the little girl. She obeyed. Blenkinsop opened it. It was a Bible.

“Here,” he said to us, “is the record of Mr. Keazey’s birth. Come January he was born one hundred and one years ago.”

“Impossible!” Again it was our helpless exclamation. We were standing in the presence of a fact we could not understand. The man looked old, unquestionably, but there was no sign of decay about him. One hundred and one is the lean and slippered pantaloon—tired nature sinking gently into its last sleep. But this man—there was hope and strength and life in the glance of his eye. There was ambition in the turn of his head—in the gesture of his arm. There was lightness in his step.

“Five years ago,” said Blenkinsop to us, “Mr. Keazey had one foot in the grave. Now——” He stopped.

“Now,” I repeated.

“Now,” went on Blenkinsop, “he is one hundred and one years old.”

“Why?” That was the incessant query on our lips as we wended our way back from Baker’s Lane.

“I shall not tell you,” answered Blenkinsop again, “I’ll show you.”

He drove us up Fifth Avenue to his residence—a little thin, shrivelled brownstone house in the middle of a block. Once there he took us to the top story. He unlocked a door at the head of the stairs. This led into a hall. He unlocked another door, leading

into a large room. Then he unlocked a third door, and led us into a small and darkened apartment.

“What do you see?” he asked. We peered into a corner.

There was a faint glow that reminded me of the effulgence in the sewer.

“Phosphorous,” I said, “the phosphorescent light of Baker’s Lane.”

He laughed. “Wrong,” he answered. He drew up the shades. In the corner stood a complicated piece of apparatus whose distinctive feature was a glass tube.

“This,” he added, with a strange emphasis upon the word, “has naught to do with Baker’s Lane.” He tapped the tube. “This, he went on, “is nothing but a radio-active gas. That’s all. That’s simple enough. You can see it in any laboratory that’s complete. But it is not the gas that I am about to show you. See here. Look into this glass box.”

The glass box was small and square. It was placed quite near the tube. In it, crawling hither and thither, were five very small and very fuzzy grubs or worms.

“What’s the matter with those grubs?” he asked. I inspected them. “Nothing,” I replied wonderingly, “so far as I can tell.”

“Exactly,” he returned, “and yet each one of them is one thousand years of age.”

“What!” I cried, “how can you tell?”

He laughed. “I don’t mean that literally,” he answered, “I am simply measuring by human standards. Let me tell you. Those grubs are four out of twelve. Left to themselves those grubs would have turned into butterflies, died in their short span of existence—they would have gone into the unknown that is prepared for grubs. The brothers and sisters of these four have gone through their successive stages, and shuffled off this mortal coil many lives, many ages—reckoned as a grub reckons years and ages. These four I have subjected to the influence of a radio-active gas. They were alive and crawling when I first subjected them—they are alive and crawling yet. They have never reached the butterfly stage. They never will. They have now outlived six successive generations of their fellows—they will outlive how many more?”

I pressed forward. “You keep them near the gas all the time?” I asked. He shook his head. “I keep these here simply for further experiment. I have fifty of them downstairs that were subjected to the gas but for

three hours. They are like these—exactly like them.”

He turned to Marguerite. “You understand what it means,” he said, “it’s a case—not of suspended animation, not that. There’s another term—a case of *arrested development*. Do you see?”

It was strange that we saw but vaguely at that time—for even as I write it comes back to me, the logic, the clearness of it all.

“Arrested development,” repeated Blenkinsop, “of grubs.” He was not through with us. He unlocked another door that led into still another room.

“This,” he announced, “is the inmost holy of holies.” Again we looked, and again we saw the familiar phosphorescent glow. He let the light into this room also, and we saw an apparatus, the counterpart of the one we had just left—the glass tube, the square glass box, the grubs, and all.

“What is the difference?” he inquired. Slowly I shook my head, for I did not yet understand. And still I knew that every word that Blenkinsop had uttered meant something portentous to mankind. He strode into the farther corner and rolled toward me a steel cylinder.

“This cylinder,” he said, “contains, in a compressed form, the same gas as does yonder tube.”

He drew me down over the cylinder cock, and then turned it gently. There was a hiss and a rush, and I was springing back with my hand clasped over my nostrils.

“The smell—the smell,” I cried, shaking my head as though to shake the odor from my nose, “the smell!”

Blenkinsop gripped me. “The smell—of what?” he asked.

“The smell—of the green vapor,” I answered, “I have smelt it before. Who could mistake it? It’s the green vapor—the vapor of the scourge of five years ago.”

Once more he turned on the cylinder cock, and a greenish jet of heavy gas spurted into the room, and, sinking slowly, crawled and spread itself about our feet upon the floor. He put the cylinder away.

“Do you understand now?” he queried. “This green vapor is the same gas that fills the glass tube in this room. You are the only human beings beside myself who have ever seen what you have seen in this room to-day. Do you see? I was a fool five years ago. I tossed this green vapor to the clouds, scattered it, dispersed it, relieved the city of it.

And do you know what it was? What it is? It is a radio-active gas, worth millions of dollars.” He pointed to the vapor that writhed about us on the floor. “I’ve spilled a hundred dollars’ worth,” he said grimly, “at your very feet.”

He ran his fingers through his hair. “And we didn’t *know*,” he said; “fool that I was, I didn’t know.”

“That was five years ago,” I said, “and to-day—”

“To-day,” he sighed, “I am the only man who knows—except you—and Marguerite.”

“And we,” I faltered, “do not—know.”

He made a gesture of impatience. He seized a microscope from a shelf, and from the same shelf seized another glass box containing grubs, and placed a grub upon the table of the microscope.

“Look at the worm,” he said. I think by that time a glimmering of Blenkinsop’s theory had entered Marguerite’s mind. She has ever been quicker to understand than I. She drew back in disgust.

“What a horrible grub!” she answered, “it looks like a big shaggy man, in a big shaggy overcoat, with a fur cap, writhing on the ground.”

Blenkinsop smote the table with his hand. “The very thing,” he said; “I never noticed it before.” He turned to me. “That grub has outlived six other grubs,” he said, excitedly, “what if it *were* a man in a big shaggy overcoat—a man who outlived ten generations—twenty—thirty generations—what if it *were* a man—”

He stopped a moment. “Don’t you see?” he persisted. “Think—of the green vapor down in Baker’s Lane, with its phosphorescent glow—and the Presby baby, and old man Keazey—and the grubs—and—arrested development, and—”

“Go on,” I said excitedly.

“And—and,” stammered Blenkinsop, overawed by the thought, “and—and something more—” He went back and closed the door, and drew us into the center of the room, “and—*Eternity*,” he whispered, hoarsely. I can hear that whisper yet.

He led us out of his secret laboratories and down upon the ground floor of his house.

“I think you understand, now, all about it,” he went on, lighting his pipe, “the green vapor that for twenty, fifty, or a hundred years had been collecting in this covered caldron of Manhattan—that I let out five years ago by puncturing the cover with twelve



A GREENISH JET OF HEAVY GAS SPURTED INTO THE ROOM, AND, SINKING SLOWLY, CRAWLED AND SPREAD ITSELF ABOUT OUR FEET

breathing spots—that vapor contained some element of life. We knew that, you and I, at the time. We knew that in its concentrated form it was worse than whisky or opium—that it put into man, suddenly, the fierceness of the wild beast. But we missed the whole point.

"These grubs are as nothing. For seven years scientists have known—I discovered it myself—that a radio-active gas would arrest development, would prolong the life of bugs and worms indefinitely. That was simple. Simple as it was, it opened up a field of speculation—it was a glimpse into the mysteries of creation. I guessed—I even hoped that some day there might be enough of some radio-active gas to try the experiment on a mouse, a rabbit, a dog. Even that would have meant a huge outlay. It would have necessitated the collection of radio-active substances for centuries from all parts of the earth. It was a theory—an impracticable dream—a wild imagining. Fool that I was, I never realized that the Borough of Manhattan, underneath its crust, was alive with the principle—the only city of its kind, so far as formation and conditions go, in the whole world. And what did I do—I tore off the cover, and let the vapor dissipate itself among the clouds!" He groaned. "I would give anything to remedy that fatal mistake." He puffed dejectedly upon his pipe.

"I've still got Baker's Lane," he went on, "to work with—a seething caldron in miniature form, saturated and filled with the gas. I've kept it to myself. The people don't know. Mrs. Presby doesn't know that the green vapor is responsible for the arrested development of her baby boy. Old Keazey doesn't understand that he is booked for a riper old age still. The papers don't know—I've kept them away. I wanted you to come back—before I built my institute."

"Your—institute?" I queried. He nodded. "The whole world will hear of Baker's Lane—its name will go down into the annals of history. Baker's Lane is something more than Baker's Lane. It is a principle—a wonderfully practical principle."

He leaned toward us, and whispered once more. "It is nothing less than—the *fountain of youth*," he said.

As we sat there, drinking it all in, Marguerite suddenly addressed the chemist.

"Why," she inquired, "do you tell all this—to us?"

"I have a purpose," admitted Blenkinsop,

"a deep one. I'll tell you. I do not know, and you do not know, where all the people of Baker's Lane have gone. They deserted it at the time of the scourge as though it were a pestilence. I do not know whether the mysterious thing that happened to Mrs. Presby's infant and to old Keazey has happened to others. It did not happen to the infant's mother; it did not happen to the granddaughter of old Keazey. The reason for all this, probably, is due to the fact that both the mother in the one case and the granddaughter in the other case were very active persons, actively engaged at the time. The infant at the age of one year, was in a receptive mood, sleeping the greater part of the time. The old man was quiet with the stupor of old age. I have succeeded best with the grubs that lie still—the others die the death. But, before I make this matter public I must make the highest test—the best one. I must be sure, first; then I can go ahead.

"I want something of you. Something I have no right to ask. I want to subject two normal people—a man and a woman—to the influence of this radio-active green vapor. I must have people in their prime—my subjects must be perfect—"

He stood up and drew himself to his full height. "The favor I would ask," he continued, "is a great one. I want to ask you two to live upon the earth until the crack of doom. For my sake."

Marguerite uttered a startled exclamation and I another. I revolved in my mind what he had said.

"Arrested development." That was a phrase that went glowing and seething through my brain. "The fountain of youth."

I looked upon Marguerite and my blood warmed. She was the most beautiful being that my eyes had ever rested on. She was—my wife. And I had seen beautiful women fade. I had seen men's wives age and wither and grow unwieldy—and old. But Marguerite, with the bloom of youth upon her face—Marguerite and I—if we could remain ever young! Her glance met mine. We were thinking of the same things. And then, like two people, who unconsciously had wandered to the edge of a precipice, we drew back and shuddered.

For we *had* been standing on the brink of a precipice—we had been glancing into the depths of the unknown. And yet it had

not occurred to me that there was anything unusual in Blenkinsop's request. The influence of his wondrous knowledge was upon us. We were standing in the house of the knowledge of all things. The impossible—there was no such thing there.

"Would it be—safe?" I queried, much as the borough might have asked about the subway before it was an accomplished fact. "Would there be danger?"

"Absolutely none," answered Blenkinsop; "leave all that to me."

He sauntered leisurely toward a pair of folding doors. "For the present," he exclaimed, "let us forget all this." He threw wide the doors, and revealed a table spread with a dainty lunch, and an old servant, who stood respectfully at one side as we passed in.

"Let us forget everything," he repeated, "except this—your wedding breakfast."

I have tried to justify the trick that Blenkinsop played on us that day. I know that I have justified it in my mind. I know that he justified it. I know now that it was justifiable. And its justification rested in his knowledge—he *knew* what he was about. Startled as we were then, we blessed him later, when we saw the multitudes of the earth clamoring tumultuously about him, holding out their hands to gain his favor. And yet—it was a trick, due, I think, to some sort of fanaticism which induced him to believe that the end justified the means; his mind had become warped as to the vested rights of people. Yet, in another sense, it was not a trick; it was rather as though one should take a beggar into an execution hall, apparently for the slaughter, and suddenly should crown him king and set him on the throne. At the first we were confounded—later, without thought, we were unjustifiably happy. I say, unjustifiably—because, as yet, we do not know the end.

We entered the banquet room in Blenkinsop's home, and began the breakfast. We never finished it. I cannot now recall just when, or how, I lapsed into unconsciousness, but the last thing that I remember was impaling a bit of salad on my fork. And then darkness.

It was four days later, so Blenkinsop informed us, when we awoke. I could have sworn, almost, that it was not four minutes. I woke as a man awakes who has dozed in an easy chair over an evening paper. I was alone, in a small room. I rose, yawned

lazily, strode to a door and pushed it open—and there was Marguerite, in a steamer chair, wakened as I had wakened, and with a smile upon her lips. She laughed. "I didn't get enough to eat," she said.

Once more I yawned. "And yet," I answered, "Blenkinsop had enough upon the table to feed ten of us."

It was strange that neither, so far, had noticed anything unusual. To us it seemed merely that we had impolitely fallen asleep in chairs after dinner. And Blenkinsop—Where was he?

He heard us stirring—for he came in in a moment and looked upon us, and we upon him. I have never seen Blenkinsop look as he did that day.

Upon his face was the pallor of fear. His eye had lost its certainty of glance. He sank into a chair at the table, and hid his face in his hands.

"I had no right to do it," he wailed. He tottered toward us. "Forgive me—you and Marguerite. For—you—will—never—die—until—the crack of doom."

I pass this over, chiefly because I cannot now define just the emotions that held us in their thrall. I think the chief one was awe, fear—horror, perhaps. Later, I was glad that Blenkinsop had done this thing of his own accord—glad that Marguerite and I had not played with the eternal laws of nature. At least we were innocent—the guilt, if it were guilt, lay upon the chemist's shoulders.

After the fear had passed from us we were deliriously happy.

It was three years later that the Institute at Baker's Lane reared its material head of stone—three years later that Blenkinsop moved his laboratories into the building, and set to work in earnest. For, now he knew—everything. He had watched us, Marguerite and I, and we had proved his theory.

"The City Institute of Health," he called the place. For even the authorities never guessed what he was about. But Blenkinsop's word was law in sanitary matters.

And then, a wily newspaper reporter interviewed Mrs. Presby and old Keazey, and—guessed.

So Blenkinsop laid bare his plans. The world gasped. "The fountain of youth," announced Blenkinsop, "to all who come—with money." The world gasped again.

"How much money?" they asked.

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"Why is this?" I asked him.

"Simple enough," he answered; "from now on, the business of the Institute is to arrest development successfully. The Institute will deal only with men and women of perfect health and development. But there are millions of such persons in the world. The supply of radio-active gas in Baker's Lane is limited. The green vapor from almost the entire borough was dissipated five years ago in a night. The output from Baker's Lane may last ten years; it may last twenty. But we must go on. The Institute is my work, and I am going on, and on. When Baker's Lane gives out there must be another source of supply. In twenty years I can gather more of the principle, but it takes twenty years or more to get it. I shall have to build, in New Jersey, another caldron—another pail with a cover. It means millions—we must have them. Science, progress, knowledge, demand it. And the people of this age must pay. I know what I am about."

"The authorities," I suggested. Blenkinsop laughed.

"The authorities *this* time will obey me. They disobeyed me once, and disaster followed. They will not do so again."

The authorities supported him. This was a matter beyond the statutes and the constitution of a state. The scientists of all the world supported him—they forgot criticism—without reservation they hailed him as the successful Ponce de Leon of all centuries.

"Eureka!" cried a hysterical multitude. "Eureka! We have found it!"

I think perhaps Blenkinsop left out of his calculations one thing. People will do much for money—they will do anything and everything for *life*.

After the first ten cases had been successful—one a prince of Europe—a note of dissatisfaction crept into the daily press, there was a murmur among the people. As long as the thing had been experimental and speculative merely, the crowd held up their hands in admiration; now that its value had been proved, the crowd held out their many hands toward the Institute.

"Life—life," they cried, "give us the fountain of youth!"

The effect of the discovery upon the world at large was phenomenal. All sorts of stories were scattered far and wide. Helbig in his *Advanced Theories* devotes a chapter—one of his long sections—to the popular view of this discovery. Immigration steadily in-

creased; the superstitious nations of the East were sending us vast hordes of persons.

"Life!" still cried the multitude; "it belongs—belongs to us."

The city doubled the guard that surrounded the Institute of Health.

The streets were constantly filled with people talking—talking—talking. Meantime the names and identities of those who had subjected themselves to treatment were kept a profound secret. Yet by a mere mischance the name of one man, W. T. Mackerley, a millionaire, a well-known resident in the West Side, leaked out. Perhaps it was his own fault, or that of his household. The world did not know of myself and Marguerite. Even Helbig, five years later, did not know of us, and he has never made mention of our names in any work of his. Mrs. Presby and her infant, and old man Keazey had disappeared. Well for them that they had.

But millionaire Mackerley's name stood out above the multitude of people, as a man destined to live forever—a man who had bathed in the vapors of the fountain of youth. The newspapers found it out—everybody knew it.

Remember, to the people at large, Mackerley was one man—not one in a million, not one in a billion—he was the *one* man in the world that the world knew had been saved to a life as long as the world should live itself.

It was the 15th of July when the curious multitude surrounded Mackerley's mansion on the Avenue. All that night the crowd called to him to show himself—the man who had been given life. It was on the morning of the 16th that his house was found looted, his servants gone, and the body of Mackerley, bleeding and mangled, at the bottom of the broad oak stairs. He was a victim of the jealousy, the envy of the crowd.

And the crowd had laughed—hoarse discordant laughs. "Mackerley," said the crowd, "*he* didn't live so long."

I shall pass over, also, the murders of three more of the prominent men of Manhattan, who were suspects—that is, men who, as rumor had it, had paid a hundred thousand dollars in exchange for life. *That* was not all. From Europe there flashed across the cable one morning news of the murder of the prince who had taken treatment. And then—the horrible attack upon Mrs. James G. Hemphill—a woman, young, beautiful, charitable—who, for a thousand years to

come, might have done many, many things for the very people who destroyed her. I pass that over, too.

And then the crowd once more turned its attention to the well-guarded Institute.

"A hundred thousand dollars?" it cried. "No! Life! Life that is free! Give us life!"

And one night, at twelve o'clock, the wrath of the multitude descended upon the Institute of Health.

Marguerite and I were there—we had gone because it was safe; we did not know, and Blenkinsop could not be sure, but that the crowd might find out we were the first to benefit by the discovery. I am not clear in my mind just how it all began, but I remember that from the cupola we saw the line of soldiery suddenly part and fall back, weakening as it retreated, and then, across the spacious grounds, a howling mob came pell-mell.

Blenkinsop started up and pulled us after him. "Down—to the laboratory!" he cried. We drew back. "It's safer here," we told him. But he knew what he was doing.

"Down—down!" he cried. We reached the laboratory—a room which in reality was a strong steel box at one end of the ground-floor hall space. We had barely reached it, and Blenkinsop had barely clanged together the strong steel doors, before we heard the crash of wood, the scurried rush of feet, the angry, eager voices of the multitude. They were confounded at first—they knew not where to go. We listened, with our hearts standing still. Then, Blenkinsop suddenly smote his thigh with his hand. He leaped to a corner of the laboratory and clutched frantically at a huge water cock.

"Listen," he whispered.

We listened, and suddenly the crowd outside grew still. Then there was a happy, grateful clamor, and a hundred voices shouted out in glee.

"Hurrah!" cried the multitude, "hurrah, for life, and the fountain of youth!"

Blenkinsop, convulsed with silent laughter, stepped to the laboratory doors and drew aside a small slide that covered a peep-hole in the steel.

"Look—look," he bade us, "look—at the fountain of youth."

There, in the corridor, built for ornamental purposes alone—a symbol—was a huge fountain playing water, tossing and rippling and dashing in the air.

And there was the crowd, maddened with glee, plunging incontinently into the fountain basin, clothes and all—laughing, shouting with hope, life, youth.

"The fountain of youth!" they cried.

And Blenkinsop, behind the steel doors, doubled up his tall form with silent laughter.

"The fountain—of youth!" he roared, caring not now whether his voice were heard or no.

For the fountain of water was not, of course, the fountain of youth. The crowd had taken Blenkinsop at his word. He had called his discovery a "fountain." It was not a fountain; it was a principle. He turned back and touched his big radio-active tubes with a soft caress.

"They wouldn't know *you*," he said to the big tubes, "for the fountain of youth, if they should see *you*."

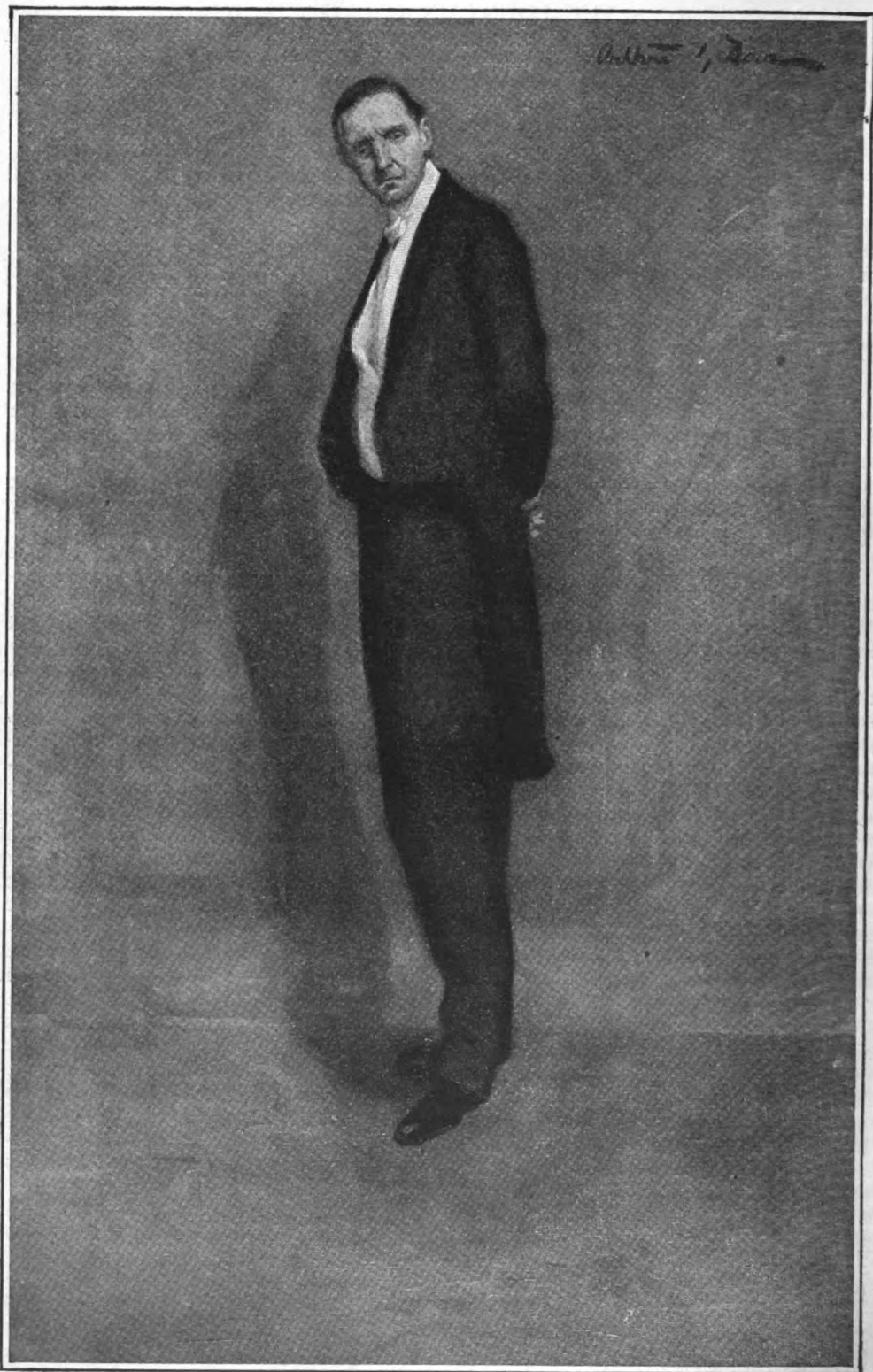
In the morning order was restored. The authorities placed a heavy hand upon lawlessness and disorder and riot; and the people were appeased—placated. For had they not disported themselves on that summer evening in the fountain of youth, in the Institute of Health?

But that taught Blenkinsop a lesson. Baker's Lane is still, unknown to the multitude, the source of the principle, but Blenkinsop's laboratories are elsewhere. Few know the secret of their location. Those few are sworn to secrecy. It is but the few who can buy youth of Blenkinsop.

"Some day, though," he tells Marguerite and me, "some day—it shall be free for all."

"For all," he added, "except myself." For Blenkinsop never would subject himself to his own treatment. He has a reason. "Arrested development," he said to me, "yes, for the body, and—the brain. It will not do for me. My brain must keep on growing—thinking. The time will never come when I can afford to say my brain has reached perfection. Science, progress, people—all demand of me my brain. It is not mine—it belongs to the universe. Never shall I bathe in the fountain of youth. My life may be short—but it must be full—posterity demands it of me."

Blenkinsop is right. But as for Marguerite and me, we shall pass hand in hand, side by side, ever youthful, ever happy, ever living—down unto the ages when the world shall be no more.



CHARLES VERNET HAD REMAINED IN THE BACKGROUND, AND NOW MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD THE DOOR

NUMBER 94

BY

M. F. GORON

EX-CHIEF OF THE PARIS DETECTIVE FORCE

EDITED BY ALBERT KEYZER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



THE Belgian Government had demanded the extradition of the swindler Karstens, and, for purposes of identification, I had asked the people who had dealings with him to come to my office.

Among those who called upon me was Charles Vernet, a financier, and, while I listened to the evidence he gave in a clear, concise manner, the conviction stole upon me that I had met him before under different circumstances. But where?—when? Although I have an excellent memory for faces, his features were not familiar to me; yet his general appearance, the way he raised his right hand when he spoke, roused old recollections.

“Who is he?” I inquired the next day of the Police Commissary in M. Charles Vernet’s district.

“Who is he?” repeated my friend, with a touch of surprise in his voice. “My dear Goron, don’t you really know Charles Vernet?”

“Well, yes, of course I understand he is a financier, with plenty of money; but I know nothing about him.”

He shrugged his shoulders.

“Look here, Goron, I never know when you are making fun of anybody; but if you put the question to me seriously, let me tell you that Charles Vernet is not only rich, but bears a good reputation on the Bourse, and is received everywhere.”

“How long has he been in Paris?”

“About ten years. He came here with a large fortune made at the Cape, and has doubled it since.

“Who is he?” I again asked myself when I went to bed.

For days and days the man’s face seemed to follow me. I mentally passed in review the various persons I had met in the course of my career, without being able to locate him. Yet I felt certain I had seen him when his name was not Charles Vernet.

I took out my journal, looking over the cases with which I had been connected since I became chief of the Detective Police. And still no trace of him.

I worked my way back to the days when I was assistant to M. Clement, at the Préfecture, and police commissary in the Pantin Quarter, until I came upon the murder of Moulin, the notary’s clerk, by a fellow called Simon. And then I paused; for it suddenly dawned upon me that Simon was the man I must have had in my mind when I saw Charles Vernet.

Moulin lived in the Rue des Abbesses, and he and Simon were friends. One night a lodger, occupying a room below Moulin’s, was awakened by the noise of a scuffle overhead, and, going to the rescue, met a man hurrying past him. Moulin was lying on his bed stabbed to the heart. When Simon was arrested the next day, the lodger recognized him as the man he had seen on the stairs. Simon, who had already been implicated in several unpleasant affairs, never admitted his guilt; and, in the absence of direct proofs, the jury brought in a verdict by which he escaped the guillotine, but was sentenced to twenty years’ penal servitude.

I inquired at the Préfecture, where I learned that Simon and a man called Aymard had planned to escape from Cayenne.

Aymard had succeeded in getting away, while Simon, his face battered in and his body covered with wounds, was found in a ditch. His identity had been disclosed by his jacket, which bore the number "94."

The report of Simon's death did not remove my doubts. But as in the face of the official statement I could not well apply to the authorities for assistance, I determined to try to solve the problem myself.

If my theory was right—that Charles Vernet and Simon were the same person—it must have been Simon who placed the telltale jacket with the number 94 on the body of Aymard, whom, no doubt, he had murdered to insure his own safety. This trick had been performed several times and, from my recollection of Simon, he was not the man to shrink from killing his companion.

I took all the papers relating to the Simon case with me, and gathered from them an interesting fact. While under remand, Simon—probably to curry favor with the authorities—had denounced a youth named Berger, as having been concerned in a burglary in the Rue des Saints-Pères, in connection with which three men had been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Berger was arrested, but, as it was proved that he had thus far borne an excellent character, and had been fooled by his companions, he got off very lightly.

I had reason to suppose that Berger, knowing it was Simon who had betrayed him, would not be sorry to get even with his enemy, and I therefore decided to have a talk with him, without, of course, letting him know more than was strictly necessary. In fact, I had to be very careful how I went to work.

So far, everything was only supposition. The official report about Simon's death might have been true, and my theory about the likeness between the two men—the financier and the convict—altogether wrong. In that case a mistake would have proved disastrous.

Twelve years had elapsed since the trial of Simon, and it was possible that Berger had disappeared. Fortunately I had a clue. Berger, at the time of his arrest, was courting a woman who kept a tobacco shop in the Latin quarter, the widow of a man called Samson, for which reason the students had christened her "Delilah."

When I called at the little shop in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, I found it had changed hands, and in the place of the

buxom Madame Delilah was a thin, good-natured looking little woman, fond of gossip. I bought some cigarettes, and she was soon giving me the biography of every member of her family. Then I deflected our talk to Madame Delilah, whereupon the lady-tobacconist looked severe.

"Did you know that person?" she asked.

"No, no," I hurriedly replied, "I have only seen her once or twice, when she was engaged to a man—a man—I can't remember his name."

The lady-tobacconist continued to look severe and, with scorn in her voice, remarked:

"Engaged, engaged—who do you think would have engaged himself to Delilah?"

"I fancy I heard she was going to marry somebody called Burger or Berger."

"Berger, you mean. That jailbird?"

"Yes. What has become of him?"

"When he was discharged from prison he took up photography, and migrated to Belleville; but that's several years ago."

In Belleville, the populous quarter, there are several establishments where the Paris workmen celebrate their weddings, and, according to custom, have themselves photographed on the important day. The restaurant of the Lac Saint-Fargeau, at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville, is the most famous place for this kind of entertainments, and I decided to go there first. When I reached the establishment, at two in the afternoon, several wedding-parties had taken possession of the garden, and a photographer was busy with his apparatus, while his assistant arranged the groups.

"What is the name of the artist?" I inquired of the proprietor.

"Masson," he replied.

At that moment the assistant passed us to fetch a chair from the house. I stopped him, and asked whether he knew a photographer named Berger.

He eyed me curiously.

"My name is Berger."

I had reason to congratulate myself on my luck. And, looking at the man, I detected a likeness to his portrait I had seen at the Préfecture.

I waited till the rush of work was over, and then beckoned to him. When I told him who I was, he frowned.

"M. Goron," he exclaimed, "I hoped this horrible affair was forgotten. I am earning my living honestly. Why am I again to be troubled?"

"You have nothing to fear, my good

fellow. Your affair, as you call it, is dead and buried. All I ask you is to call on me, to-morrow morning, at half-past ten. I have a question to put to you."

"All right, sir," he sighed.

On my return to the office I sent a note to Charles Vernet, with the request to come to me the next morning at eleven, as I wanted some more information from him regarding the Belgian swindler.

At half-past ten, punctually, Berger was announced.

"Berger," I began, "you need not look so miserable. I give you my word nobody will hurt you."

He smiled faintly.

"I want you to go into the adjoining room and wait for me."

A few minutes past eleven Vernet was introduced. I apologized for troubling him again, and handed him a few documents relative to the Karstens affair. While he was reading them I went to Berger.

The small room where I had left him, and to which nobody had access, opened into my office. In the door was a little hole.

"You see that hole?" I asked.

"Yes sir."

"Put your eye to it, and look carefully at the gentleman inside. When he is gone I shall call you."

My conversation with Charles Vernet did not last many minutes; and the moment he had left I went to Berger.

He stared at me like one in a dream.

"Well, Berger?"

He remained silent for a while, and then shook his head.

"Who is he?" he said at last.

"That is the very question I wanted to put to you."

He sat, deep in thought, one hand playing with his hat, turning it mechanically around.

"Who is he, and why did you show him to me?" he asked again.

I remained silent.

"M. Goron," he cried excitedly, "you have awakened in me a feeling I had managed to smother. You know my history. You know how I was dragged into the affair, and you know the name of the villain who brought the trouble on my head. When I was discharged from Gaillon I had but one idea—to be avenged on Simon. And when I heard his body had been found in Cayenne, I thought he still might have escaped—he is so artful. Then I looked at every man in the streets, and I fancied I saw Simon. At last it became such an obsession

that I felt I was growing mad under the strain, and I fought hard against it, until Simon's face ceased to haunt me. And, now, to-day, this feeling has returned in all its intensity. Why?"

"Yes—why?"

"It is the sight of the man that did it. He is not Simon. He looks quite different. Yet, something in his manner, in the way he holds himself, reminds me of him. Who is he?"

"That is none of your business. Now, go home and think no more about it. I will give you an introduction to one of my friends who can put a lot of work in your way."

Berger's face brightened.

"Thank you, M. Goron; you don't know the struggle I am having."

"You will get on better now. Here is my card. And, remember, not a word about this interview."

Berger had strengthened my suspicions, and the moment had arrived for the decisive trial. I had a difficult part to play, but I felt equal to it.

Charles Vernet entertained frequently in his tastefully furnished apartment in the Rue de la Faisanderie. He also went much into society, and was a constant guest at the house of Madame S——, the well-known sculptor, at whose receptions the *élite* of the artistic and literary world congregated.

Madame S——, a charming hostess, and one of the most fascinating of women, had often invited me to these gatherings, but I never found the time to attend them. Now, however, I made up my mind to go to the *soirée* she was giving at the end of the month, and I called on my friend, Camille L——, who, I knew, helped her with them.

"Camille," I said, "I want you to ask me to luncheon with Madame S——, and also to secure me an invitation to her reception on the 28th."

"Nothing easier," said Camille.

Two days later I received an invitation to lunch, with him and Madame S——, at Durand's. When coffee was served, Camille turned the conversation to the *soirée*.

"I suppose," he said, "you will, as usual, have an 'All Paris' assembly, including the financial swells?"

"Oh, the financial swells," laughed Madame S——, "are always eager to meet celebrities."

And she mentioned the names of her guests. Charles Vernet was among them.

"Why don't you invite our friend here?" asked Camille.

"What is the good?" pouted the lady.
 "He never comes."

"Try him again."

"Very well. M. Goron, will you give me the pleasure of your company?"

"It will be an honor to me, madame."

Madame S—— clapped her hands with joy.

"I am much obliged to you, M. Goron. And I want you to contribute your share to the night's entertainment. Cannot you tell us something interesting?"

"A lecture?"

"Why not? That would be splendid."

"I doubt whether it would amuse your guests; but possibly I may find something else to suit their jaded palates. And, if it is not indiscreet on my part, will you allow me to bring my young nephew? He is here on a visit."

"By all means; I shall be delighted."

The eventful evening arrived, and I drove up to Madame S——'s with a parcel carefully wrapped in brown paper, which I left down-stairs in charge of one of the servants. As to my nephew, nobody would have guessed that the good-looking, well-dressed young man, with the gardenia in his button-hole, was a smart detective in whom I placed absolute reliance.

When I entered the salons the guests had nearly all arrived. I recognized Paileron, Lucien Marc of the *Illustration*, Alphonse Daudet, Meissonnier, Puvis de Chavannes, Lamoureux, Francisque Sarcey, Benjamin Constant, Sardou, actors and actresses from the leading theaters, famous scientists—a brilliant crowd.

There was some excellent music, and then a long-haired gentleman unfolded the mysteries of the cinematograph—at that time quite a novelty. A professor from the Sorbonne showed us a new electrometer; and a *Sociétaire* from the Comédie-Française gave some recitations.

I was sitting in a quiet corner, watching Charles Vernet deep in conversation with three or four Stock Exchange men, when Madame came toward me, both hands extended.

"Dear M. Goron," she cried, "it is now your turn."

And, taking my arm, she led me to the center of the room. My friend Camille asked for silence for the hostess, who said:

"M. Goron, whom we are all glad to welcome here, has promised to give us some of his experiences. It is a surprise I kept in store for you."

Loud applause followed. A small table with the traditional glass of water was brought for me; the ladies sat in a semi-circle, the gentlemen formed the background.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began, when silence was restored, "our charming hostess has told you I would relate some of my experiences. I have no such intention, for the simple reason that you all know more about them than I do myself. Newspaper reporting has become one of the fine arts, and no sooner is a crime committed than the papers bring the fullest details. Nay, the up-to-date journalist seems even to have the gift of prophecy; for many a time I read of burglaries and attempted murders that have not yet occurred. I, therefore, thought that instead of giving you narratives offering but little interest, I would draw your attention to the curious evolution which the detective's profession, like everything nowadays, has undergone.

"Years ago, the man whose duty it is to fight the enemies of society had his own powers to rely upon. Between him and the criminal it was skill against skill, art against art. Then came the modern inventions—railways, steamers, the telegraph, the telephone—and matters grew worse for the detective. Alas! it was the murderers, the forgers, who had the advantage, inasmuch as they could steal a long march upon Nemesis, and get their accomplices to use the telegraph and the telephone for their benefit.

"The question, therefore, was to discover a system by which society, and not its foe, would reap the advantage. Ladies and gentlemen, this system has been found, and the man to whom we owe it, and whose name will go down to posterity, is M. Bertillon."

I undid the parcel which my "nephew," at my request, had brought upstairs.

"This box," I continued, "contains the instruments used in the anthropometrical department for the identification of those who, having previously fallen into the hands of the police, expect to escape detection by changing their names, or altering, as they think, their appearance."

Having explained to the company the practical working of the system, and how the little instruments are applied to the head and fingers, I said:

"With your kind permission, I will now conclude with a practical demonstration, which will leave to some of you a little souvenir of my lecture. As I had already

the honor to explain, the measurements of the incriminated person are put down on a card, to which his photograph is affixed, and thus we possess the infallible means of discovering, at a moment's notice, the identity of the person arrested. It is a net through whose meshes nothing can slip. I have brought some of these cards with me, and shall be happy to take the measurement of any lady or gentleman, and present them with the card."

I never saw such excitement. Dozens of charming women made a rush for me, and sweet voices cried,

"Measure me, please, M. Goron."

"One moment, ladies," I called out, "the mistress of the house first."

Madame S—— came promptly forward, and, after I had attended to her and a number of ladies, my "nephew" filling up the cards, I raised my hand.

"And now the gentlemen!"

Sarcey was the first to present himself. Then came Daudet, and other distinguished personages.

All along I had kept my eye on Charles Vernet, who had remained in the background, and now slowly moved toward the door.

"M. Vernet," I said, "don't go away. Have your measurements taken."

He hesitated a moment, and then said, with what appeared to me a forced smile:

"No, thank you, I have seen the thing done before."

"Well, I have set my mind upon measuring you. Ladies," I cried, to a couple of American girls, who had been among the first to be operated upon, "please take him into custody and bring him to me."

Amid shouts of laughter they seized him and pulled him toward the table.

This time he scowled.

"Is this meant for a joke?" he remarked.

"Of course. It is part of the fun."

Either my suspicions were unfounded, or the man had marvelous self-possession. He never moved a muscle while he submitted to the operation.

Others were now pressing forward, but, on the pretext that I had no more cards, I withdrew to the smoking-room, whither Vernet had gone, followed by my detective. The latter had given Vernet a prepared card, and had quickly slipped into my hand the one he had just filled up; whereupon I went into a corner to compare it with the official document relative to Simon, which I had borrowed from M. Bertillon's office.

A glance was sufficient. The figures were identical. It was not Vernet, but Simon, the escaped convict, the murderer, who stood there, lighting his cigar, making an appointment with a friend to meet him the next day. The next day! And in five minutes the thunderbolt would have fallen on his head.

I went up to him.

"Have you said good-night to the lady of the house?" I asked.

He turned sharply around.

"Monsieur Goron," he began.

"Hush! Don't make a scene. Say good-by to the hostess, and tell her you will have to leave Paris to-morrow on a long journey. You will be telling the truth. Go."

He did not move.

"For the second and last time," I whispered, "I advise you not to make a scene. It is not to Charles Vernet I am speaking, it is to Simon, the escaped convict, to Number 94, and, probably, to the assassin of Aymard. My 'nephew' over yonder is a detective, and I have three more 'nephews' down-stairs in case of emergency."

He thought a moment. And then——

"I will go with you; but you are making a mistake you will regret."

It was the never-varying reply of the criminal at bay. Yet I could not help admiring the man's nerve. He shook hands with Madame S—— and a few more people in a seemingly unconcerned manner, and walked down-stairs.

In the hall, where a servant handed him his overcoat, my attendant, at a signal from me, cleverly searched Vernet's pockets, and withdrew something which he handed me. It was a small revolver.

"You were right, sir," he said; "I should not have thought of that."

At the Préfecture they were astounded. My prisoner made a plucky stand, and fought desperately against the overwhelming odds; but, finally, like all the other criminals I have seen, he broke down before the pitiless Bertillon system.

Yes, he was Simon; but as, according to law, he had to be tried in Cayenne for having escaped, and on suspicion of having murdered Aymard, he was at once conveyed to the Ile de Ré to be sent out to the penal settlement.

But, despite my warning, the officials at the Ile de Ré prison did not keep a careful watch on Simon, for the day before he was to have been put on board the steamer, he managed to strangle himself.

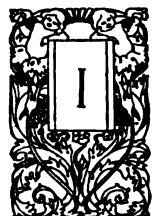
THE LITTLE MOTHER STORIES

BY

Maud Ballington Booth



"BEHIND PRISON WALLS."



I WAS journeying to California. It had been a hard, cold winter in the East, and I was glad that my work called me to the flowery land at a season when icy winds still swept over my home state. Planning to escape the wintry weather as quickly as possible, I traveled to New Orleans and took the Southern Pacific route to Los Angeles. This route certainly gave me my desired warmth of climate, but it also meant to us a vast stretch of desert country. After crossing the broad plains of Texas, we entered the desert of New Mexico, then that of Arizona, and lastly the waste, arid and most desert portion of the State of California. As our train rushed onward, hour after hour revealed to us nothing but wide expanses of alkali plain; no trees, no flowers, as far as we could see; no trace of bird or butterfly, and never a gleam of lake or stream; only bleached land and the interminable sage-bush, gray with dust, varied here and there by grotesque growths of prickly cactus. The horizon line on both sides was bounded by barren mountain ridges, looking for all the world like the mountains on the embossed physical geography

maps, absolutely bare of vegetation of any kind.

It was dry, barren monotony without, and dust and weariness within, for it was in the days before the railroads oiled their tracks, as they so considerably do now over the deserts. Though every window was tightly closed, the fine white powder filtered through every crack, and made the weary passengers look almost as gray as the dreary sage-bush of the landscape. Hour after hour the patience of the passengers wore thinner; the long-suffering porter had more and more often to answer the question, "When shall we be through the desert?" At last each sufferer became too weary and dusty even to question, and they lapsed into lethargic silence in their respective corners of the car, watching and waiting for the promised land of fruit and flowers. Here and there by the track, the bleaching bones of cattle told the story of death in that arid country, and one might imagine the tall, spectral cacti that loomed ghostly in the growing dusk, to be standing on guard in the tragic wilderness graveyard of the past. As we forged swiftly westward in the comparative comfort of a sleeping car, our thoughts could not fail to recall the weary caravans that passed

over those cruel deserts in the pioneer days, not so very many years removed from our generation, leaving behind them a long trail of unmarked graves.

At Yuma we crossed the Colorado River, and learning that we had really entered California, we took heart and looked for signs of orange grove or vineyard, but they were not yet to gladden our weary eyes, for the worst part of the desert was before us. Still hour after hour, until our patience was nearly exhausted, we continued to jolt and curve over the dreary land; and then at eventide we swept down into a canyon, on either side of which great purple mountains reared their proud heads against a sunset sky, glorious with primrose, amber and saffron tints. The windows were thrown open, and the sweet evening breezes reached us, moist and refreshing, laden with the scent of a myriad flowers.

Now our train passed through a wondrous valley, where the grass of emerald green was strewn with a wealth of golden poppies. Again, we would pass between acres and acres of orchard, white and pink with masses of misty blossoms; and yet farther, the dark green of the orange grove, with golden fruit and fragrant bridal flowers, delighted our senses. As we shook off the dust and weariness of travel, we turned to our fellow-passengers, and one and all agreed that it was well worth all the dreary hours of desert to experience such a contrast, and enter the promised land with the heat and barrenness of the wilderness still fresh in our memory.

Early the next morning, I stood on a sunny hilltop in what is perhaps the most beautiful garden spot of all that fairyland. The knoll itself was surrounded with a growth of tropical palms. Beneath our feet, terrace below terrace, stretched a wonderful garden. In the East we wait for our flowers season by season; here they were all blooming together in a glorious riot of color and fragrance—violets, pansies, lilies, carnations, freesias, and roses of every hue in long tangled hedges, often sending wreaths of blossom away into the trees above them. And those trees, how beautiful they were! many of strange and tropical growth, while here and there as a background towered the tall white trunks and wavy, silvery-blue leaves of the great eucalyptus. Below the gardens, orchards and orange groves stretched to the level ground, and on one side a valley, while on the other a canyon

swept like a tide of fertile beauty to the great mountain chains in the far distance, the summits of which, above the blue and purple shadows, gleamed white with a crown of snow.

I stood silently drinking in the beauty and sweetness of the enchanted garden and rejoicing in the wondrous things of nature, when my dear friend and host, Mr. Albert K. Smiley, the owner and creator of Canyon Crest Park, came to my side and pointed out the far-away train that, like a tiny snake, was winding its way over a silver track far below us. Turning to my host, I said, "To appreciate this fully, one has to cross the desert, become weary of the interminable stretch of alkali land and the everlasting sage-bush." With a quiet smile, he answered, "You should have stood here just eight years ago, when we bought these two hills. At that time there was nothing here but a desert soil and the sage-bush of which you speak." Again I looked at the wondrous growth and up into the soaring branches of the trees, and realized that I stood before one of the great miracles of nature. I saw what that wondrous climate and soil could produce when one who thoroughly understood horticulture worked with nature to bring beauty, where had been only barrenness.

As I stood listening to the song of a mocking-bird in the palm at my side, another sound, faint but insistent, came to my ear, and it whispered to me the secret of the miracle. It was the sound of running water. Looking closer I saw how, 'round and 'round the hillside, through gardens and groves, the little irrigating ditches had been carefully dug, and here and there the bright crystal stream of living water burst forth, running joyously down, bringing to thirsty flower and shrub, to mighty tree and fruit-laden grove, the touch of life, beauty and sweetness. Then I realized that the great green reservoir that I had admired on the hilltop behind me was not placed there to mirror the banks of white callas and masses of crimson geranium, but that it was to store up the life source of this mountain side.

Swift to my heart came the message from the heart of nature, and back from the long past, the words of prophecy that I had learned in childhood: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom

as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." And yet again seemed to ring through my mind the words, "There is a river that maketh glad the City of our God;" and my heart cried out, "Yes, and not only the City of our God, but these life-giving waters reach forth to the weary, thirsty land, bringing a touch of comfort, of cleansing and of life to the poor fainting souls of men who, in life's desert places, are so often dying hopelessly of thirst, forgotten and outcast from the land of the green pastures."

As I took the lesson home in comfort to my own heart, I seemed to see that great world within our prison walls. So often those who have talked to me of my chosen field, have spoken almost pityingly, as if mine were a thankless and helpless task, working in what they look upon as the very desert place of God's great world. Yes, perhaps it is to many, a weary, dreary desert. Naturally that which is found there is looked upon by the world as the unlovely growth of this life's weeds and briars and stinging nettles; but should we altogether blame the desert for its barrenness, or the weeds and briars for their prickly growth? Perhaps a little blame should rest at the door of those who have walked beside the still waters and have not realized how those same living waters could transform the desert, if only they would carry them out with loving sacrifice to the thirsty land.

After ten years of toil in this wide field, I can send to the world this message: that I have seen, over and over again, the miracle of roses blooming in the desert, and the restoring of life and gladness, of new hope and courage, where the world had been hopeless of the production of any good thing. I wish it were possible for me to tell how truly happy and hopeful I am concerning that which I have learned and seen behind prison walls. That the shadows are dark, the problem difficult, and the experience of the past that of spoiled, wrecked lives and sin-stained souls, I will admit; but we have not to deal with the past, which is gone, but with the future, and what may yet be. It is to bring new hope and ambition to hopeless hearts, and to force upon

them the realization that any reformation that is to come to them must come from within, by the uprising of their better efforts in response to the touch Divine, that the Volunteer Prison League has been organized. It commenced at first with a membership of some sixty men in Sing Sing Prison, shortly after the beginning of our movement, "The Volunteers of America;" and has already, in its ten years of existence, enrolled behind the walls nearly forty thousand members. Naturally we look upon this work as preparatory for the return to liberty. Within the walls, the good foundation can be laid and strengthened day by day, which will make these men worthy of the chances that may be offered them in the future, and strong enough in new purpose and principle to build up a new character in the future and to resist the old temptations that have been their curse and downfall in the past.

Even were the future left out of consideration, the work within the walls, bringing as it does an inspiration of hope to hearts embittered by despair and hardened by a reckless past, would be well worth all the toil and effort. Here is a letter written to one of my workers by a man serving a long sentence in one of our Eastern prisons. Before he was brought under the influence of the League, he was friendless and hopeless, and had absolutely nothing to look forward to. His attitude of thought and the light that has broken in upon his dreary life can be clearly read in his own simple language:

My dear Comrade: I will come home May the 25th, 1909. I am doing nine to ten, and will be in four years next May, and, Captain, I am healthy yet, and thank God. Say, I never got a fair chance; now that is honest. I never gave myself a fair show; now that is honest also. But, well never mind, Captain, I have hope, and with God's help I will meet you in Hope Hall on May 25th, 1909. I will fly home as fast as the cars will carry me, but then there is an end to it just the same, and at the end of this time of detention I see the Little Mother, and methinks I hear her say, "Welcome. I have a home for you and I am going to give you a fair chance to be a man, an *honest* man. You shall have a fair, square show. I do not care what your past has been, do right, and I will stand by you."

Ah, Captain, that gives me courage, and I can pray and thank God that this is true. Yes, I can "Look Up and Hope," I can try to be good. Say, I do wish very often that when I was a little kid somebody had grabbed me and sent me to school. Not that I think that schooling

is all that is necessary. Oh, no! for a large majority of men are very learned, but they forget God. Well, nobody cared, so I just grew up (you know how), so that is why my spelling is always guess work with me, and my writing, well, you see that came pretty near being guess work also. Oh, how I have been pushed around in this world, and how I have been kicked into the gutter, and now God helps me to be cheerful and contented, and the past is dead.

The Little Mother says, "Don't speak of the past," so I must not look back; but you just tell her the very next time you see her, that if it had not been for rum I would never have served a day in prison. Now, Captain, not another word about the past, but tell her I am coming home sure, with God's help. Tell her I have courage, and faith, and hope, and don't forget 1909. I pray for you, I pray for everybody, when nobody is looking but God. Didn't used to. Didn't know how. Didn't care. I was blind. Now I see. Captain, good-night. Don't forget God, from your well-wishing, etc.

That letter was written two years ago, and 1909 seemed far away, but to him it was a wonderful year of promise, a day-dawn to a new world of untried possibilities; and Hope Hall has always looked to him like the beautiful gate to that happy land.

There are in many of our prisons, men who have long, dreary life-sentences to serve, and it means not a little to lighten and brighten their days, so that the passing years may not harden the heart and warp the mind of the one thus forever shut out of the world of the happy and free. Last Christmas I received a letter from a life-timer who has served twenty-three years behind prison walls. That a brave, cheery spirit is his is all the more remarkable when the facts of his case are known. The district-attorney who was present at his trial told me personally that the sentence was a gross miscarriage of justice; that the bungling of the court-appointed lawyer had spoiled the man's chances, and that he ought never to have received more than five years' sentence. If you could see his bright face and hear his cheery voice, you would realize with me that there is a sunshine that can force its way even through prison bars, and set the heart singing to the harmony of heaven's victorious music.

His letter read thus:

Little Mother: I must write you to-day, for this is the happiest Christmas that I have spent in prison, the happiest of all my life. The sun is shining, my little birds are singing to me and the sky is blue. My heart is full of thankfulness to God for all that he has done for me,

and the friends who have come into my dreary life to think of me when I was so alone and forsaken.

From far-away Folsom, set amid the rocky foothills that border the American River in California, comes a letter from another life-timer that also tells its own story:

Little Mother, Greetings: Although I have not written to you for quite a long time, I surely have not forgotten you in the least, or lost interest in the cause. I am not used to writing. You are the only one to whom I have written for twelve years or more. So you see, it must come a little awkward to me. Besides, you must have an enormous amount of similar correspondence—of all kinds in fact—to look after. Of course we know our letters are always welcome, but is it not quite a strain to look after it all? Little Mother, I am now going on my twenty-fifth year in here, and you are the only one outside who cares to write to me. Surely I ought to have at least half of my time in by this time; but I have not as many hopes as I had the day I came here. Isn't that a bright prospect? Although I have little to live for, that should not prevent one from having an interest in the lives and welfare of others. What a different world this would be if we could only eliminate selfishness. Selfishness! 'Tis the root of all evil, the source of all our troubles and cares. But for that we would need no prisons, no wars, no poverty, no injustice.

All, saint and sinner alike, love and admire an unselfish person, one who can live for others. Therein, Little Mother, lies our work's greatest strength. That is why it can command the confidence and insure the constancy of so-called hardened criminals. If one should disappoint you, your vanity is not stung. You do not throw up your hands in disgust, give up and declare we are *all* ungrateful dogs. Why? Why, because you are not running it on personal lines, self is eliminated, and the Volunteers have faith (even some for the failures). And faith moves mountains. May your noble work inspire others. Good-by, Little Mother.

Having reached California, let me take my readers on with me to the old prison of St. Quintin, that rears its gray walls on the edge of the blue waters of San Francisco Bay. I was visiting there on one of my many trips to the far West, and the "boys" had prepared for me a most loyal welcome. As I mounted the steps to the chapel, which is built inside the prison yard, I looked over toward the inner yard, or "corral" as they call it, and saw a great crowd of men standing packed together there, trying to catch a glimpse of us from a distance. Entering the chapel, I found it crowded to the very

limit of its capacity, and it was at once evident that these others were men who had been shut out for want of room. After the first meeting, a message came to me begging that I would go to the corral to speak to them. Now on this special trip I had taken my dear son with me as a traveling companion, and his father had given him special instructions regarding his care of me. One rule very strictly laid down, both by my husband and my physician, was that on no consideration might I speak more than twice a day. One of my son's duties was to see that I obeyed. I had spoken in the prison chapel; I was to speak in one of the big churches of San Francisco at night, and when I gladly consented to speak in the corral also my son stepped forward and protested most energetically. How could I say "No" with a vision of those eager faces, and a realization of the disappointment that would cloud them? I therefore overruled my son's protest, and with a somewhat guilty feeling as I saw his very disapproving face, I hastened to the inner yard of the prison.

Climbing a flight of steps, I stood on one of the iron galleries that run around the outside of the cell house and in this way I could look down over the sea of upturned faces. What a motley throng it was! Rough, sturdy Westerners from mine or mountain track, Chinamen, Mexicans, Indians; faces some of them stolid and indifferent, others eager and earnest; such a crowd as one would find perhaps nowhere else in this country. Never shall I forget the scene; sunshine had broken through the clouds; outside, the waters of the Bay, that almost washed the walls of this old gray fortress, gleamed like sapphire in the sunlight, while a flock of graceful white gulls over the blue, gave just the touch of life needed to the picture. Away beyond us towered the purple heights of Mount Tamalpais, while above, the clear, vibrant atmosphere seemed to speak of the sweet freedom that was so longed for by those hopeless, restless men whose eyes saw always the thick stone walls that barred them in and held them back from all they longed for in life. For some thirty minutes I talked to the listening crowd, amid the most profound attention and silence, and then I left them, wondering whether anything had been accomplished thereby.

It was not until two years later that I

heard the aftermath. I was again visiting the same prison. Before I arose to speak, a young man stepped upon the platform and handed me a beautifully written address of welcome; then turning to the audience, very simply and humbly, with earnest eloquence, he delivered the greeting as only one of education and culture could have done. The thoughts were those of earnest sincerity, the words were well chosen; the manner of the man was impressive and full of feeling. He had been chosen spokesman of the prison fraternity, to voice their thoughts on this occasion; and as he ceased the tears were in his eyes, and he was evidently as deeply moved as were many who listened.

Through my coworkers I learned the story of his conversion. He was well-born, a man of education and talent. He had, in the careless, reckless self-will of youth, gone astray, and on finding himself in prison, he became hard and bitter and wholly indifferent to the better things that, under such an experience, should come back as a message to the struggling soul. The shame and disgrace of imprisonment had seemed to him a brand that could never be removed from his brow. If he was thus to be a Cain forever, why should he think of better things? Why should he strive against the evil that had dragged him down? He was in the corral that Sunday morning, because he did not wish to go to the chapel; but when I came out and spoke to them he had to hear, whether he wished to or not. I will let him speak of it in his own words from one of his letters:

Little Mother, I am so glad you did not listen to the advice of your dear son on that memorable day when you spoke in the prison yard. God alone knows what my condition now would be had you not used that opportunity. It may be that you are right in thinking that God, in His own good time, might have found some other means by which He would have led me to Himself, for He has plainly shown me that He has work for me to do, and that He intends St. Quintin to be my preparatory school; but the fact remains He chose to use you in leading me out of darkness into His marvelous light, and I shall always believe that He led you into the prison yard that morning for that purpose alone.

But whether this be so or not, I shall thank God that He gave you a message that reached my sinful heart, and that then and there my whole life was transformed by the touch Divine. Was it worth the extra effort, Little Mother? Perhaps I ought not to ask that question until I have "made good," but God knows I have

been faithful thus far. He knows I have done my best, and if there have been mistakes, they have been of the head and not of the heart. If I am ever permitted to leave these walls, I will prove to the world that through Divine help I can and will make good outside.

I realize, however, that you are right in saying that true change of heart and a real consecration to God is the one great need to carry your "boys" out into success, happiness, and prosperity. I know only too well the folly of trusting in my own miserable self. I am a convict to-day because of the confidence I once had in my own ability and power; but on the other hand, I have learned that there is nothing too hard for God, and that I can do all things through Christ. After nearly three years of fighting against the damning influence of prison association and life, I am more determined than ever to be true.

Little Mother, I want to serve God with all my heart. I want Him to have the balance of my life. I want my life should be a blessing to others, and I will try to make it so here behind the walls, but I am only a young man and there lies a long future before me, for which God will hold me responsible. In two years and five months, God willing, I shall step through the prison gates a free man. Free, free, free! Not alone from the bonds of the law, but also from the miserable past. One of my greatest ambitions during the past two years has been to, some day, take my place at your side, to fight with you and dear Captain Skelly in the battle so nobly begun. For this I have prayed; of this I have dreamed, but always remembering that God knows best. Now that our dear Alexander Skelly has been called up higher, my desire to help you has increased a hundred-fold, for my heart goes out in sympathy to you and my comrades, in this your hour of sorrow and loss.

There is no use in chafing under the restraint. I guess the edict has gone forth, "He shall not come out from hence until he hath paid the

utmost farthing." I must just patiently wait. In closing this letter, however, I want to renew my pledge of loyalty to you and the cause of "given-up" men (I was one myself). I am not talented; I do not amount to very much, but I am willing to be used of God, and if you need me after I leave prison, if you think you can use me, even in the most humble position, I will freely and gladly give you the balance of my life, to be used for the cause. Until then, you may rest assured that I shall leave no duty unperformed in my efforts to serve you behind the walls. God has wonderfully blessed me in my prison experience, and I consider that the years spent behind the walls of old St. Quintin have been the most profitable ones of my whole life, for in them I have learned the greatest lessons man is privileged to learn.

He is to-day the chosen leader of our work in that prison, and I look forward to the fulfillment of his heart's desire in the giving of his whole life and service to the work when liberty is again his. From his sister, an earnest Christian worker in one of our Eastern cities; has come to me a letter full of rejoicing, so that the words that carried the message within the corral have echoed with glad thankfulness far outside of prison walls. The testimony of others to me, concerning this young man, is that his life is a consistent, faithful living out of his profession.

Each soul reached and touched sends forth its joy to others. We realize full well how far-reaching must be the influence of such a work, for it extends its gladdening message to those who live in homes upon which the shadow of the prison has cast its blighting sorrow.



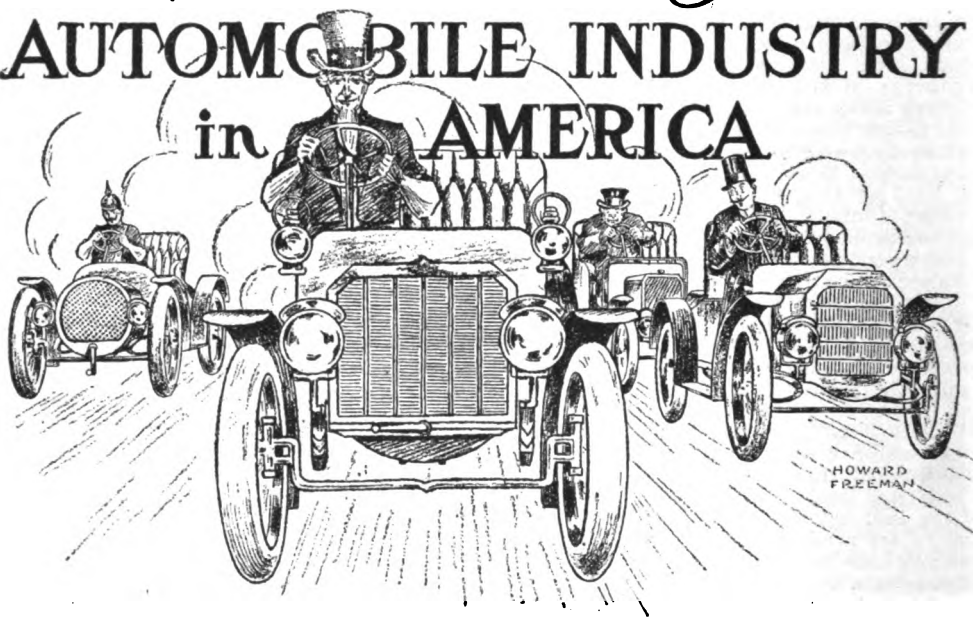
EVENING

BY WILLIAM GRENVIL

Translated from Sappho [B.C. 600]

The quiet streams their lullabies are calling;
All through the apple boughs their voices creep,
While from each petal in the orchard falling,
Down droppeth sleep.

THE ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENT of the AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY in AMERICA



BY HERBERT N. CASSON

THOUGH practically no more than six years old, our American automobile industry has become the champion of the world. We begin this New Year ahead of England, Germany, Italy and even France, in the number of machines produced. This is not a guess, nor a manufacturer's dream. It is a statement based upon figures that have been first collected from a hundred manufacturers, and then verified by a comparison with the amounts paid in royalties.

Here, at last, are the exact figures: In the year 1904 we made 26,601 automobiles, worth \$34,650,500. We have \$21,313,000 invested in the business. Taking for granted that the men who make automobiles have an eight-hour day, the new machines are whizzing out of our factories at the rate of *one every five minutes*. Bradstreet's, whose stock

in trade is accuracy, has given me these totals—the final result of a thorough investigation.

Twenty-four thousand machines are registered in New York State. In France, where the automobile was born, there are not more than seventeen thousand. And in the whole United States, if we took an automobile census, we would find about seventy thousand now in use. With only three in a car, we have as many automobiles as could take every man, woman and child in the great city of Minneapolis for a spin. Yet ten years ago there were less than fifty in use—twelve years ago they were as scarce as flying-machines—eighteen years ago there were none.

Of all the articles of commerce, the automobile is the youngest. It is the first-born of the twentieth century. Olds, Ford, Winton, Haynes, and Duryea were each making one feeble little car a year until 1896. Then Duryea formed the first company, and became the Carnegie of automobiledom by pro-

ducing thirteen a year! But the fact is—am I telling a national secret?—that we lost four or five years by paying no attention to what had been already accomplished in France. We struck out alone on the “horseless carriage” route, and wandered around in an adventurous but futile way until about five years ago. Then we said, “Looks as if France was on the right road, after all.” We made a new start, speeded up as only American manufacturers can, and to-day, in the number of automobiles produced, we stand at the head of the world.

More than this, the American automobile has recently become the International King of Speed,—the swiftest thing ever devised by the human mind for the purpose of rapid transit. At the speed trials held last January at Ormond, Florida, it was a Stanleysteamer that made the amazing record of a mile in twenty-eight and one-fifth seconds—a rate of nearly a hundred and twenty-eight miles an hour. This is faster than the best official

time made by the German trolley-cars at Zossen, which attained a speed of a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. It is faster than the records of the swiftest locomotives, which have never covered more than a hundred and sixteen miles an hour. And it is faster than the time made by any other motor-car, in France or any other country. The Darracq, a two-hundred-horse-power machine, won the two-mile race at the Ormond races, but even in that contest the little fifty-horse-power Stanley came only four-fifths of a second behind. And the Stanley is in every respect an American machine, made and driven by men who were born in New England.

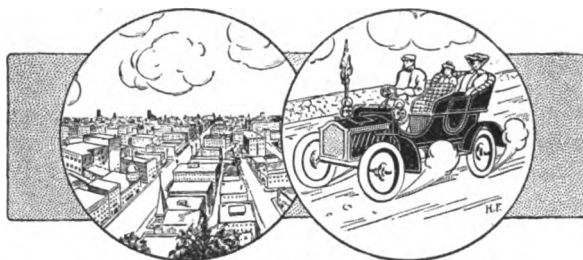
Of all our infant industries, the automobile is the most precocious. In value of product, it is now seventy times larger than the wheelbarrow, its humble ancestor in the horseless vehicle line. It is forty per cent. ahead of the sewing-machine, which is seventy years of age. It is running neck and neck with the piano, that veteran of the year 1710. It has

left behind it the tin plate, which has until now been regarded as our cleverest juvenile prodigy. And it has, during the past year, flashed past that oldest of all American businesses, the fur trade, which traces its ancestry almost as far back as Columbus.

These facts, and those to follow here, will come as a surprise to most people. Very likely not one of us in a dozen has even seen an automobile factory. For some unknown reason, the average automobile factory is a shy institution, hiding itself modestly in one of the smaller cities. Most of them are in Ohio and Michigan. Among the cities, the struggle for supremacy in this line has become a duel between Cleveland and Detroit. The Winton, Peerless, White, Baker, Stearns and Royal graduate from Cleveland; and the

Cadillac, Ford, Packard, Northern, Reid, and Wayne make their début from Detroit.

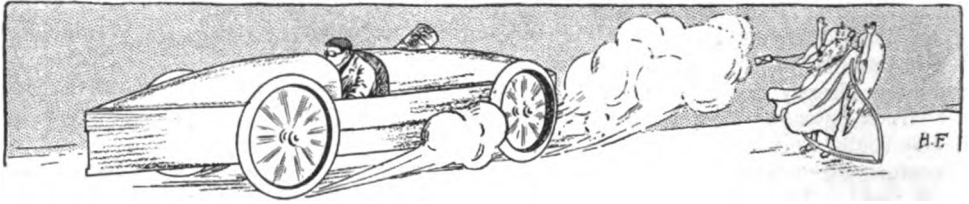
Some automobiles that have made small towns famous are the Oldsmobile, Reo, Daimler, Maxwell, Autocar, Grout,



WITH ONLY THREE PERSONS IN A CAR THE UNITED STATES HAS ENOUGH AUTOMOBILES TO TAKE EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN MINNEAPOLIS FOR A SPIN

Studebaker, Elmore, Haynes, Buick and Rambler. Others, that have not withdrawn from the larger cities, are the Locomobile, of Bridgeport; Pope and Columbia, of Hartford; Thomas, of Buffalo; Knox, of Springfield, Mass.; Franklin, of Syracuse; Yale, Kirk and Pope-Toledo, of Toledo, and Marmon, of Indianapolis.

It will be surprising if Michigan does not very soon improve its state seal by the addition of an automobile rampant. Last year it sold eight million dollars' worth of new machines, which were made by twenty-eight hundred men and six women. Thirty-three manufacturers have staked about five millions on the automobile's future—actually a million more than Michigan has invested in its famous breakfast foods. And in Lansing, the state capital, every seventh workman makes autos, every thirtieth family owns one, and the whole city is being Oldsmobilized to such an extent that you will hear on the streets and in the homes the language of the trade. A wife, for instance, who speaks Lansingese,



IT WAS A STANLEY STEAMER THAT AT THE SPEED TRIALS AT ORMOND, FLORIDA, LAST JANUARY, MADE THE AMAZING RECORD OF A MILE IN TWENTY-EIGHT AND ONE-FIFTH SECONDS

may say to her husband, "John, sprag the baby carriage so that it won't skid, and then speed up to the back-yard and put a muffler on the dog."

And so, instead of being a speculation, the automobile industry is now a trade. Instead of a fad, it is a necessity. Trades that were old when Rome and Greece were young are no better organized or more firmly established than this newcomer. Get the "Automobile Trade Directory" and you will see a handsome book of eighty-six pages. Compare the club lists and you will find that no club is superior to the "Automobile Club of America," either in the matter of business ability or social standing.

The larger interests of the business are protected by two national organizations. Every month forty experts meet in New York to compare notes. Every year there is a show of American makes,—a show not a whit less impressive than those of the Grand Palais—a show where our social celebrities gather, not to see one another, as at the Horse Show, but to see what new miracle the automobile makers have accomplished. In the recent double show in New York, there were more than five hundred exhibitors of over three hundred different models on exhibition.

If the business were not scattered through fourteen states—if it were concentrated into a City of Automobilia, it would form one of the largest fifty-six cities in the United States; its population would be seventy-five thousand. If the people who make the raw materials and sell the machines were to move into Automobilia, the city would boom into a rival of Denver. And if those who make their living driving or repairing automobiles were to be added, this five-year-old city would have a greater population than the State of New Mexico, or Delaware. The gross income of this new city would be about seventy-five millions—as much as the national revenues of the combined kingdoms of Portugal and Denmark.

We continue to import foreign autos, of course—more than two million dollars' worth in the first eight months of last year. They climbed in over a tariff barrier of forty-five per cent. If you ask why, you can be answered in two words—precedence and prestige. In the European races, which began twelve years ago, several makes of autos became famous. They were bought by kings. They were decorated with honors. They were talked about until their very names acquired a flavor, as of old wine. As yet, it is a heresy to say that the young American cars are just as good as the battle-scarred veterans of Europe. But when Tracey finished third in an American car last October, with only two of these famous foreign autos ahead of him, and a dozen behind, in the race for the Vanderbilt cup, the experts rubbed their eyes and changed their opinions. To arrive less than twenty-three minutes behind the fastest French car, in a race of two hundred and eighty-three miles, is not exactly a sign of incurable inferiority, for a six-year-old industry.

"The Yankee is now a terrible competitor," complains a French manufacturer. "American prices are below ours, and the body-work of American cars is more carefully made."

France sends us the autos of prestige. We send France the autos of utility. In all civilized countries, you will now see our handy runabouts, preparing the public mind and the private purse for the larger cars. At a recent auto show in Milan, three American makes were exhibited. The figures for last year are not yet compiled. But in 1904 we sold the outside world two million dollars' worth of our automobiles. Enough has been done to show that when our manufacturers get in earnest about the foreign trade, they will have no trouble to find buyers. Already European commerce is being enlivened by the vaudeville enterprise of a few American automobile agents. A recent cablegram an-

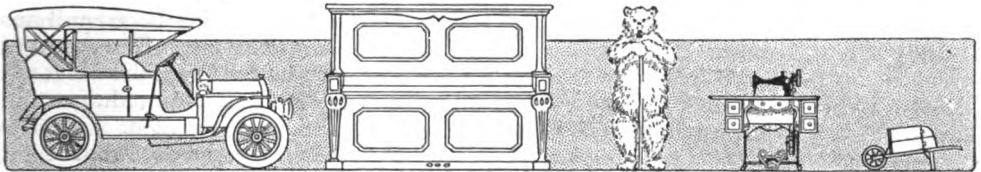
nounces that one of them has been arrested in Odessa for driving his car up a flight of stairs which is said to be the longest flight in the world. Result—publicity and many sales.

We have made eighty-two million dollars' worth of new cars in five years. But who can tell the vast amount that is being put into circulation by the seventy thousand automobiles that are chugg-chugging in every state in the Union. As an apparatus for the distribution of superfluous wealth, the automobile has never had an equal; it stands in a class by itself.

"What we need," says one of our professors, "is a workable arrangement to redistribute our congested wealth." Speaking half seriously, why is it that no professor has

tailors are now making a specialty of automobile clothes. Lamps for automobiles are being made by forty-five concerns; horns by fourteen; hampers by twenty-three; gloves by twenty; clocks by eleven, and cushions by twelve.

Apparently there is no connection between opticians and automobiles, yet here are seventeen who have begun to manufacture eyeshields. Ten makers of portable houses have rubbed out the word "house," and painted in the word "garage," thereby increasing the activity of their cash registers. Nineteen soap-makers have jumped through the open door of opportunity, and commenced to make special brands that are guaranteed to obliterate grime from the chauffeur's hands



IN VALUE OF PRODUCT IN AMERICA, THE AUTOMOBILE IS RUNNING NECK AND NECK WITH THE PIANO, HAS FLASHED PAST THE FUR TRADE, THE OLDEST AMERICAN BUSINESS, IS FORTY PER CENT. AHEAD OF THE SEWING-MACHINE, AND IS SEVENTY TIMES LARGER THAN THE WHEELBARROW

given the automobile its fair share of credit for scattering the golden seed? The steam-engine, for instance, was an invention which showed us how to *make* money. But the automobile is an invention which shows us how to spend it—quite a separate accomplishment.

At this point we have no exact figures. We have left Bradstreet's and find ourselves in the land of guesses. The encyclopedias and the latest census are dumb. Even in the average dictionary you will not find the word "automobile." The whole industry is almost as new as radium. But it is a fair estimate to say that our seventy thousand cars draw out an expenditure of seventy millions by their owners. When we call to mind that the Glidden tour of the world is costing thirty dollars a day; that Bowden, of Boston, spent fifty thousand dollars to do a mile in less than thirty-three seconds; and that dozens of young millionaires are almost inseparable from their automobiles, this estimate will seem much too little.

And this is not all. This rising tide of automobile trade has deepened the water in many a remote harbor. In the "Automobile Trade Directory" I find that thirty-seven

and green oil from his hair. A dozen trade journals—"too many," say the manufacturers—are distributing the news of the business.

"What is to become of the coachmakers, innkeepers and horsedealers?" demanded Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin in the British Parliament, when it was proposed to give a charter to Stephenson's first railroad. The admiral soon found, to his surprise, that the railroad created ten new trades for every one that it displaced. And the automobile will do no less. In spite of what a few enthusiasts are predicting, the automobile will not decrease the traffic of the railroads.

On the contrary, the auto is the best drummer the railroads have ever had. It cultivates the instinct of travel, upon which the railroads largely depend. It supplies them with a new kind of highly profitable freight. Last year, for example, about seven thousand freight cars were needed to transport automobiles from factory to garage. And so far as hurting the horse market is concerned, here is the fact, however it can be explained: twelve years ago, the average price of horses was sixty-five dollars; to-day it is a hundred and thirty. Knowing this, what horse can feel resentful of its tooting competitor?

Absolutely new professions are springing up to serve this wheeled Pegasus. There is the chauffeur. Is he not a new species of man? Part coachman, part mechanic, part traveling companion—on what level of the social scale can we place him? He has points of contact with all classes. No matter how snobbish his employer may be, it is somewhat difficult to feel that a man is a social inferior when he converses of "float-feed carburetors" and "epicycloidal transmission." In one of the most popular of English automobile novels, a viscount masquerades as a professional chauffeur, and, as he might have expected, no one penetrates his disguise. There were so many other chauffeurs with the manners of viscounts that he passed through sixteen chapters without detection.

The ideal chauffeur, no doubt, still has his residence mainly in fiction. But the fact remains that his profession calls for a remarkable combination of accomplishments. Above all, he must have what we might call auto-sense—a sort of mechanical presence of mind. The first school for chauffeurs was opened in 1904 by the New York Y. M. C. A., with a hundred and thirty-six students. Purdue University, Indiana, announces that it is now prepared to turn out chauffeurs as part of its finished product. So, in a year or two, if we notice the letters M.S.A. after a man's name, we may know that it means "Master of Scientific Automobiling."

"Two of our best chauffeurs were milking cows and hoeing potatoes a year ago," said C. B. Brokaw, principal of the New York school; "to-day they are getting a hundred dollars a month each."

Another new profession, one which is still under the head of unfinished business, is road-making. How to make a dustless and durable road—that is the problem. Some road-makers are experimenting with oil and tar, to make dust impossible. Steel roads have been suggested by Charles M. Schwab. Several states are taking up the work in a large way; Pennsylvania has just spent six or seven millions; New York has just voted to spend fifty millions within the next ten years. The "Old Cumberland Road" between Washington, D. C., and St. Louis, which

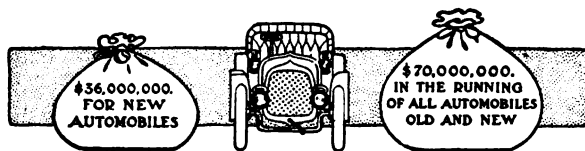
comes perhaps the nearest to being a satisfactory inter-state highway, will probably be the first road to be made really fit for automobile traffic.

In that mysterious region of an automobile that lies under the hood, there are parts of the machinery that require an entirely new kind of steel, a certain glassy quality which is now being made especially for the manufacturers of automobiles. And so it is in the other trades that supply raw materials; dealers in leather, brass, aluminum, wood, in everything that enters into the construction of the machine, are being forced to specialize to meet the demands of this new customer, who is clamoring for something better than the best.

Then there is real estate. What the automobile will eventually do in opening up new territory is a dream of millions. What it has already done is astonishing. The secret of its influence upon land values is this—it is not limited to a certain track, like a railway train. It goes wherever there is a road. In New York State, for instance, there are about eight thousand miles of railway and seventy-four thousand miles of roads. An automobile can reach nine times as much territory as the railway does—more, if we take into account the fact that a railway train stops at its stations only.

With a good automobile, a doctor can visit a patient at least thirty miles away, and return to his office the same afternoon; he becomes the center of a circle a hundred miles in diameter; he has a practice that covers an

area of three thousand square miles. A city-bred family can now live in the country without leaving their physician, their



THE AUTOMOBILE IS A LIVELY FACTOR IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

lawyer or their friends behind them. Our cities will become less like pyramids and more like parks. The country home and hotel will flourish. Already the deserted farms of New England are being sold for fairly remunerative prices.

Ten years ago an automobile attracted as much attention as though it were a giraffe, even in our large cities. To-day it goes wherever the roads do. It has climbed Mount Washington—six miles—in less than twenty-one minutes. It has scrambled up Pike's Peak, and spun through the sand of

the Nevada Desert. It has been adopted in the Army, the Post-Office, the Fire Department, in all public institutions, in short, except the Navy.

Even in its original character as a racing toy, the automobile does more to put money in circulation than most of us imagine. A race such as the recent one for the Vanderbilt Cup is a sport for kings—money-kings, at least. Those nineteen racers that whirled around the course like the rings of Saturn—every one of them represented a small fortune. Five hundred thousand dollars could not have bought them. Five hundred flagmen were employed to police the track. Gangs of laborers, the week before, had oiled the twenty-eight miles of road until it shone like a glossy strip of leather belting. Fifteen telephone booths around the course sent bulletins to the official megaphoner at the grand stand. Dozens of farmers got a pocketful of nickles apiece selling sandwiches and milk. And, best of all, at this particular race, an American car proved that it was practically the equal of the renowned racers of Italy and France. All of which means business, the investment of more capital, the payment of more wages, the greater comfort of more American homes.

"Give the races full credit for developing the automobile trade," said a well known New York automobilist, Mr. E. R. Thomas, when the writing of this article was mentioned to him; "the automobile is the machine of speed, and always will be. A race is a fair test. It enables the fittest machine to forge to the front. Generally, in the winning of a race, ninety per cent. of the credit should go to the car and ten per cent. to the chauffeur, though now and then, as in the case of Lancia, the chauffeur is the main factor."

What the grand total is, in this carnival of expenditure, no one can say. Even a guess might come fifty millions short of the mark. As we have seen, there have been spent during the year more than thirty-six millions for new machines and about seventy millions in the running of all automobiles, old and new. Add to this the millions for roads, and the still greater sum for country homes. Then add the rise in suburban real estate and the innumerable small amounts that are enriching the farms and villages. Nothing short of this could give us an accurate idea of what the automobile means to the United States, in the expansion of our trade and the promotion of our prosperity.

In the making of automobiles, we were slow to begin. We certainly made no flying start in the international race. But the indications are that we will do as we did in the making of steel—flounder about for several years, through lack of confidence and capital, and then sweep with a rush to the championship of the world. Already we have something original to our credit—the making of cheap and hardy machines that are within the reach of the non-millionaire class. To democratize the automobile seems to be the world-task of our manufacturers.

"Our real purpose," says Dave H. Morris, president of the Automobile Club of America, "is to develop the automobile as a reliable method of transportation for all the world, and not simply for the rich."

Full credit will always be given to France. When other nations were skeptical of the automobile, France had faith in its future. When other nations said, "It is a dream," France said, "I will make it a fact." But, naturally, France built for the few who could afford an expensive plaything, and for the billiard-table roads of France. It has remained for the United States to produce, not only the highest class machines, but also a new sort of cheap and strong car for popular use. These simple runabouts are doing more to expand the trade than any other one thing. They act as the thin end of the wedge. "People first buy cheap automobiles, then expensive ones," said Mr. E. R. Thomas.

The American idea is to build a car which the owner can drive himself. Of course our simplest machines are not fool-proof, nor ever will be. But our inventors have taken the French car, and adapted it to our roads and to the average pocket-book most successfully. "Automobiles for the people," is the motto of American manufacturers. The state carriage of the great Emperor Charlemagne, without springs and hauled by oxen, was a pretty poor vehicle compared with the runabouts that can now be bought for less than seven hundred dollars.

It is still possible for a careless chauffeur to run his expense account up to four thousand a year. But the total cost of maintaining an auto need not be more than from nine to fifteen cents a mile. One manufacturer is even claiming that his cars can be run at a repair cost of twenty-five dollars a year. For fuel, a gallon of gasoline costs twenty cents at retail, and drives the car twenty miles. And the durability of our American cars is miracu-

lous; a thousand-dollar car may be expected to run, with fair treatment, thirty-six thousand miles. One sturdy car recently ran six thousand miles without a break—an astonishing feat when it is remembered that in such a trip the flywheel would have made forty-two million revolutions, and the cylinders would have exploded eighty-four million times. Such performances show that the automobile is no longer a delicate toy, but a reliable commercial article.

We are bound to lead in this new industry. Already we are making more machines than France. We have the largest home market. Already we sell two million dollars' worth annually to foreign countries—one-seventh as much as France. And, according to figures published last November by the *London Times*, the British automobile trade is only half as large as ours. We have four hundred and thirty-five thousand families who own at least twenty thousand dollars' worth of property, says a recent authority. Add to this number those who have little or no property, but large salaries, and the total number of families who can easily afford to have an automobile is increased to a half million. Many enthusiasts will have more than one car. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owns fourteen, and Colonel J. J. Astor twenty-two. Five hundred thousand automobiles for pleasure, and probably twice as many for freight! Such is a moderate estimate of the future—the near future—of the automobile.

Another reason for our supremacy is that the automobile suits us better than it suits any other nation. We are a restless people. We are not moss-gatherers. Wherever we are, we generally want to be somewhere else. The automobile appeals to our love of travel and to our self-reliance. The railway train is fast enough; but it carries us as if we were freight. We have no choice. We sit passively in seats like so many bags of rice. The engineer and conductor always appear to be our masters, and not our servants. But in the automobile, there is a difference. It is as free as a horse, as tireless as a locomotive, as independent as the United States.

An automobile is like a magical body, of which the driver is the soul. The man who grasps its wheel and feels its pulsing life beneath him, has the joy of a worm that wakes to find itself with wings. Now that the automobile has arrived, man's chrysalis stage is ended. With no thought for time-tables, no worry over tickets or lower berths, you fly

through an enchanted land like a cage-bred swallow that has suddenly been set free. Now, perhaps, we have found out why nature tantalized man by giving him a brain of fire in a body of clay. We have the pleasure of completing ourselves, as we might say, and of making our fairy tales come true.

"Better than dancing on a perfect floor with a perfect partner to pluperfect music, better than eating when you're awfully hungry, better than holding out your hands to a fire when they're numb with cold," exclaims the heroine of an automobile novel, when telling her father of a ride through Italy.

Scientists may say that the automobile has no consciousness; but the automobilist knows better. How can anything be really dead that has the language of a living creature, the whims of a woman, the obstinacy of a man? When an automobile is happy, how it purrs like a cat on a cushion! When it is out of sorts, how it wails and gnashes its gear-teeth! How gentle it can be, and how fierce! To-day it glides pensively along, silent as the hills. To-morrow it dashes wildly, with glaring acetylene eyes and with the roar of a Gatling gun.

As yet, there is little sentiment about the automobile. It is too young. But has it not inspired Kipling, Maeterlinck and Henley? Von Herkomer, too, a Bavarian artist, has represented "The Future" as a maiden bound to the front of a racing automobile. And the "automobile honeymoon" has become the proper thing. Sentiment takes time to grow. It is the moss that gathers on old memories.

"There will not be a horse in New York City south of Forty-second Street in ten years," prophesied Samuel A. Miles, manager of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, when I asked him about the future of the automobile industry. "A factory that produced ten automobiles five years ago," he said, "can now produce a hundred. The mushroom firms are falling out. No amount of capital can take the place of experience. And we are entering upon an era of safe and sane automobiling, leaving behind us the craze for terrific speed."

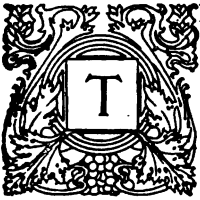
Perhaps the horse—poor old hay-motor—must go. Perhaps not. But whether he goes or stays, it seems to be pretty clear from these facts that our automobile industry enters the new year with golden prospects. There is a straight road ahead, and no speed limits.

DAN WEST

BY

FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD



HE sunset glowed, raw gold between the purple hills, in the far end of the valley, and a young man flung the reins over the backs of his head-bowed team, stooping to unhook them from the plow, at the end of the furrow.

"For the last time," he said, "for the last time."

There was no pathos in the words, rather pure exultation, as of a prisoner loosed. He gathered up the lines, slapped old Dolly on her broad flank, and they moved across the fields to the big red barn. The young man stabled and fed his horses, washed at the barn pump and went in to supper, the rich hot smell of which came out across the yard to meet him.

In the midst of the meal he looked across at the gray-haired man opposite him, cleared his throat nervously, and spoke.

"I'm going to the city to-morrow, father," he said.

The old man laid down knife and fork, swallowed a hot mouthful suddenly, gulped down some water, and stared across at his son.

"What for?" he asked; "what do you want in the city?"

"I'm going to try my luck," said the son.

"You're going to stay?"

"Yes."

"But I can't spare you, Dan. I need you here, I'm getting old. How'm I going to run the place?"

"The fall plowing's done," said the young man. "There won't be much to do till spring. I'm going to try my luck this winter in the city. I'm tired of farming, father."

The old man resumed his meal with trembling fingers.

"I've seen it coming," he said resignedly. "I know how you feel; I had it, too. I don't blame you, Dan, but it's kinder hard on me."

"You'll have Christine to cook for you," said Dan quickly, "and there won't be much work. I've got to go, father. I can't stand it."

"I know," said his father. "It's all right, Dan. I suppose I'll get along all right with Christine, only she ain't much company, being a Swede. But I'll get along. When you planning to start?"

"To-morrow."

They finished the meal in a silence that was constrained, for though silence was a regular part of their meals together, to-night it was different. There was so much to say that both felt the weight of inability to speak. Afterward they smoked their pipes together, and still found nothing to say. The old man knocked out the

dottle at the end, and opened his mouth as though to speak, whether advice, admonition, request, Dan West was never to know; he seemed to change his mind, and slowly got to his feet.

"I guess I'll go to bed," he said.

"Good-night, father," said the young man.

"Good-night, Dan," returned the father, and taking a lamp which the Swede girl lighted for him he went his way upstairs.

Dan finished his own pipe, then taking his hat went out. His way led down through the orchard and across the bridge over the creek, up the opposite slope to a farmhouse where a light shone in a lower window. He whistled all the way, and he was a wonderful whistler, trilling full-throated like a warbling thrush.

The door opened to meet him and framed a girl.

"I heard you coming," she laughed, as he neared.

He was bubbling over with his great news.

"I'm going away, Linda," he cried; "I'm going to the city."

He could not see her face for the light was behind her, but something stopped him short.

"I'm going to make my fortune," he added. "Aren't you glad?"

"Why, yes, Dan," she said; "but—but what will your father do without you?"

"Oh, he'll get along first-rate with Christine."

They sat down on the porch in the cool September air, and he told her his eager plans. He had never been to the city, and it loomed in his imagination only as a place of infinite opportunities. There men made money and really lived, lost their provincialisms, and proved their worth. He had dreamed his golden dreams till they seemed real and tangible. He had but to go, and all things would be his.

The girl listened, and when he paused, spoke with a note of hurt in her voice.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going, Dan?"

"I didn't make up my mind till to-day," he answered.

"And you're going to-morrow."

"To-morrow morning," he answered, with a ring in his voice. "And Linda," he went on, "some day I'm coming back

with a lot of money. I know I can make it if I get up there once. Others have, and I'm sure I can."

"Of course you can, Dan," she said; "nobody doubts that."

He reached out in the darkness and took her hand.

"Will you wait for me, Linda?" he said; "I don't think it'll be long. And as soon as I've made enough, I'll come back for you. Will you wait for me, Linda?"

The girl turned, trembling, toward him, her fingers gripped his own convulsively; then, before either knew what had happened, his arms were around her and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Oh, Danny," she cried, "I don't want you to go! I don't want you to go!"

And he comforted her, clumsily, with his face against her hair, holding her close with his hard young arms, till the sobbing ceased and she clung to him silently, content with her present moment. After a time she turned her face up to his.

"You'll write to me, Dan?"

"Of course I will."

"And tell me every single thing?"

"Yes," he promised, and kissed her wet eyes and her parted lips till she hid her face on his shoulder again.

"Oh, Danny," she whispered, "isn't it wonderful?" And for answer he turned her face upward and kissed her again.

Next morning he ate a silent breakfast, did his chores for the last time, said good-by to his father, waved his hat to a fluttering handkerchief across the valley, then turned his back on it all and went out into the world. And the same Dan West the valley never saw again.

Linda had a letter a week later. He had secured a position and was in the highest spirits. With her to work for, nothing could hold him back. He would come for her in a year, perhaps in six months—that gave her heart a flutter—the city was all he had anticipated, and more, only the noise kept him awake at night, and the air was foul with soot and filth. But it was all strange and wonderful, and he was a part of it at last, making his fortune, glad he was there.

She took that letter to bed with her and slept with it in her hand, and when she said her prayers there was no petition that he might succeed, only a plea that he be kept from harm and returned to her safe. Not



He wished the boy would come back. The farm was going to ruin

for an instant did she doubt his success. Dan West fail? Her Dan? Oh, no!

For months the letters came regularly, and she carried them in her dress, wore them out with reading, and sent her answers, pouring out her girl's heart full of faith and hope and love.

Then came a letter that troubled her. It was cheerful, but Dan had lost his position. He did not say why, and with almost a maternal solicitude her anger burned against the miserable wretches who had turned her Dan away.

The answer she sent him was filled with sympathy and perfect understanding. Her faith never wavered. She was content to wait till he was ready.

Meantime, as always, she treasured his last letter, waiting anxiously for the next—and the next never came. For a month she waited—wondering, questioning, excusing him to herself. It was thoughtless, but he was probably so busy he could find no time to write. Then her own last letter came back from the dead-letter office.

In an agony of fear, she humbled her pride and went to his father. The old man looked older, grayer, and more bent than ever. He met her without surprise, and listened without great interest.

No, he had not heard. The last letter had told of Dan's losing his place. There had been no word since. He wished the boy would come back. The farm was going to ruin. *He* couldn't keep things going, and to get help was impossible. It wasn't right. Dan ought to have stayed at home.

The girl listened with a sinking sense of dread. What had happened? Her mind evolved a hundred wild imaginings, and shrank from them.

She wrote again, and again the letter came back, uncalled for. Then she gave up hope. He was dead, and she seemed to die herself, at least so far as her heart went. She taught her little school through the winter in a sort of blind routine. Even her gruff, unseeing father suggested that she needed a rest. But her mother knew enough to guess the whole, and said nothing. And with a pride that was part of her birthright, the girl locked her secret in her heart, wept silently in the night, and faced the day and its duties with a fortitude that grew upon its exercise as the weeks passed into months and years.

It was in May, four years later, that a man came walking into the valley, following the railroad with his eyes on the monoto-

nous sleepers. He was a tall, thin man, clean shaven and with tired eyes. His clothes hung loose and baggy as though they had been wet and had dried upon him.

As he reached the notch in the hills where the railroad, after its climb, dips down to the green valley, he paused and looked over the scene below him. His brows were gathered in deep wrinkles and his lips met in close lines, drooping at the corners.

He picked out and named aloud farm after farm spread out beneath him, till away toward the eastern end his eyes met a clump of trees that would be an orchard, and a house and barn which, even at that distance, showed neglect. He took a deep breath and turned his eyes a little to the right, across the creek. Then he dropped his gaze to the ties beneath him, and started down the grade.

Half way down the long easy incline he glanced up again. A procession was forming outside the little white church in the center of the valley. He paused to watch. There were carriages in front and a cluster of people. Six men emerged bearing a burden between them.

"A funeral," said the stranger, and again bent his way downward. A half mile farther he met a barefoot boy.

"Who's dead?" he stopped to ask.

"Old man West," replied the lad, and watched the stranger go forward, stumbling over the ties, and wondered if he was drunk.

So Dan West came home, changed beyond knowing. Christine found him in the kitchen when she returned from the funeral. He was sitting with his head on his two hands and his eyes on the worn floor. Rock, the setter, aged and stiff, sat with him, resting a nose on his knee.

Christine was about to send him away, when he rose and turned toward her with a look that frightened her.

"I'm Dan," he said simply, hardly. "Get me something to eat, Christine," and the woman stared a moment and obeyed, speechless and gaping.

Aaron West had died without a will, and the farm was Dan's. This he learned from Squire Elmer, his father's lawyer, along with the fact that within the year the place had been mortgaged heavily, and most of the money used to pay outstanding debts.

Dan received the information stoically, and having learned how he stood in material affairs, retired, as it were, into a shell of

his own making, and left the valley to speculate as it might.

And the valley used the privilege to the full. There were ugly stories told and retold. None, it is true, could have traced them to a foundation, but then none took the pains to trace them at all. So they circulated as facts and in time took on the circumstantial earmarks of facts, lacking nothing of the verisimilitude of truth.

Dan, if he heard, took no trouble to deny. He had ordered his days, and was working the old place to its limit of productiveness. Christine, after declaring she would not, consented to stay, and ultimately transferred to the son the somewhat somber Scandinavian fidelity she had bestowed upon the father.

Meantime across the creek, up the opposite slope, Linda spent night after night, wondering, questioning, hoping at first, in the end denying to herself her hope. She saw him almost daily, for he was always at work in his fields, but if he ever saw her, he gave no sign.

Finally there grew in her an almost bitter



CHRISTINE FOUND HIM IN THE KITCHEN WHEN SHE RETURNED FROM THE FUNERAL

sense of injustice. *She* had kept her faith. He had let his die. Passionately, then, she denied her heart and put him out of her thought. The Dan West she had known was dead.

She got out the old, worn letters, intending to burn them; but when they were in her hands, she found the task beyond her; they had become a part of her during the years. They formed her sole link with the boy who had gone away, and who was dead, and she put them back reverently, without a thought of their connection with the living man across the valley.

How long this situation might have lasted, had not Christine sprained her ankle, neither ever knew. But Dan, forced to make a visit to the store, on returning came face to face with Linda in the narrow way. The girl was the calmer of the two. She smiled, as she would to any acquaintance, wished him a "good-morning," and passed on.

Dan found no answer to her greeting, but when she had passed, he turned and, standing silent, watched her out of sight. Then he went on toward his farm, his eyes burning, his mouth tight-locked, his big, loose shoulders drooping as though tired.

For the first day since his return he did no work. Instead, he went to the foot of the orchard and sitting on an outcrop of granite, with Rock, the aged, sleeping at his feet, looked for hours across the dip of the valley to the farther slope.

He had expected her to scorn him; scorn and disdain he recognized as his desert. If she had passed him with averted eyes, he would have bowed his head and said nothing. It was her right. The fact, then, that she greeted him pleasantly, even if coldly—and he made no error in his judgment of her attitude—demanded a readjustment of his own fixed determination with regard to her. That evening he knocked at the door across the valley, and Linda herself opened it.

"Good-evening, Mr. West," she greeted him, "won't you come in? Father is——"

He stood his ground stolidly.

"Linda," he interrupted her, "I've come to—tell you. May I come in?"

There was that in the man's voice that shook her very soul, choked her with sudden yearning to comfort him, swept away all her resolutions in a flood of pity.

"Suppose we sit out here," she said gently, and closed the door behind her.

"I failed, Linda," he blurted out at once. "I suppose you guessed that."

"We thought you were dead," said the girl. Dan looked at her quickly, then looked away.

"It would have been better," he said simply. "I failed. I couldn't do it. After all my talk, I found I lacked the ability. And, more than that, I lacked the courage to come home and admit it."

"I worked with all my might, Linda. I tried hard, first one thing and then another, and it was no use. I lost one position after another, and I hadn't the courage to let you know. That's why I stopped writing. I knew how you trusted me—you did trust me then, Linda, I have letters to prove it—and I couldn't make myself write and tell you the miserable truth. I knew how you would despise me——"

"Dan!" cried the girl.

"Oh, I know you wouldn't have let me know it, Linda, but you couldn't have helped despising me. Think how I had talked and promised, and how cock-sure I was. It almost makes me laugh. I never really lost hope till this spring. Then somehow it came over me how utterly useless it all was. I was a farmer, and always would be, and I suddenly went homesick for the valley, and for father, and—for you, Linda."

"So I came back, and you know the rest. It wasn't easy to come and face the valley with my failure, and I've avoided meeting people all I could. They have guessed, but nobody *knows*, and I didn't mean to tell any one."

"But you have a right to know, Linda. I thought it all out this afternoon. I don't expect you to care for me. I'm a miserable failure. But you did care once, and you had a right to know. So I came to tell you."

"Dan," said Linda slowly, "do you think you were fair to me?"

"Fair?" he said, "not to write you the truth?"

"Yes," she said.

"I couldn't, Linda. I was working at five dollars a week and wasn't able to hold the job. I couldn't write."

"Didn't you know that I would have understood?" she asked.

"No," he answered honestly; "I used to wonder what you would think. And I



"I THINK I'D BETTER GO"

lacked the courage to tell you the truth. So I just went ahead, always hoping I'd strike something I could do, and be able in time to come back as I had planned. I was a fool ever to leave. The farm's the place for me."

A silence came between them, and after a time he rose.

"I think I'd better go," he said. "I'm glad you let me tell you. All along I've meant to come back and tell *you*. Good-by, Linda."

The girl roused as from stupor.

"Don't go, Dan," she said; "I—I want to talk."

He sat down beside her obediently and waited.

"Dan," she said, "tell me. Was there—any other? Was that the reason you didn't write?"

"Any other?" said Dan uncomprehendingly, "any other girl, you mean? Oh, Linda!"

"What are you going to do now, Dan?" she asked quickly.

"I'm going to work the farm. I can do that. It's mortgaged, so I've got something to work for, at least till I get it clear."

He spoke without enthusiasm. The girl put her hand on his arm in a quick sympathy.

"Dan," she said, "let me help you."

He turned to her with a strange wonder in his eyes.

"Linda," he said incredulously, "do you mean—could you care for me again?"

She looked him bravely in the face.

"Do you suppose I've ever stopped caring, Dan?" she asked.

"But I'm worthless, Linda!" he cried. "I'm a failure! I can't ask you to take me back. I'm not worth your love."

"Oh, Danny boy," she answered.

"Do you mean it, Linda?"

"Yes, Dan," she said, and with something like a sob the man's head bowed till his face was hidden in her lap, and he felt her fingers on his hair like a benediction.

It was some time before either spoke.

"Perhaps, Dan," she said finally, "perhaps we needed this experience, you and I. They say it is trouble that builds character. Perhaps we're better and stronger for these five years. And we're young. We can begin all over again, and forget——"

He straightened up suddenly.

"Linda," he said, "do you still have faith in me, after what I've told you?"

"A faith to remove mountains, Dan," she answered, smiling.

The man's shoulders were squared and his head thrown back.

"I don't understand it, Linda," he said; "I didn't think you could. But it makes me feel like a man once more, and as long as you believe in me I can do a man's work. I'm not ashamed to look men in the face now. It was all a mistake, and we'll forget it, and begin over again."

He drew her to him gently. Her face was upturned to his, and as he bent and kissed her almost reverently, the gray eyes closed and she smiled with a great content. When Dan West went home across the valley that night, he went with his head held proudly high, and he whistled in the face of the world as he had not whistled for five years.

A SAILOR OF FORTUNE

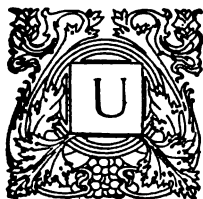
BEING THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN B. S. OSBON,
IN MAXIMILIAN'S TIME, ADMIRAL OF THE MEXICAN NAVY;
AND DURING THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD, FLEET SIGNAL-OFFICER TO
ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

BY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

AUTHOR OF "THOMAS NAST—A PICTURE OF THE TIMES WHEN HISTORY WAS WARM IN THE MAKING," ETC.

MR. FOX CATCHES HIS GAME AT LAST



UPON my return from the Ogeechee I made another brief but profitable venture into the lecture field. I announced that I would give a talk at Niblo's Garden on "Fighting with Iron Vessels," and a large crowd gathered to hear me. Captain Ericsson made me a number of chalk drawings on a blackboard—diagrams and the like—all remarkable for their beauty and detail; various shipbuilders contributed a number of fine models; and I told the story of the battles of the *Montauk*, with a net result of nine hundred dollars for this one lecture.

Nor was this the only lecture I gave that day—the first having been delivered to the smallest audience I ever entertained, and at the highest price of admission. Niblo's Garden was then owned by the great merchant A. T. Stewart, who with a friend had dropped in during the morning. Noticing the drawings and models, he had asked what they were to illustrate.

I happened to overhear the question, and replied, "They are to be used in my lecture on monitors and their fighting value. Having served in one, I am going to give a talk on the subject. If you will sit down for a moment I will give you some idea of what I intend to say."

Mr. Stewart and his friend sat down willingly enough, and I spent about twenty minutes in telling them the story of the *Montauk*. When I had finished they thanked me and

went away. I called next morning at Mr. Stewart's store to pay for the rent of the hall, the price of which was one hundred dollars. When I had settled this matter with the cashier, I was told that Mr. Stewart desired to see me, and a little later was ushered into his private office. He was very cordial and asked me if I had done well with my lecture—once more thanking me for the entertainment of the day before. He then bade me good-morning, and as I passed out the cashier handed me my receipt for the hall rent and with it a sealed envelope. When I was out on the street I opened the envelope with some curiosity, expecting possibly the price of two tickets, certainly not more, for Mr. Stewart had the name of being somewhat parsimonious. What was my surprise and gratification to find nice new bills to the amount of one hundred dollars. Mr. Stewart had remitted my fine.

I START A NEWS BUREAU

I have now arrived at the sequel to the Fort Sumter episode—the unhappy result of having omitted from my report of that expedition, by his own request, the name of Gustavus V. Fox, later assistant secretary of the Navy. As we have already seen, the relief expedition had been Fox's idea, and a failure. He had expected public censure on his return, and as a special favor to him I had omitted his name from my news report. When, therefore, the patriotic public rose up and bestowed honor upon the expedition and

all connected therewith, the friends of Mr. Fox naturally inquired why he had received no mention in my article. He declared that he could not explain my motive, whereupon I promptly stated the facts in full, with the result that Fox became very bitter, using his influence as assistant secretary to oppose and handicap me in my work, even seeking to discredit me with Secretary Welles. Eventually his opportunity to punish me came. It happened in this wise:

Frederic Hudson retired from the management of the *Herald*, and during the latter part of 1864 I, also, resigned my position on that paper to establish a bureau of naval intelligence, from which I sent news to various journals, both in New York City and elsewhere, this being one of the first news syndicates—the very first, so far as I know. Being in touch with the officers in the various squadrons, news came to me freely—commanders sometimes sending advance news, with the request that it should not be used until officially reported by the Government. It was late in December, 1864, when the combined attack by land and sea was to be made on Fort Fisher, North Carolina, and several days in advance Admiral Porter forwarded me his final order of battle, from which I had prepared a carefully written preliminary story of the operations. This, manifolded, had been sent out to fifteen or twenty papers, with the express understanding that it was not to be published until news of the actual attack had been received. Every paper stood by the agreement but one. A rumor of an attack was circulated, and one journal in its desire to be “prompt” did not wait for verification, but printed my matter in full.

ARRESTED AND PLACED IN PRISON

This was Mr. Fox's opportunity. Technically I had violated the Fifty-ninth Article of War, and by the assistant secretary's orders I was arrested, charged with having given intelligence to the enemy. On the first day of January, 1865—two weeks before the battle really took place—I was taken into custody at my office in New York City, and without being allowed to communicate with any of my friends, was hurried to Washington and confined in the old Capitol Prison, where many a better man than I suffered long and ignominious imprisonment to satisfy the pique of some public official.

It was three months from the day of my imprisonment before I saw daylight again. Then, one rainy morning, I was escorted by two soldiers to the headquarters of the Military Commission, where I refused to plead to the charge of furnishing the enemy with information, suggesting that they shoot me first and try me afterward, as had been done in the case of two of my predecessors. I was taken back to my cell, and Senator Charles Sumner, whom I had never met, interested himself in my case, with the result that, though I still remained in limbo, the Military Commission was abolished.

Meantime my father came to Washington and visited me in prison, asking me immediately if I was guilty.

I replied that I had done no intentional wrong, that, whatever else I might be, I was not a traitor to my country.

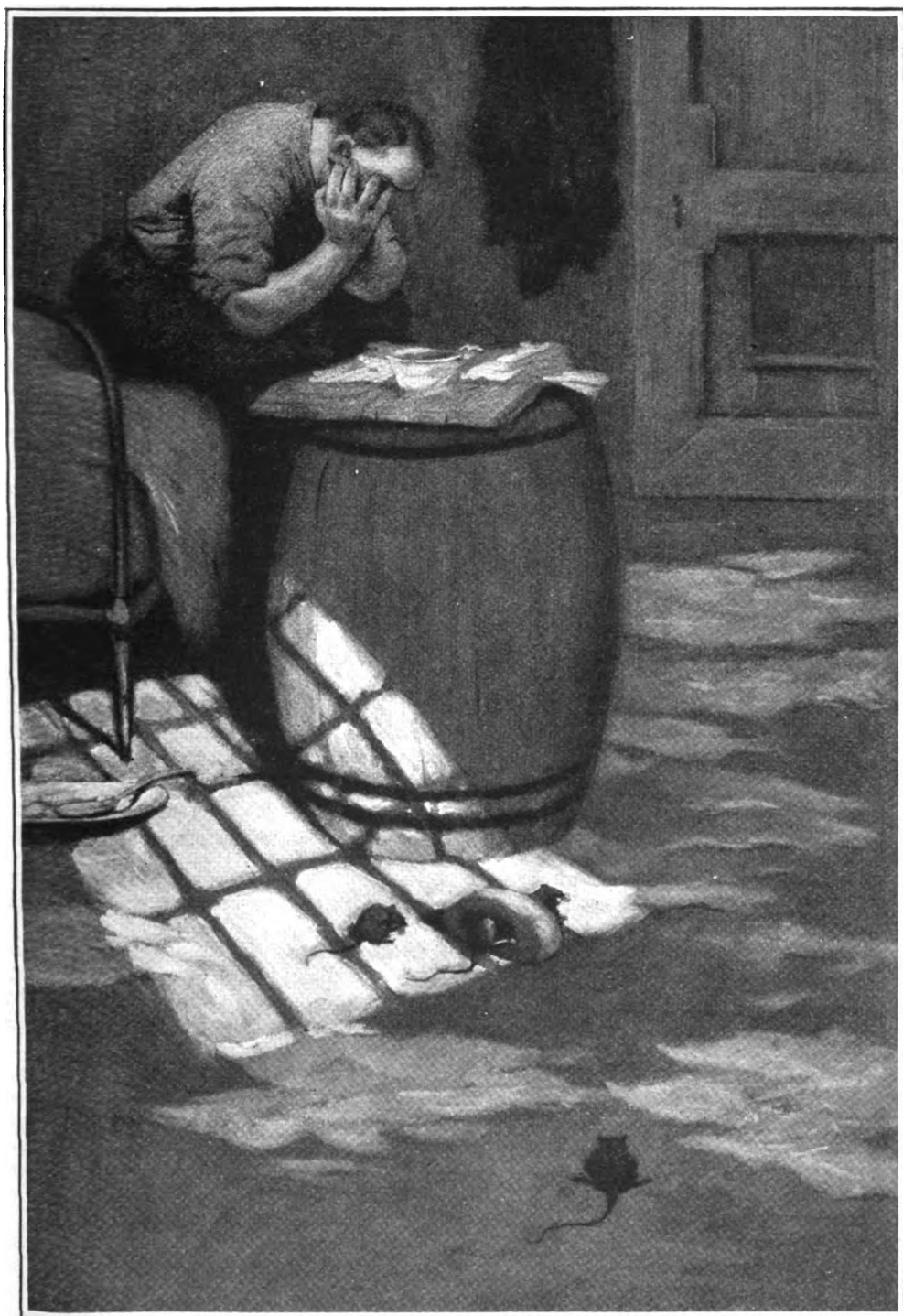
PRESIDENT LINCOLN PROMISES TO STAND BY ME

My father then went up to the White House and told my story to Mr. Lincoln, who listened attentively, and said:

“Doctor, your son is not a traitor. I know him well—he *couldn't* be. My advice is to have him stand trial, by all means. If they do manage to convict him, which I don't believe they will, I will see that he is not shot.”

My father came back with the news that Mr. Lincoln had agreed to stand by me, which was most comforting, for months of confinement in a wretched cell take the cheer out of the strongest heart.

A few days later I was called down-stairs and told to pack my belongings. There being no longer a Military Court in Washington, I was to be taken to New York for trial. Arriving in that city, I was conducted first to General Dix's headquarters in Bleeker Street, thence to Ludlow Street Jail, where I was made comparatively comfortable and treated with unusual consideration, for the story of my unjust arrest and incarceration had been exhaustively published in the New York papers. General Dix, always a good friend, had given orders that I was to be brought to see him whenever I wished to come, and I visited him often. Then one morning my trial by court-martial began, and for several days I was a figure of national interest—the papers everywhere commenting freely on what they declared was an unjusti-



IT WAS THREE MONTHS FROM THE DAY OF MY IMPRISONMENT BEFORE I SAW DAYLIGHT AGAIN

fiable proceeding on the part of public officials—one paper, the *Tribune*, asserting that it had cost the Government sixty thousand dollars to try an innocent man. The farce closed at last, with a verdict of acquittal—a fortunate one for me, for, during the days of my trial, that great and noble man who had promised to stand by me—Abraham Lincoln, the man whom of all others I shall most revere to my dying day—was shot down, and his body taken through New York City with-

out my being able to pay any small tribute to his sacred dust.

When everything was over, and I was a free man once more, an old shipbuilder whom I had known for many years called me to his office one day and handed me a package.

"This is a little testimonial," he said, "from your friends in this city. Take it and go into the country and recuperate."

The package contained five thousand dollars in cash.

I BECAME A PART OF THE MEXICAN PROBLEM



HAVE already briefly referred to the allied fleets of England, France and Spain, which in February, 1862, were lying in Havana Harbor, their purpose being to compel payment of the very large sums due from the Mexican Republic, with the ulterior motive of usurpation, on the part of France.

It is true that England and Spain withdrew from the alliance when the French scheme became evident, but not before they had given force and character to the expedition, which was precisely as the wily French sovereign had planned.

Like his great uncle, Napoleon III was ambitious of conquest. He saw in Mexico a vast empire over which he would exercise suzerainty, and so command a key position in the Western World. With the Mexican Republic in so chaotic a state as it was in the early sixties, and with the United States in no position to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, the French ruler without much difficulty bore down upon the disordered Government of Benito Juarez, and in 1864 established the so-called Mexican Empire—seating a ruler of his own selection, Ferdinand Joseph Maximilian of Austria, on the throne.

The story of Prince Maximilian and his beautiful wife, Carlotta of Belgium, is one of the saddest in all history. They were ideally wed and lived in perfect happiness in one of the most beautiful of European castles, Miramar, on the Adriatic, near Trieste. Maximilian had been admiral of the Austrian Navy and governor of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, filling each office with great honor, beloved by those about him. He was not averse to official duties, yet preferred literary and philanthropic pursuits, and the

Princess Carlotta was in full sympathy with his every aim and enterprise. It was to Miramar that the commissioners of Napoleon came to invite Maximilian to accept the throne of Mexico, urging upon him the plea that he was the one man to lift up and regenerate a fallen people. More than all else, Maximilian loved the distinction of being regarded as a benefactor, an ambition shared by his princess, who, furthermore, was perhaps dazzled a little by the pleasing prospect of a crown. The Austrian prince agreed that he would accept the proffered throne if the people of Mexico themselves wanted him, and means were found to assure him that such was the fact. It was in May, 1864, that he entered into his empire, assuming the title of Maximilian I.

MAXIMILIAN'S EMPIRE TOTTERS

His triumph was short lived. Though vanquished and disorganized, a very large element of the Mexican people were still loyal to Benito Juarez, and from the very beginning Maximilian had to battle for his throne. Furthermore, he was steadfastly ignored by the Government of the United States, while Napoleon, who had counted on the South as his chief ally, began to realize with each succeeding Northern victory that the tenure of empire in Mexico was becoming an uncertain and precarious thing. The future was obscure and portentous for the new ruler and his lovely empress, and each day added a darker cloud.

Finally, in 1866, affairs in Mexico reached a crisis. Our own war was ended, and with a vast host of veterans, splendid army and navy, we were in a position to make and enforce demands. True to the Monroe Doctrine, the United States suggested to

Napoleon, diplomatically but forcefully, that French interference in Mexico was an affront to American institutions, no longer to be countenanced—in a word, that his troops must be withdrawn. Napoleon was further given to understand in no uncertain terms that the United States would, if necessary, cooperate with the supporters of Juarez, the Liberals, in their efforts to overthrow French and Austrian dominion on Mexican soil.

The French Emperor was in no position to resist. Though by various evasions seeking to defer the final day, he did not fail to realize that the end of his Mexican empire was at hand, and he urged Maximilian to abdicate. This the latter refused to do. He was no fair weather ruler. Brave, unselfish and still deluded, he believed in the full justice of his cause, and that the uplifting and final salvation of Mexico depended on his courage and the maintenance of a paternal, though imperial, power.

I AM INVITED TO BECOME MEXICO'S PRESS AGENT

It was just at this point that I became, in some measure at least, a part of the Mexican problem. After several months of rest, succeeding the trying days of my enforced retirement, I had once more established my news bureau, with almost the entire support of the New York City press. The *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, and others, gave me their patronage. Horace Greeley was particularly forceful in his denunciation of my accusers, and I can see him now as he turned from writing at his high stand-up desk to grasp my hand and to give vent to his feelings in some good Anglo-Saxon phrases. Matters started off smoothly, and with fair prospects ahead I supposed I was on shore this time for good. Certainly I had no notion of any immediate personal connection with naval affairs.

But the future is full of surprises. I was at this time boarding in the old brownstone mansion at 216 East 17th Street, and in the same house was a Mr. Tift, of the firm of Corliss & Tift, bankers. I knew Mr. Tift well, and one day he presented me to a new guest, General José M. Carvajal, of Mexico. In due time I learned that General Carvajal was one of those who had been commissioned by President Juarez to raise funds in this country, and that Corliss & Tift had undertaken to float a Mexican loan. I was now

invited to become press agent, and through my bureau I distributed a vast quantity of printed matter, also sending out a news story of General Carvajal's presence in the United States, of his mission and his needs—concluding with the statement that he was about to float a loan, to which all patriotic persons who desired to support the Monroe Doctrine should subscribe.

I AM MADE ADMIRAL IN MEXICO'S NAVY

Our efforts were successful. The public resented the French interference and declared in a substantial manner that Maximilian must go. There was no enmity for the man himself—only compassion. It was what he represented on American soil that we could not tolerate. The Mexican loan was floated in due season.

Meantime, I had naturally become very friendly with General Carvajal, and he had frequently discussed with me certain proposed naval operations. Eventually he suggested that we visit Washington together, and upon our arrival there asked me to introduce him to David G. Farragut, who had just been made an admiral and was then at the Capital. It was in the old Navy Department building that we met Farragut, and here I presented the two distinguished men, who at once fell into conversation upon army and navy matters and the problems which those of Mexico presented. At last General Carvajal said:

"Admiral, I am looking for a man to command the Navy of my country. Can you recommend to me such a person?"

Farragut reflected an instant, then, turning to me, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Why not Osbon, General?" he asked. "I think he's just the man you want."

General Carvajal thanked him and seemed pleased. Then we made our adieu to the admiral and left the building together. As we were going down the steps I said:

"General, you brought me before Farragut to get his indorsement."

"That is a correct guess," he replied; "I did."

Yet I wished him to be fully satisfied in all particulars that I was the man for the place, and somewhat later wrote a letter to my old commanding officer of steam shipping days, Captain John McGowan, asking him to express an opinion as to my qualifications. Captain McGowan was now in the Revenue

Service, and he replied in due season, as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 25th, 1866.

Mr. B. S. Osbon served under my command as (third, second and chief) officer on board the steamships *Illinois*, *St. Louis* and *Moses Taylor*, during which time he gave me the fullest satisfaction. He is intelligent, active,

energetic and prompt in obeying orders, which are sure signs that he will make a good commander. I have no hesitation in recommending him to fill *any* position on board of *any* class of vessel, as his conduct during the time he has been under my command is a sufficient guarantee he will not be found wanting when *active service* is required.

JOHN MCGOWAN,
Commander U. S. Revenue Service.

THE CREATION OF A NAVY



IMMEDIATELY upon our return from Washington, General Carvajal directed me to take such steps as were necessary to secure and fit out an armed vessel. This had to be done with very great caution. Though declaring openly for the cause of the Mexican Republic, the United States was still at peace with the French Nation, and our diplomatic contingent—perhaps a little jealous of its prerogative and its ability to settle matters without the burning of powder—was exceedingly watchful for any move that might be construed as an act of war. It is true the Navy and the military had little sympathy or patience with this diplomacy. As early as 1864, Grant had declared to his generals that as soon as he had disposed of the Confederates he would begin with the Imperialists in Mexico, and in May, 1865, he had ordered Sheridan with fifty thousand men into the Southwest, ostensibly for the purpose of restoring Texas and Louisiana to the Union, but in reality to have troops ready to throw across the Rio Grande at any moment.

Sheridan, I may add, was charged by the State Department to be diplomatic, an order which that dashing officer, whose diplomacy was apt to be outlined with the point of a saber, construed in his own way. He did not hesitate to render material assistance to Juarez, and at one time sent over thirty thousand muskets from Baton Rouge alone.* The State Department could do no more than discountenance Grant and Sheridan, but an expedition like mine could be nipped in the bud. It was no easy matter to fit and provision a Mexican ship of war in an American port and to get away to sea, unknown to the

civil authorities. My problem was further complicated by French spies, who in some manner had received a hint of our intention and dogged me whichever way I turned.

I KEEP THE FRENCH SPIES BUSY

Yet I eluded them now and then. I kept my news bureau going, and acted through faithful agents when necessary. I selected a steamer in New York, another in Boston and a third in Philadelphia as possible purchases, and I think we led those French detectives the liveliest chase of their lives. I visited in person the steamers in Boston and New York, but kept away from the one in Philadelphia, the vessel that was to go. My officers and men were selected separately and secretly, no two being ever allowed to meet.

It would require pages to relate even a portion of our experiences in getting our vessel—curiously enough named the *General Sheridan*—into shape for active service. In a comparatively brief period, however, she was ready for sea, and as a blind I made a trip to Boston, returning so that my departure would take place on Sunday, when, as was then the case, the telegraph offices would be closed. I had arranged for a tug to proceed up the Hudson River early on Sunday morning, also for two cars to be attached to the morning express on the Hudson River Railroad. The cars were to take my men a little way up the river, and the tug was to bring them back—the whole being a plan to evade the spies who, we knew, were now watching us night and day, with the hope of being able to give information sufficiently positive to thwart our undertaking.

My men, each of whom had been notified of the hour and place of starting, came promptly, and filled the two cars waiting in the Hudson River yards. The regular train backed and hooked on to them, and we were off. I knew in all reason that the detectives

* Sheridan in his memoirs says: "It required the patience of Job to abide the slow and poky methods of our State Department."

were on ahead, and, sure enough, when we reached Spuyten Duyvil Creek, two of them put in an appearance, and attempted to enter our cars.

It was now time for positive action, and we denied them admittance.

"We are officers of the law," they declared, "and demand that you let us in!"

"Gentlemen" I said, "we don't care a tinker's dam for any law that you represent. If you make a fuss we will drop you off the train."

WE SAIL FOR MEXICO

They retired inside their own coach and we ran along until we were not far from Tarrytown, when we saw our tug, and, by prearrangement, our coupling-pin was drawn and our two cars left behind, slowing down, while the train proceeded on its peaceful way, the two spies shaking their fists and reviling us from the rear platform.

The tug now came along the bank and we hastily embarked, proceeding back down the river, arriving at Jersey City, where we took train for Philadelphia.

Those were days of slow travel. The train, a freight, took eleven hours to reach Philadelphia, and it was midnight when we

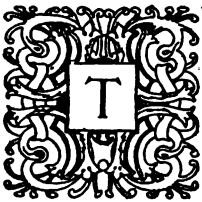
marched through the sleeping town toward the Camden ferry. There were eighty of us, officers and men, and we were suddenly hailed by a policeman who demanded our identity and errand.

"A draft of men for the Navy Yard," I said, and we were allowed to pass.

At Kaighn's Point our vessel was under steam and ready for sea, with a number of men on board, recruited around Philadelphia by Mr. Jackway, my captain, himself formerly of the Coast Survey Service—a fine navigator, a brave, capable man, and a thorough sailor of fortune. Our vessel's former commander, however, was still nominally in charge, and we had cleared under his name in order to create no suspicion in the Custom House.

At five next morning a pilot was to have been on board. I waited for him ten minutes, then concluded it unwise to delay longer. Undoubtedly the detectives had by this time suspected our destination, and would be down upon us by the first train. Also the telegraph was now available, and every moment seemed precious. Without further delay we cast off lines and steamed down the Delaware. The Mexican Navy was under way at last.

GREAT PLANS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM



THE *General Sheridan*, which we intended to rechristen the *Margarita Juarez*, for the Mexican President's daughter, was what to-day might be called a large, ocean-going tug. She was about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and a very powerful vessel. She was to be armed with six Wiard steel rifles and with a torpedo outfit, this armament and our munitions of war to follow on another vessel, owned by the same line which had sold us the *Sheridan*. Our officers and crew were picked men, all veterans of the Civil War, and as fine a lot as I have ever seen collected on one vessel. Our ward-room personnel was pretentious. As chief officer of the embryo navy, I also carried the title of admiral, with power to convert prizes into privateers with letters of marque for destroying the French marine. Next in rank came Captain Jackway, who, in event of our accumulating a squadron, would

become fleet-captain. I had also two lieutenants and a secretary—the last a remarkable person who spoke and wrote fluently in nine languages. Officers and crew were to have one-half of all prize moneys, and now that we had been allowed to get to sea unmolested, we were a happy set of fellows as we headed for the South, dreaming of stirring adventures and golden fortunes ahead.

My orders from General Carvajal were to proceed to Brazos Santiago, a small harbor just above the mouth of the Rio Grande, there to receive further orders. The general himself was to come down by passenger steamer and be there on my arrival. It was our plan to begin the campaign by following down the Mexican coast, keeping in touch with what was going on by means of information signalled from the shore, finally to slip into the harbor of Vera Cruz by night and destroy the French vessels there, by torpedoing one after another in the confusion which would ensue. As for the merchant marine, we went so far, before

leaving New York, as to have ransom bonds prepared for the entire French transatlantic fleet—for the different ships by name, with the amount to be levied on each. Well, it is good to make plans and to dream dreams. The planning and dreaming of themselves are worth something.

WE LOSE OUR ARMS AND CAPTURE A GUN-BOAT

We had a rough passage between New York and our destination. I ran into the usual storm off Hatteras and had a hard time to save the vessel. A strong norther was blowing when we arrived off Brazos Santiago, with a big sea on the bar and no more than two wheelbarrow-loads of coal in our bunkers. By the skilful pilotage of Captain Jackway we managed to get in, and I was met immediately upon landing by a representative of General Carvajal, and was conducted by him on horseback to the general's ranch at Brownsville, Texas, a number of miles away. Here we still further perfected our plans, and I returned to the vessel to await our armament and munitions.

But they never came. The vessel carrying them had been caught like ourselves off Hatteras, and with less fortune. She had gone down, and our Wiard rifles and torpedo outfit were at the bottom of the sea.

I took a bronco and rode over to convey the sad news to General Carvajal. He took it stoically.

"Never mind," he said. "To keep your men busy, leave the *Sheridan* at Brazos and come over here. So we packed our baggage, got a lot of teams to do the hauling, and I was presently admiral of a wagon train with a force of "horse-marines" on the way to General Carvajal's ranch. Certainly this was not much like a realization of our fine plans, and though the boys rather enjoyed going into camp as a sort of a picnic, I began to suspect that my dreams of conquest and naval supremacy had come to a sudden and rather ridiculous end.

But General Carvajal was not disturbed. He took me to the Rio Grande and pointing down the Mexican side, said,

"There is a gunboat belonging to the Mexican Navy, but she has fallen into the hands of the Revolutionists. Do you think you can capture her by boarding?"

The Revolutionists, it should be said, had little or nothing to do with the affair we had

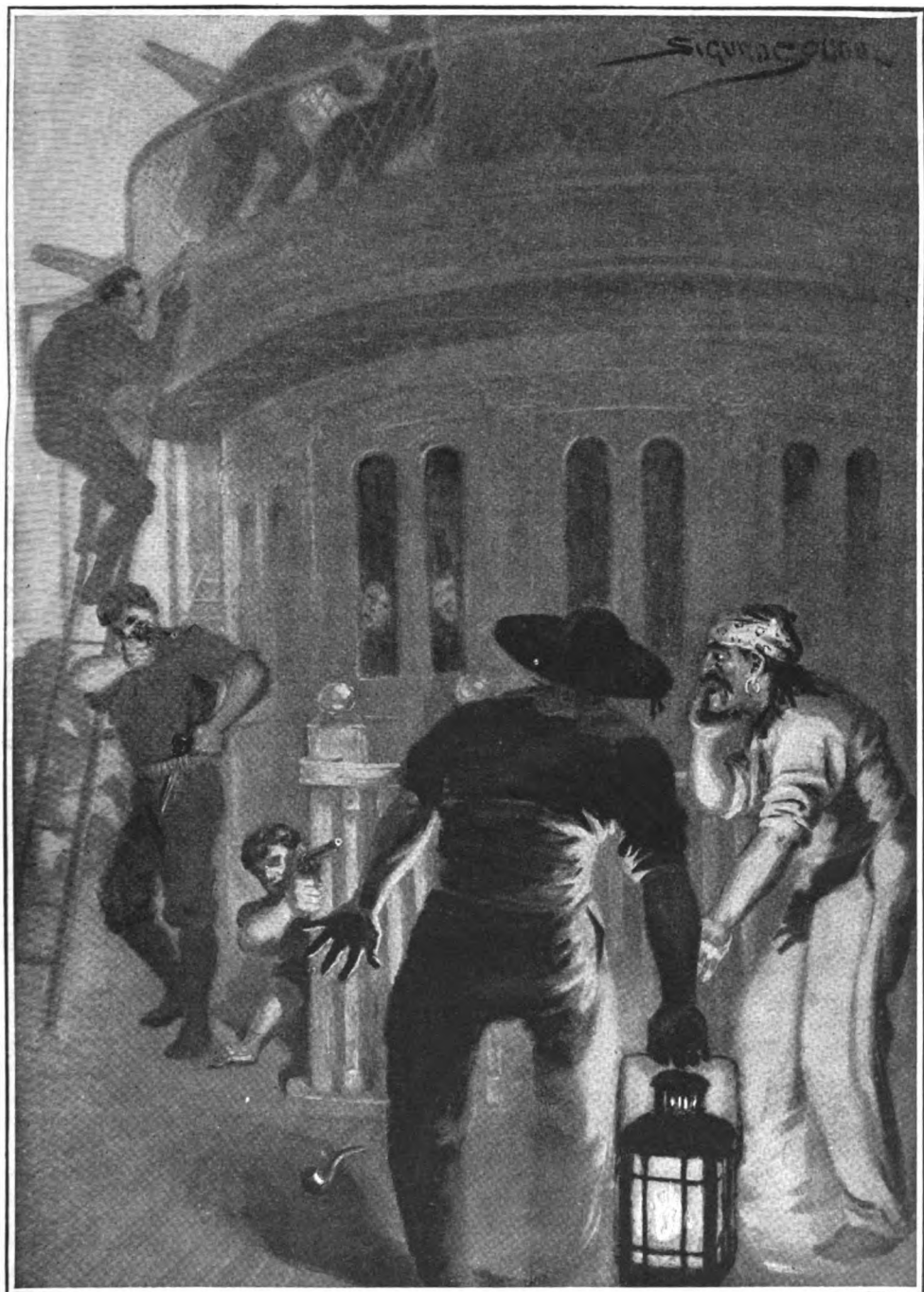
come to settle, but carried on a sort of guerilla warfare in the State of Tamaulipas—there being many of these local revolutions at this time.

The vessel across the river was a sidewheel steamboat of the ordinary Western river type, of very light draft and lying in shallow water. The river at this time was low, and it seemed only a question of swimming a short distance and surprising a small crew on board. I looked at the prospective prize for a moment and said I thought the boys would like the job. In fact, I knew they would, for they were just the sort of fellows for that kind of work. When we returned to the ranch and I proposed it to them, they wanted to set out at once.

We decided that the next night would be a good time to capture the *Chinaco* (which translated means "robber," or "thief"), and accordingly, a little after dusk on the following day, we went down to the river-bank with our revolvers and ammunition tied to our heads, and waded out very silently until it was necessary to swim. After swimming a distance of perhaps thirty yards we were once more in wading depth, and crept silently up under the guards of the steamer, which drew not more than two and one-half feet of water; and before our friends knew we were anywhere in the neighborhood, we had boarded from all sides. They surrendered without firing a shot, and the Mexican Admiral had a new flag-ship, carrying one twelve-pounder brass rifle and six mountain howitzers as a total armament. Notwithstanding her light battery, she was a serviceable vessel for river use, and when a few days later we had the *Margarita Juarez*, as I concluded to name her, in apple-pie order, with a supply of ammunition borrowed from the United States forces in Brownsville, and with a crew of one hundred and twenty picked men, we constituted rather a formidable adjunct of the Juarez Government, as time proved.

PLOTS AND COUNTER-PLOTS

There now succeeded several weeks of waiting filled with minor events, many of which I could not explain, but which I now suspect resulted from the lack of harmony between the State and Military Departments at Washington. I think very few of us understood what was going on, or what were our positions at that time. For myself, I was



BEFORE OUR FRIENDS KNEW WE WERE ANYWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WE HAD BOARDED FROM ALL SIDES

nominally in the employ of the Mexican Republic, yet it is quite certain that my supplies, and many of my orders, were of American origin, the latter transmitted through General Carvajal.

I have always suspected that there was some plan on foot, in which the restoration of Juarez was only the first step, and that General Grant was chiefly concerned in the idea. Grant was always an annexationist, and certainly there was little evidence at this time that Mexico, under any form of government, was able to govern herself. Furthermore there was thought to be need of an outlet for the manumitted slaves and for the large floating element of white men who had served as soldiers in the Union army. Always deeply interested in Mexican affairs, it is not impossible that Grant's programme included a dream of extending our dominion across the Rio Grande to embrace the land of the Montezumas.

But whatever the purpose—if there was a purpose—it came to nothing, and thus far has not been made public. Generals Grant, Lew Wallace, Sheridan, and perhaps Sherman, knew what was going on, and General Wallace must have thought that I knew the secret, for at a Grand Army Encampment dinner long afterward he said: "Gentlemen, let me present to you Admiral Osbon of the late Mexican Navy. If you and the world at

large knew what *we* know, you would know more than we are willing to tell. If the movement inaugurated, in which we took part, had been consummated, our names would have gone ringing down the ages." About a year ago I wrote to General Wallace concerning the matter, but he was too ill to reply, and never recovered. Perhaps in the autobiography which he has left behind he will clear up the story.

At all events, those of us who were obeying orders were kept a good deal in the fog. General Sedgwick, who commanded the Department of the Rio Grande, and Colonel Alonzo F. Randall, of the First Light Artillery at Brownsville, were no wiser than myself. They received curious, and sometimes contradictory, orders emanating from unknown sources and not always easy to fulfill. For my own part, I cruised up and down the river without much to do, keeping mostly to the American bank, as revolutions were still in progress in Tamaulipas, the sound of musketry in Matamoras being an every-day occurrence. If I remember rightly there were no less than nine governors in that city in the space of a few months. I used to ask the sentinel at my door, "Well, orderly, who is governor this morning?" And sometimes he would answer: "I think there has been no change over night. I have heard no firing."

THE MEXICAN NAVY DISTINGUISHES ITSELF



CURIOS incidents followed one upon another, interesting enough at the time, even exciting, but often without definite purpose and seldom with tangible result. At one time I received orders

from General Carvajal to go down the river to take on board a hundred sharp-shooters, consigned to me from New Orleans, evidently with the consent of United States military authority, yet upon reaching the designated point I was obliged to receive them under cover of my guns, owing to the fierce opposition of United States Customs officials. At another time, I awoke one morning to find a pontoon bridge stretched across the river from Brownsville to Matamoras, making a military connection from the American to the Mexican side. Later in the day, General

Cortina, commander of the Revolutionary forces, then in control in Matamoras, sent word that unless the bridge was removed he would open fire on Brownsville.

General Sedgwick, who understood no more than I why he had been ordered to make the pontoon connection, deputized me to wait upon Cortina, which I did. Our interview opened with drawn pistols and closed with brandy and cigars, in true Mexican fashion. I returned with General Cortina's ultimatum, that unless the bridge was removed the firing upon Brownsville would open next day at noon. Naturally, we were all a bit anxious for the outcome of this mysterious incident, which, as usual, ended with nothing, for at precisely fifteen minutes of the given time there came from somewhere another mysterious order, and a detachment of United States troops marched across the pontoon bridge, cast it adrift from the Mexican

side and let it swing down parallel with the American bank.

At still another time, when General Canales was in Revolutionary command, word came across that unless my vessel was removed from the American bank the Matamoras guns would open on her, regardless of what damage might be done to Brownsville. After considerable discussion with the United States authorities, I decided to disarm my vessel, land my guns and ammunition and leave the matter for Uncle Sam to decide. It was just at this time that General Sherman and a Mr. Campbell, who had been sent to Mexico as special commissioners, arrived in the *Susquehanna*, off Brazos Santiago. Learning of their coming, I hurried over with two of my staff and four extra horses, to welcome them. As the United States authorities at Brownsville had no conveyance to send but an ambulance, it was natural that an old soldier like Sherman should accept my escort.

"Darn an ambulance when you can get a horse!" he said, and we discussed my difficulties all the way over, with the result that on the following Sunday morning, with our guns and ammunition on board, and with a brass band borrowed for the occasion, I hoisted my admiral's flag once more on the *Margarita Juarez*, assured of the protection of the military of the United States. It will be seen from these incidents, unimportant as they appear, how curious was the naval and military situation along the Rio Grande during the final days of the so-called Mexican Empire.

GENERAL ESCOBEDO IS SURPRISED

In the meantime, the Republican cause had prospered greatly. In spite of excuses and delays on the part of Napoleon, and of the pleadings of the Empress Carlotta, who besought that sovereign on her knees, the French troops were retiring. Already they had abandoned northern Mexico, and with the Maximilian empire doomed, Juarez was now in a position to give attention to the Revolutionists in Tamaulipas. About the middle of November (1866) a report reached us that a large force under General Escobedo was marching on Matamoras with a view of putting the Liberal Government in control.

In due time he arrived, and with his six thousand men went into camp above the city. Immediately I went over to pay my respects

to him and to offer the services of the Mexican Navy for whatever they might be worth. He thanked me pleasantly, and I supposed he would advise me when he was ready to make the attack, so that I might get into a position to flank the forts with my fire.

He did not do so, and one morning about two o'clock I was aroused by a terrible cannonading, and knew that General Escobedo had begun the assault. Without concerted arrangement, I did not feel justified in attempting to use my guns or to land my forces, for I had no knowledge of his plans. I therefore became merely a spectator, or listener, to the clash of arms. Then all at once it ceased. I expected to hear shouts of triumph as Escobedo's troops entered the streets of Matamoras, but there came no sound except of cheering along the lines of fortification. I saddled a horse and going ashore rode to Escobedo's camp, where troops were pouring in pell-mell, in wild disorder.

I TAKE MATAMORAS BY STRATAGEM

I found the general, and presenting my compliments asked him why he did not notify me of the coming attack and allow me to render such assistance as I could. He was in deep distress at his defeat, declaring that his engineers had misled him as to the works, that, among other things, they had built sixteen-foot scaling ladders for a moat twenty-two feet wide. The Revolutionists had allowed his troops to get within short range, and then mowed down six hundred of them in ten minutes. The repulse had been sudden and complete.

I now resolved to take Matamoras without the assistance of General Escobedo. I came back to the vessel and announced to my officers and men that, as we were unable to get our pay, and had hard work even to get rations—all of which was true enough, heaven knows—I had resolved to turn the vessel for a time into a merchantman to earn some money. They seemed well disposed toward this idea, and to give it official color I announced next day in the Brownsville *Ranchero* that the *Margarita Juarez* had been transferred to the merchant marine and would accept passengers and freight for up-river points. We also landed our guns and my forces went into camp.

Of course I apprised General Carvajal of my plan, and with his assistance had dummy freight especially prepared for the trip. This

in due season came aboard, and there was also a small amount of genuine freight, while a few passengers engaged staterooms. When all was ready at last, the men were taken into our confidence, and on the last night the guns were once more quietly taken aboard, and concealed behind the dummy freight.

We were advertised to sail at ten o'clock next morning, but when our passengers came down, we put them off with an excuse that we would not leave that day, and did not let them aboard. They must have been surprised when at eleven o'clock we cast off and steamed up the river, to all appearances a peaceful merchantman, loaded and bound up stream. Certainly this is what we appeared to the Revolutionists on the Matamoras side, and this was the impression we had labored to create. We had further arranged with one Colonel Ford, an American in command of a Liberal battery on the Mexican shore—his

position in the Army being an anomalous one, similar to that of mine in the Navy—to act in conjunction with us; and when we were just coming abreast of the Revolutionist fortifications, over went our dummy freight, the men appeared at the guns, and simultaneously with Ford we let go, giving the Revolutionists a complete surprise, tumbling them out of their forts one after another, taking them seriatim until we had the entire eight. It was really great sport. The Revolutionists were enfiladed by a fire which made their position untenable, and they ran like rats, hardly pausing to return our fire. In just an hour and forty minutes Matamoras was ours, and General Escobedo and his army marched in in great triumph. As for the Mexican Navy, it modestly went back and tied itself to the American bank. It had distinguished itself at last. It was willing that the Army should do the shouting.

(Captain Osbon will tell of the end of the Maximilian Tragedy in the June PEARSON'S.)



HOW KID BRADY JOINED THE PRESS

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



THE lane was not wide and the Kid's automobile, which had broken down after the manner of automobiles, blocked a generous two-thirds of it. The greater part of the Kid was out of sight, underneath the machine. The hottest sun that had shone on the State of New York that summer was slowly roasting a pair of brown boots and the lower portion of two flannel-clad legs, which protruded from beneath the wheels. The Kid hated this phase of automobilism, but he went through it conscientiously.

The sound of horses' hoofs mingled with the amateur engineer's murmured impreca-

tions. They slowed down to a walk as they neared the derelict, and finally halted.

"Is there any one in charge of that smoke-wagon?" inquired a voice politely. "Saved!" he added, "I see boots. Shop!"

The Kid began to wriggle out from his place of retirement.

"If you can spare me a moment of your valuable time," continued the horseman, "I wish you would ease off that bubble a point or two to the left. At present it's taking up most of the road, and this intelligent animal refuses to pass."

The Kid stood up and inhaled the fresh air.

"Why it's the Kid! I had a sort of idea I'd seen that bubble before. Just the very man I wanted to meet."

He jumped down from his horse, and approached the Kid with outstretched hand.

"I've been looking for you everywhere. They told me you were in the village. I want a soul-to-soul talk with you when you're through with your tinkering. By the way, you may not remember me. Garth. Tom Garth. I interviewed you for the *Manhattan Daily* when you came to New York after winning the championship. You were in bed. Remember? You got outside your breakfast, while I sat on the chest of drawers and asked you questions. It would have made a good subject for a historical painting. Now do you remember? Don't mind me. We can talk when you've finished. I don't understand bubbles, or I'd help you. As it is, the sun is hot. I have a cigar-case somewhere, and if you look closely you'll see me do my popular imitation of a hard-worked young journalist taking a much-needed rest."

"Not be long," responded the Kid, crawling into retreat once more, while Mr. Garth, whistling the "Mosquito's Parade" under his breath, sat down by the roadside and felt for his cigars.

Ten minutes elapsed before the Kid, damp and red as to the face, emerged, wiping his hands.

"Done it," he said complacently.

"Then sit down and have one of these. It's much too hot for the strenuous life. However— Well, Kid, it brings back my vanished youth meeting you like this. Been assaulting the police lately? What's up now? I wish you wouldn't spring about like that. It's too hot."

The Kid continued to gaze at his loquacious companion, in consternation. The lurid episode of Detective Dunn and the female jewel-robber, in whose cause he had displayed so much mistaken chivalry, had begun to fade from his mind, but this sudden, apparently irrelevant, question brought it surging back in all its pristine freshness. How much did the man know?

Mr. Tom Garth stretched himself lazily on the grass and blew a scientific smoke-ring. He was a long, thin young man, with a dark, clever face, and a humorous mouth. He appeared wholly unconcerned at the disturbance he had caused. "What—what—how? Who's been telling you?" gasped the Kid.

"It's all right," replied Garth. "Sit down. It was a shame to spring it on you like that.

My passion for the dramatic's quite a disease. You needn't worry. We're all friends here. Nobody but myself knows a word about it. Your cigar's out!"

The Kid subsided to the grass again.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I recognized you on the platform that day. It was a decent disguise, all the same. I recognized you by your build, and the way you put that shot in at the jaw. Poor old Dunn! Not much need to count ten there. He was out for twenty minutes, and even then he wasn't what you'd call chirpy. I've been wanting to see you ever since, to ask you what the deuce you were at. You're a law-abiding person, I know. Why this sudden outburst of devilry?"

It was with a certain hesitation and confusion that the Kid explained the machinations of the insidious Miss Grant. He had been badly buncoed, and there was not much pleasure to be derived from saying so.

Garth chuckled incessantly throughout the tale. "Smart girl, that. Deserved to get away. I'm glad she did. Now I'll tell you where I come in. Bear in mind, from this point, a certain proverb you may have heard—one good turn deserves another. I shall come back to it shortly. Well, this was how it was. I know Dunn. He told me he was expecting to make an important arrest at the station. I hovered around to scoop it for my paper. But mark the sequel: I didn't get the scoop I wanted, but I got another twice as good. Have you ever seen an editor smile? You should have seen Taylor's face split in half when I cake-walked into the office with my story. As you know, I put them off the scent by describing you as a burly man. Dunn would have it that his assailant was a fellow about your own build, Kid, but I assured him that he was wrong, and that the jolting he had got had sent his memory off the rails. So that made it all right for you. And the moral of that, as I said before, is, that one good turn deserves another."

"Anything I can do—" began the Kid fervently.

"Good. I knew you had a noble heart, Kid.

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas; the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

"As one Wordsworth observed. I don't suppose you know him. He held the cham-

pionship belt for poetry at one time. But he wasn't referring to you. When it comes to gratitude, you're there with the goods. And now I'll tell you what you can do to help me. It's a long story, and I think I'll light another weed before I begin."

"I'm listening," said the Kid encouragingly.

Garth lit his cigar, threw the match at the horse, which was still making a hearty meal, and resumed:

"They have an unholy custom in newspaper offices of New York," he said, "of dispensing, during the hot weather, with the services of a certain number of their employees. Or, if you want that sentence translated, they bounce about one in every five of the reporters on the papers. There is no animus about it. They hint that you are a splendid fellow, and what the paper will do without you they don't know, but, all the same, would you mind taking a holiday? Thanks, very much. When the summer's over, and people begin to come back to town they take you on again. But in the meanwhile you are at a loose end. That's my case. The *Manhattan Daily* don't want me till the cold weather."

"It's a burnin' shame!" broke out the sympathetic pugilist.

"Dry the starting tear," said Garth. "I don't mind, as far as I'm concerned. In fact, I'm very glad. Being thrifty by nature and habit, I have plenty of money to keep me going till I resume my job. And the holiday is welcome for many reasons, principally because it will give me time to carry out a certain scheme. Whatever you do, try and keep awake now, for this is where you come in."

The Kid expressed himself all attention. "I shall now bore you with a little biography. It's painful, but necessary. I was born of poor but honest parents, who sent me to school at an early age, where I met a certain Lord Worfield!"

"A lord!" echoed the interested Kid.

"A lord," said Garth. "We were friends at school, and when we went to Oxford we continued friends. In fact, we are still friends. I came out to the States; he stayed at home. Well, Worfield arrived in New York just before I left the paper. He was rolling in money, and showed a pleasant anxiety to get rid of it. After he had seen all the theaters and got tired of all the restaurants, he found—with horror—that he

still possessed more than would be good for two men. It was then that he was struck with a bright idea. I hope you're listening. Have another cigar. This was his idea: A thoughtful study of our New York papers had left him with the impression that there was no law of libel in the land; or, if there was, that you couldn't say anything about a person bad enough to make a jury give damages. Having got this notion firmly into his head, he came to me. 'Tom,' he said—just like that—'why shouldn't we start a paper that's not only libellous in spots, but all through? The greater the truth the greater the libel. Let's start a weekly that tells the unvarnished truth about all these New York beauties—in Wall Street, and so on. It will sell like hot cakes. And it will be the best rag since Oxford. You shall be editor, and I'll finance the thing.' 'Very well,' I said, 'if you're dying to burn money. But,' I added, 'we shall want somebody to protect us from infuriated callers. Somebody to sit at the door and throw them down-stairs as they arrive. And,' I said, 'I know the very man—Kid Brady.' So there you are, Kid. Will you come in? Handsome pay, and pleasant work. I'll get you fit for your next fight. Join the staff of *Candor* as fighting-editor, and combine business with pleasure."

"How?" said the Kid. "I'm not next to the game yet."

"It's perfectly simple. We want you to be around during office hours to see that strong and angry gentlemen don't come worrying me. I shan't have time to attend to them myself. You will sit in your little rabbit-hutch at the top of the stairs, and when any one calls and asks to see the editor, you will tell him that the editor is not in. If he tries to get past you, it will be up to you to see that he gets the rapid bounce. Don't be violent with them. Simply assist them gently in the direction of the street."

There was a silence while the idea filtered through into the Kid's brain. Then he rose to a point of order.

"What's going to be doing when they recognize me?" he asked. "I'd like to help you, Mr. Garth, but I daren't risk getting into trouble with the cops. You see, a fighting-man's got to be more careful than most. He don't get let off too easy when he comes into court for hitting people."

"That's all right, my dear Kid," said Garth with much cheerfulness, "don't

worry yourself. In the first place, you musn't hit 'em. I explained that. We don't want New York to be full of Trust Magnates with black eyes. Then a man with your talent for disguise need never be recognized. You shall dress for the part. Doesn't that stir your young blood? We'll get you up as an elderly and respectable partner with a neat gray mustache. Any more objections? He is silent. Ergo, he is convinced. Excellent. All the arrangements are now complete. We shall leave for New York to-night. If you like you can run me down in your bubble. The first number of *Candor* has been ready this many a day. Now that the staff is complete, we can begin. Approach me, Bucephalus, if you have finished your meal. Whoa! And now, Kid," he added from the saddle, "get into the bubble, and we'll go back to the hotel and drink success to the paper."

The Kid had been in some queer situations in the course of his short life, but he was inclined to give the palm to the one in

which he now found himself. Every afternoon, Wednesdays and Saturdays excepted, he repaired to his post at the top of the first flight of stairs in the building in which *Candor* rented its offices. Here he sat entrenched behind a wooden barrier, fingering his gray mustache uneasily—the fear that it would come off never left him—and interviewing gentlemen who objected to hearing the truth about themselves. These were of all sorts. On the second day after the appearance of the first number, a tall, somber man in a long fawn-colored dust-coat called. The Kid recognized him from photographs as a celebrated romantic actor.

"I wish to see your editor," said the great man with ominous calm.

"Editor not in," replied the Kid glibly.

"You are sure that he is not in?"

"Sure."

"The better for him," retorted the other darkly. "Can you remember a message, my man?"

"Sure."

"Then give your editor, when he arrives,



the compliments of Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Aubrey Bodkin of the National Theater, and tell him that Mr. Bodkin does not lightly forget."

They were not all so pacific. Arriving one afternoon a little late, the editor of *Candor* had to stand aside on the stairs to allow a procession of two to pass him. The procession was headed by a stout, red-faced gentleman in business suit who moved reluctantly. The rear was brought up by the Kid. He was grasping the visitor by the elbows, and appeared to be supplying the motive force.

"I knew that Wall Street people would be a success," said Garth to himself with a grin as he watched them disappear.

"*Candor* created a considerable sensation from its very first number. Theoretically, New York is empty during the summer; but in practice there are still a few inhabitants. These read the new weekly almost to a man. Its victims bought it from curiosity and against their better judgment. Their friends read it eagerly, amused and interested to find that the truth about the victims had at last become known.

The progress of the paper was like that of a forest fire. Contemporaries in Chicago and St. Louis quoted tit-bits from it in their Sunday editions. Astute firms sent in orders for advertisements. Founded to enable Lord Worfield to dispose of his surplus cash with the maximum of amusement to himself, it rapidly began to assume the proportions of a great investment. The expenses were small, the profits large. On the appearance of the eighth number, an attempt was made, by unknown persons, in the absence of the staff, to wreck the office. Garth edited number nine from behind a door with three panels splintered. Number eleven saw his salary doubled, also the Kid's. The Kid had now got well into the swing of his duties, and was enjoying journalism immensely.

One afternoon Garth was writing a trenchant leader, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he cried. "Hullo, Kid, what's the matter?"

"There's somebody wants to see you," said the gray-mustached one.

"Tell him I'm not in."

"It's a lady," said the Kid with a blushing grin.

"Garth clicked with his tongue doubtfully.

"Well," he said at last, "show her in. I didn't bargain for this. I wonder what she wants. We haven't had a word about any woman in the paper. There is a line, Kid, and we draw it. Show her in, then. But keep an eye on the stairs and see that no one else gets through.

The Kid reappeared a moment later, ushering in the visitor.

Garth placed a chair for her. She was the type of an American girl who seems to radiate brightness.

"Are you the editor of *Candor*?" she inquired.

"I am," said Garth. "Is there anything—?"

"Yes," she replied decidedly, "there is. I want you to read this. I'm Julie Weyder, and Cornelius Weyder is my father."

"I don't need to read the article," said Garth, "I think I know the one you mean. It is called 'What we think of Mr. Cornelius Weyder,' is it not?"

"Number one'. That's it."

"Exactly. 'Number one'. H'm. I don't mind admitting to you, Miss Weyder, that this slightly complicates matters. When I—when my contributor wrote that article, he did not take into account the fact that even Copper Kings have those who love them. The consequence was that—er—that, in fact, he rather let himself go."

"He did," responded the lady, grimly.

He looked compassionately at her.

"I really do not see what I can do."

Miss Weyder stamped a minute foot upon the floor.

"Do! You don't see what you can do? Why print a piece next week saying the thing isn't true?"

"I cannot do that, Miss Weyder. I am afraid it is quite true."

"Well, they ought not to have said it. And I don't believe it's true. And, anyhow, you can deny it in the paper."

"I am afraid that would scarcely be possible, Miss Weyder. You forget my position as regards the paper. I am a paid servant. If I do not perform my work as my proprietor wishes, I am not doing my duty. My proprietor wishes *Candor* to be run on certain clearly defined lines, and I must do it, however greatly against my will."

"But you can stop them from printing any more of it. This is number one. How many more are there?"



"Are you the editor of *Candor*?"

"It is a series of six," replied Garth.

"Six! But you must stop them."

"I am afraid it is impossible. Unless," he added to himself, "Worfield will stop the infernal things."

"Then you're very, very cruel," said Miss Weyder, her eyes filling with tears.

There was an awkward pause, during which Tom Garth felt more uncomfortable than he remembered ever to have felt before; and then a merciful interruption relieved the tension. The door-handle turned, and Lord Worfield entered.

"All three spoke at once.

"Hullo, Tom!" said Lord Worfield.

"Hullo, Jimmy!" said Garth, with fervent gratitude.

"Jimmy!" said Miss Weyder, springing to her feet.

"Why, Julie," said Lord Worfield, "I didn't see you. What are you doing here? I was just coming to tell Tom about you. Have you introduced yourselves? This is Tom Garth, Julie. We were at school and Oxford together. Tom, this is Miss Julie

Weyder, who has promised to be my wife. We have been engaged since yesterday evening. I was coming to tell you."

"Gratulate you, old man," murmured Tom.

"Jimmy, *can't* you do anything? Who is it who owns this paper? Because they have been printing things about father, and it's to be a series of six, and Mr. Garth says he has no power to stop it, unless he gets his proprietor's leave. Do you know the proprietor? Can't you speak to him? Look!" She held out a copy of *Candor*. Lord Worfield ran his eye through the article.

"Bitter," was his comment.

"Smith's stuff is always that," said Garth eyeing him steadily, "he thinks the proprietor likes it."

"So he does," said Lord Worfield hastily, "so he does, old chap. Only this it different. You see—I mean—that is to say—What I mean to say is, Mr. Weyder being a friend of mine— No, that's not it. I don't know what I'm saying. I didn't

know anything about this series. Oh, lord!"

He edged close to Tom.

"For heaven's sake, old chap," he entreated in a hot whisper, "don't give me away."

"Miss Weyder," said Tom, courteously, "with your permission, I will change my mind. I will brave my proprietor's wrath and suppress the remaining five articles on my own responsibility."

"The sun broke through the clouds. Miss Weyder dimpled charmingly, Lord Worfield's long face cleared, and he heaved a sigh of relief, which he instantly changed into a cough.

"Then, that's all right," he began.

"What is that noise?" inquired Julie.

"From the direction of the stairs came the well-known sound of the Kid informing a caller that the editor was not in. Lord Worfield, who was nearest the door, looked out. Then he shut the door with what seemed unnecessary rapidity and decision. His face was pale. From the stairs the sound of shuffling feet made itself heard.

"What is it? Do let me look," said Julie.

"No, no, it's nothing, said Lord Worfield, with a ghastly grin. "It's only that ass of a porter. He often does a sort of dance to keep himself warm."

Miss Weyder stared.

"To keep himself warm! In a New York summer! I *must* look. The man must be mad."

"That's just what he is. Just what he is. A little eccentric, that is to say. Tom only engaged him out of charity, because he's old and has a widow and six small children. I mean a wife. That's all."

The shuffling feet died away. Silence reigned on the stairs.

"Well," said Julie, "I must be going. No, you are not to see me home, Jimmy. Good-by, Mr. Garth, and thank you so much. I hope your proprietor will not be very angry with you."

"I don't think he will, Miss Weyder," said Tom. "Good-by."

The door closed behind her.

"My lord!" said Worfield, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Well, Jimmy," said Tom Garth, "so you're hooked at last. No more *Candor* for you after this, I suppose? *Candor* generally ceases with marriage."

Lord Worfield breathed heavily.

"The narrowest squeak I ever had," he said, "or want to have. Yes, the paper's dead. Do you know who that was that the Kid was showing out just now? Mr. Weyder. Julie's father. My lord, what a shave! If she'd seen—! Look here, Tom, I'm awfully sorry to have to put a stopper on the show just when it's beginning to go well, and after all the trouble you've taken; but I simply daren't. If it came out.—You don't know old Weyder. It wouldn't take much to make him withdraw his consent."

"He isn't impressed by the title?"

"Not a bit. And he an American father!"

"I don't know what the world's coming to," said Tom. "A man with his dangerous ideas ought not to be at large. Exit *Candor*, then. In life it was beautiful, and in death—R. I. P."

"I'm sorry, Tom. Are you—I mean, does this make it at all awkward for you?"

"Don't name it, old man. That's all right. I shall enjoy a holiday, and the *Daily* will take me on again when the cold weather begins. Slay the rag with an easy conscience. You'll be ruining nobody."

A Trust Magnate met a Wheat King in Wall Street a week later.

"It's dead," said the magnate.

"What's dead?"

"That filthy rag, *Candor*."

"Yes, so I see. These papers never last. Good at first, but fall off."

"Mere flash in the pan," said the magnate. Do we lunch?"

"Kid," said Tom Garth, as they sat together in the private room in the latter's saloon, "there never was a good thing on this earth which a woman couldn't smash up in one round, if she started in on it.

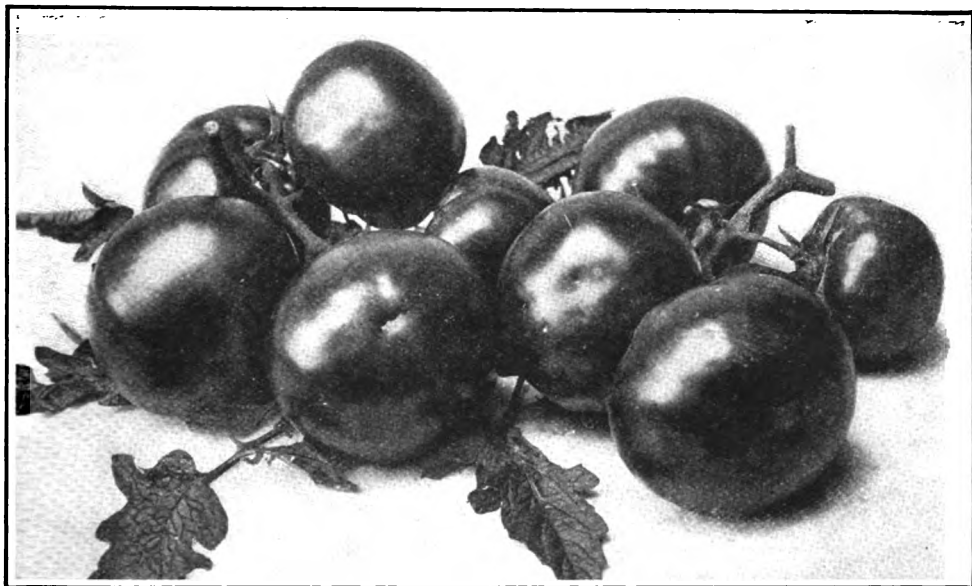
"What mighty ills have not been done by woman!"

Who wasn't betrayed the Capitol?—A woman! Who lost Mark Antony the world?—A woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten-years' war, And laid at last old Troy in ashes?—Woman!"

"That's poetry, Kid, one Thomas Otway wrote it."

"He knew his business," said the lightweight champion of the United States.



THE EARLY FREEDOM TOMATO

A SELF-SUPPORTING HOME

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR

Mrs. St. Maur, in this series of practical articles, which began in October, 1904, is telling the readers of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE how, by raising fancy stock and by utilizing the many generally neglected small opportunities to be found in the country, a modest home may be made self-sustaining.—Editor PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

PROFIT IN WINTER LAMBS

SHEEP-RAISING seems so large an undertaking that few *dilettanti*, or even practical farmers, in the Eastern States, attempt it. I should have been no exception, had it not been for an accidentally acquired pet.

The family from whom we originally leased our place kept sheep—but they were real farmers, whose family had worked their four hundred acres for generations. The two houses were quite five miles apart by road, but the farms joined at the back, and a well-beaten wagon track through the woods reduced the distance between the two homes to about a mile and a half. During our second winter there, a severe cold kept Mrs. E—— in the house, and gave me an excuse to spend many afternoons in her cheery living room, while being initiated into the possibilities of silk scraps, when manipulated according to old-time knowledge.

During one of these duet Dorcas meetings, Mr. E—— came hurrying in with an apparently dead lamb, which he placed on my knee, saying,

"Here's something to your taste. It may live, if you hold it in hot water. I want to try and save the mother."

And off he started, waiting only, as he got

to the door, to say, "We didn't look for any lambs until March, and here it isn't Christmas. I fear I am sure to lose the mother."

Almost before he'd closed the door, I had the poor little cold baby up to its neck in a pail of hot water. Quite soon it showed signs of life and by the time it had been rubbed dry in front of the fire, and was being fed with warm milk, Mr. E—— returned, telling us the poor mother was dead. Later, when the baby was curled up, contentedly sleeping, on my lap, he said,

"Say, mother, don't you want to give that lamb away for a Christmas present?"

Being a generous old dear, and knowing my predilection for infant creatures, she acquiesced most cordially, and I carried home the poor little chap, improvising a feeding bottle by tying a wad of cotton batting in the center of a linen handkerchief, pushing the ends into a wide-mouthed bottle, and allowing only the batting wad to protrude from the neck, where it was securely tied to prevent its being pulled out. With this most primitive substitute for a mother, the noble little creature struggled through infancy to become chief among our out-door pets; nor would she ever have been considered as a commercial factor, had not

her habit of following me about led her into a paddock on Mr. E——'s farm, where a newly acquired ram was inclosed.

Five months later, October 10th, when Betty was a little less than two years old, she presented us with two lambs. The little daughter was kept, but the male had to be consigned to the butcher, bringing fifteen dollars. In De-



ON A WARM OCTOBER DAY

cember, really young lambs bring exorbitant prices.

In March, we bought five gray Dorset ewes, for eight dollars each. We hired Mr. E——'s Dorset ram for the first two weeks in May, for which we paid five dollars. The following January there were eight lambs for sale, which realized \$140. The eight sheep bought cost \$40; feed, \$12; service, \$5; making a total outlay of \$57, with a profit balance of \$85 and Betty's daughter.

Feeling that it was safe to give winter lambs a permanent place on the farm, we added ten more ewes and a pure-bred ram. The following year completed the flock of fifty, which has been maintained ever since at an average profit of \$700 a year.

THE CARE OF A SMALL FLOCK

Sheep, within a radius of fifty miles of a large city, should be kept only in limited flocks, for the purpose of raising winter, or what are now called "hot-house," lambs. This necessitates having a sound, well-ventilated barn. Our cow barn and cow yard being very large, we had only to run a board partition, four feet high, across the roofed and open yards to make a perfectly ideal sheep-fold; for there were four closed pens ten feet square, and the covered yard, forty feet long and thirty feet deep, in front of them, from which extended a corresponding space of open yard. Three of the pens were thrown into one for a general sleeping place; the fourth was divided into three pens in which to segregate sheep about to lamb. The ram was kept alone in another part of the farm, except during the time intervening between April 15th and May 15th each year.

From the middle of September until April, sheep are kept to the fold and a small adjoining field, to which they are allowed access on fine days until snow falls—after which they are restricted to the covered yard, in which

racks are kept constantly filled with a mixture of hay, soy-bean and Canadian pea fodder. A long trough for drinking water, and another shallow one for grain, complete the furnishing.

After the first lambs are about two weeks old, a wicker hurdle, in which there is an opening only large enough for a lamb to pass through, is placed in front of the first small pen, and special feed for the lambs is placed therein, so that they can creep through and help themselves whenever they like after they commence to eat—which is when about three weeks old.

The babies' special rations are: clover hay, plain bran, at first; to which is added gradually finely cracked corn, oats, Canadian pease, or wheat in rotation; to every quart of bran or mixed grain one teaspoonful of salt. The lambs should be ready for market from ten to twelve weeks old.

The mature sheep are pastured from April to September, being kept on rather poor land from the middle of August until two weeks before breeding, when they are turned on to the second growth of rape, or fed plentifully in the yard—the purpose being to bring them all into season about the same time.

After lambing they have the soy-bean, Canadian pease, oats, and a little bran, for grain feed, with all the fodder they care to eat; and once a day mangel-wurzels or carrots, to insure a good flow of milk. Large pieces of rock salt should be kept in the yard or pasture.

For this branch of husbandry, the Dorset is the best breed to use. Grade ewes—by which is meant crosses on other breeds—will do very well, but the ram must be pure-bred, and will cost \$100.

Hurry in the early potatoes, if they were delayed last month—of course including those



BETTY

started in the cereal boxes. The space intended for carrots requires extremely good cultivation, for the soil must be thoroughly pulverized. Seeds are small, and slow to germinate under natural conditions, so we tie them in a piece of cheese-cloth, steep in water for twelve hours, then hang up in a warm room to drip and dry sufficiently to prevent their clinging together when being planted, which must be done before they become really

dry. Another aid we furnish these delicate seedlings is to drop a radish seed every six inches, because they germinate quickly and throw a strong seed-leaf, which breaks the crust over the row and allows the fragile carrot sprout free access.

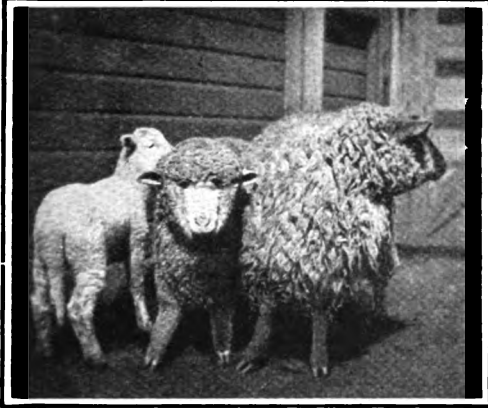
Allow two feet from the last row of potatoes, stretch the line, and with a pointed stick

of the row, and from three to four inches each side of it. Unless rain falls within a few days, water very thoroughly with a sprinkler. Hen droppings seem especially desirable for all bulbs and tubers.

Lettuce seed requires well-enriched soil; drill, a fourth of an inch deep, rows one foot apart.

From the time seeds are put into the ground, cultivation must be continual; raking between rows being frequent enough to destroy embryo weeds. Ten minutes light work with a rake before weeds develop will save hours of hard labor with a hoe. Cultivation is required, not only to destroy weeds, but to supply air, and encourage all the moisture from the subsoil to travel upward, so nourishing the plant roots as they develop and preventing the soil from baking. Not cultivating the ground around plants is as injurious to their health as shutting a child in an unventilated room.

Lettuce, cabbage, and cauliflower plants, started in the house in February, should now be planted out. Prepare the rows as for seed; set the line up; then carry out the nursery box and water it thoroughly—otherwise the soil will fall away from the roots as you take the plants out. With the pointed stick used for marking the rows, make holes directly under the line—nine inches apart for lettuce,



A LITTLE FAMILY

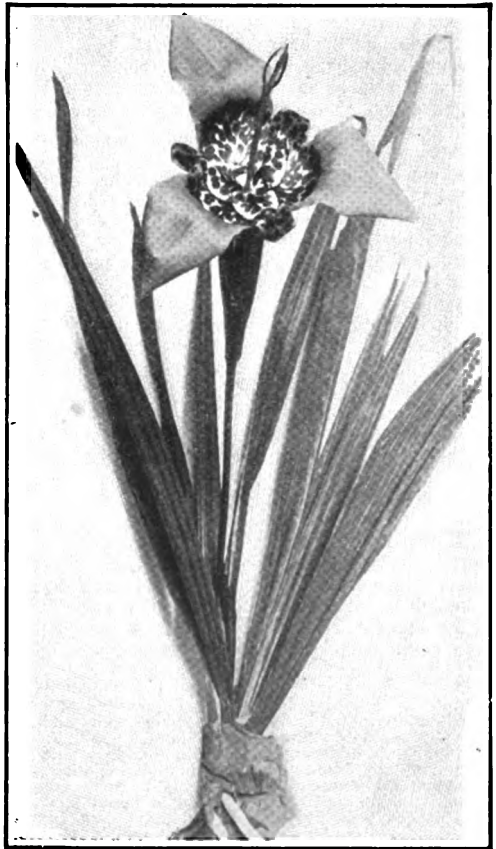
draw a shallow drill in which to scatter the carrot seed. Covering must not be more than a fourth of an inch; press down firmly. Between each two rows of carrots allow one foot. Steep and use only half the seed at first, planting the remainder twenty days later. With good ground and cultivation, you should have carrots for the table about the last week in June.

Two and a half feet space must divide carrots from beets. Prepare ground as before, but make the drill a full inch deep, dropping seed half an inch apart, rows two feet apart. Should be ready for use first week in June. Keep half the seed for late planting.

Early turnips can start another two feet along. Drill half an inch deep, rows a foot apart.

First of All pease are semi-dwarf, but yield much better if given some support. We plant every two rows seven inches apart, in a drill one inch deep, and when the pease are two inches high stick brush between the rows, so making a solid hedge of vine when developed. Twin rows should be two feet apart.

For onion sets, make drills an inch and a half deep, placing the sets upright, and from four to six inches apart. Firm the earth all around, and the fourth of an inch over them. These will furnish early onions for cooking, and the main winter crop. For onion seed the soil cannot be too carefully prepared, for, like carrots, they are long in germinating and extremely fragile. A few radish seeds can again be used as pioneers. The reason for troubling with seed at all is twofold: it furnishes small green onions for the table, and sets for next season at a minimum cost. Instead of commercial fertilizer, the poultry droppings are used for onions, being reduced to a powder by grinding in an old chopping machine. Sprinkle freely within one inch of the center



TIGRIDIAS, ONE OF THE FREE-GROWING SUMMER BULBS



DWARF CANDYTUFT MAKES A FINE BORDER, AND FLOWERS FREELY IN THE SUMMER FROM SEED SOWN IN APRIL

a foot for cabbage and cauliflower. Put a little water into the hole; then with a small trowel or large kitchen spoon "scoop" out of the box, trying to take all the earth occupied by the rootlets of that individual plant. Carefully transfer from the spoon into the hole, allowing it to sink up to the first leaves. Pack the earth around the root and stem; water copiously; then draw dry earth up over the wet surface to prevent the moisture from evaporating, or a crust forming. To promote root growth, cut off half the length of the outer leaves with a pair of sharp scissors. If possible, provide some protection from the mid-day sun until the plants are established.

Tomatoes, peppers, and egg-plants should be bedded out about the twentieth of the month. Tomatoes and egg-plants stand two and a half feet apart, each one in ground very heavily enriched to a depth of three feet and a circumference of two feet. Pursue the same method of planting as for cabbage, except that instead of cutting the leaves across, nip out the two heart leaves of each plant. Checking top growth makes the plant branch and form a stocky bush instead of spindly top growth that will break under the weight of fruit when it forms.

MIRRORS IN THE CHERRY TREES

Toward the end of the month, suspend small looking-glasses here and there in the cherry trees, from a piece of string about a foot long, so that they will turn and twist with every breath of wind. They can be bought for five cents each, and the perpetually changing

reflections scare the birds away and save many pounds of fruit.

If there is no asparagus bed on the farm, now is the time to rectify the neglect. Fifty feet by seventeen will be about enough. Trenches three feet deep should be dug every three feet, a layer of manure a foot deep placed at the bottom, part of the earth returned, another layer of manure, the whole to be well mixed and thoroughly pulverized. In fact, the trenches should be prepared as for sweet-pease. Fill the trenches to within six inches of the top, seed, and cover to the depth of four inches. When the young plants are two or three inches high, fill up the trenches to, or a little above, surface level. Seed will cost only fifteen cents, and a few dinners of small stalks can be

cut next year, a really good supply the second year, and the third a full crop from which three cuttings can be made. If, instead of seed, two-year-old plants are set, they will cost \$1.50 a hundred, and not give a very superior return.

It will be safe, after the tenth or twelfth of the month, to set out all ordinary plants. If you have house plants to bed out, water some time before taking from the pots, to set the mold. Then turn the plant upside down in the left hand, if size permits, putting the stalk between the fingers, and with a pencil or small stick push from the bottom through the drainage hole, until the whole is loose and rests on the hand. If it is a solid mass of matted roots when the pot is removed, press slightly between your hands before planting in the hole, which must be prepared to receive it.

All the seedlings which have been raised in the nursery boxes can also be bedded, and most of the annuals sown. Pansy seeds, sown in the open ground now, will bloom late in the fall when the plants now being bedded have run out. Chrysanthemums should be planted out now for fall flowering, and slips taken plentifully from old plants which have been flowering through the winter in the house.

Watch the rose-bushes closely for insects. Whale-oil soap and rain water, gently sponged under the leaves, is the best preventative of green fly. Get a tight barrel, put about a pailful of the cow's droppings into it, fill up with rain water; stir thoroughly; let it stand for twenty-four hours, and then use the liquid around the roots of the roses. Repeat the tonic once a week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. A. J.—It is not possible for me to answer all your questions about land in Florida. You had better address Mr. C. M. Conner, University of Florida, Lake City. In 1904 the land office was at Gainesville, but I believe it has been abolished since then. Shipping to New York would not be profitable, because climate, etc., would necessitate your birds ranking as second grade in the New York, Philadelphia, or Boston markets, and the express charges would be so extremely heavy.

T. H.—The article on cats appeared in the July issue. I know of two papers devoted to the feline race in this country, and there may be more. The *Cat Journal* is a

very practical little paper, and you can order it through any news-dealer.

J. D.—The series commenced in October, 1904.

F. P.—The advertising pages will supply the information you seek.

M. O.—Long ago we had to make a strict rule about visitors, because the home privacy, which is very precious to us, was seriously jeopardized. Believe me, I am sorry; but in justice, I must refuse your request.

E. S.—White Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, and Rhode Island Reds are all good general purpose fowls for the large or small poultryman.



INSIDE WITH THE EDITOR

WHEN we announced that PEARSON'S MAGAZINE had secured the exclusive editorial and journalistic services of James Creelman, the newspaper men of the country immediately set to work to find the reason—not *our* reason for wanting him (many magazines had for years tried to get him), but *his* reason for coming to us, and giving up his newspaper work, in which he had gained international fame.

In his own words, quoted below as excerpts from a Sunday newspaper interview of a few days ago, we believe our readers may gain a more adequate conception of the general line of work which Mr. Creelman proposes to do than by any other means.

Mr. Creelman said:

"I gave up newspaper work after a long struggle with myself, simply because I saw in an unfettered magazine like PEARSON'S an opportunity not merely to earn my livelihood, for I have always been able to do that and have something left over; not merely to get out of the wild rush for increased circulation which so often sweeps the greatest newspapers against the saner and better convictions of their editors; but also to get national utterance for what I may have to say.

"The truth is that the average American daily newspaper has become, in more senses than one, desultory, provincial and a victim of mere extremes of thought and interest. There was a time when a newspaper like the *New York Herald*, for instance, was a more or less national institution. Its circulation reached not only the densely populated districts about New York, but was spread throughout the Southern States and penetrated far into the West. The *New York Tribune*, too, was national in its interests and area of distribution. In those days editors like Greeley and Bennett could stir the whole country. Compared with these powerful instrumentalities, monthly publications had little influence outside of certain circles of cultivated people. The magazines were, for the most part, dull, abstract and dry when they were not frivolously remote from the actual life and thought of the nation.

"But a wonderful change has taken place. The development of the country has built up rich and powerful newspapers East, West, North, South, and in the center of the continent. The circulation and the influence of a great city newspaper is met by the energies of powerful newspapers in other cities; so that no one newspaper, however great its circulation, covers much territory in this large and diversified country of ours.

"In other words, the American newspaper has become practically a local institution.

"While the American newspaper has become

local the American magazine has remained national, for the reason that it is published on the same day in all parts of the country. To succeed, therefore, the magazine must put itself in touch with the nation as a whole. It cannot afford to tie itself to merely local prejudices or local interests.

"It is only a few years since one of the monthly magazines, then heavily in debt, discovered what a paying thing it was to enter into the radical sensational work hitherto monopolized by the newspapers and to join in the passionate, almost unreasoning accusatory movement whipped up by journalism.

"The magazine editor who first found out that extreme radicalism and pelting, unvaried abuse was a profitable thing, made a great fortune and a commanding position for himself. One magazine owner after another joined in the outcry against the successful American business man and the successful American business corporation; denouncing many evils, no doubt, but wickedly and wilfully maintaining a curious conspiracy of silence regarding the other sides of the question—so that to-day we find a large part of the newspaper press and the magazines allied in a fierce and indiscriminate warfare upon the American name and against the stability of social and business life which is necessary to continued prosperity and happiness.

"God knows I have done my share in attacking and exposing evils in this country. I take back no word I have ever written against individual or corporate greed or dishonesty. But I believe the time has come when something should be said for the constructive forces that are making this people increasingly great among the nations of the world.

"I have left daily journalism, with all its advantages and rewards, because I want to protest through PEARSON'S MAGAZINE against this mob-like clamor against the American business man and to be able to tell the real truth to the people, without extenuation of wrong, individual or corporate, without malice or private interest and, above all, without the fear of ignorant prejudice or passion. I have nothing to ask from the American people—no vote to solicit—no theory to advocate, nothing to sell—simply a fair hearing for the truth.

"PEARSON'S MAGAZINE will do its share in attacking wrong in high places and in low, but it will not share in the madness which pulls down good and bad alike. We shall not coddle the poor because they are poor, nor attack the rich because they are rich; nor shall we assist in plunging the popular imagination into depths of morbid dejection at a time when, in spite of individual or corporate corruption, there is abundant reason for renewed faith in the capacity, courage and moral soundness of the nation."



ACCORDING to the dictionary an exchange is a place where business interests are brought together, and where contracts concerning them are made.

Well, PEARSON'S proposes to open an exchange. The only membership conditions of eligibility are—respectability of motives—straightforwardness of methods.

There are hundreds of kinds of exchanges throughout the country and throughout the world—stock exchanges, produce exchanges, live-stock and poultry exchanges, library exchanges, real-estate exchanges, fancy and home-work exchanges, employment exchanges, mining exchanges, and enough more to fill the page.

In each one of these exchanges the trader primarily is limited to a class, and in most cases to a locality. Until the exchange develops a broad enough field of interest to get out of its own confines, the traders cannot hope to enjoy any great degree of prosperity.

The most conspicuous example is the New York Stock Exchange. Not a great many years ago a membership in this exchange could be purchased for a few hundred dollars. At that time the members had to trade mostly among themselves—there wasn't much outside money coming into the little circle, and business was slow. Then came the years of expansion ("getting the public in"—as the Wall Street men call it), and the traders were enabled to exchange their securities for real money. That made good times for the Stock Exchange members, and the values of their memberships rose steadily and not slowly. When the securities were gone, or nearly so, the Wall Street men created more securities and exchanged them for more money, until their business became so profitable that a membership in the exchange would sell for almost a hundred thousand dollars.

\$2.50 IS ALL IT COSTS

YOU can become a member of *Our Readers' Exchange* for very much less money than that. One forty-thousandth part, in fact, will get a fair representation for you, and you will not be limited to a locality or to a class of prospective customers.

In plain words, without any frills—we propose to open up a new department of advertising.

This department is to be built upon lines especially suited to the interests and needs of the small advertiser—the general public—our readers.

In these days, when advertising has become a science and the "copy" of the prominent advertisers a study of artistic beauty or of literary merit, the feeling comes quite naturally to the man who cannot afford to spend a lot of money in beginning a campaign that his modest little advertisement of plain type would be so overshadowed by the "big copy man" on the opposite page, or the upper half of the page, as to seriously detract from his chances of profit.

EQUAL DISPLAY FOR ALL

Whether or not there is anything in such a fear, we propose to recognize it by running *Our Readers' Exchange* section without advertisers' illustrations.

In order to make these pages of an entirely different class from those of our regular advertising section, we have also decided to make them up in three columns instead of two, and with other very attractive features, such as classified headings—all with a view to obtaining the best possible returns for the advertisers and the most convenient service for our readers, the patrons of the advertisers.

You don't have to be in a regular business to be able to use the *Exchange* with profit.

It is probable that every person who reads this announcement has occasion at times to patronize the "want" columns of his daily newspaper.

You may "want" a cottage at the sea-shore or a camp in the woods. You may "want" a horse, a dog, a second-hand wagon or carriage, a boat, a gun, or any one of a thousand other things. On the other hand, you may have some of these things that you don't want.

In either case the *Exchange* should find a trader for you.

ONE INSERTION COVERS ENTIRE COUNTRY

Our circulation is national. The circulation of most daily newspapers is strictly local. If you want to expand you have got to get your lines stretched out beyond your own town. The circulation life of a daily newspaper is a few hours. A magazine is read and re-read for months—in some cases for years.

For the next month or two the price of *Exchange* space will be kept at the low rate of fifty cents per agate line (fourteen lines to an inch), and we will accept advertisements as small as five lines.

Please send your orders in by mail. Enclose your money order or check with your "copy," and mark the envelope *Our Readers' Exchange*.

Buy of us OR of our Dealer

OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS

**BUILT
NOT STUFFED**

The Perfect Mattress is the one you never feel—the one that never forces itself upon your mind—the one that *lets* you sleep at once if sleepy and *lulls* you to dreamland when restless.



Express paid to your door.

Our Free Book, "The Test of Time"

tells all about the Ostermoor, and explains why it fulfills these conditions. It contains 136 pages of vital importance to any one who values health and long life, and the restful sleep that insures both. Your name and address on a postal will do.

Try an Ostermoor for thirty nights free. If it fails to satisfy in any particular, we refund your money immediately and without question.

We Sell By Mail, or Through 2000 Ostermoor Dealers

Regular Sizes and Prices

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	\$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
Express Charges Prepaid.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against a deluge of worthless imitations. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you a mattress with the *Ostermoor name and label*. That alone stands for mattress excellence the world over. *Be sure to look for our name and trade-mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

Ostermoor Boat Cushions

The kind that are better than hair—more buoyant (life-saving) than cork. Non-absorbent. Any covering desired. Send for booklet and special prices. Prompt delivery to order.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 103 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Montreal

Delicate Women
Delicate Fabrics
— BOTH NEED
PEARLINE

Fabrics — because Pearline cleanses Safely—Quickly—Without Rubbing.
Women — because Pearline makes coarse things Easily washed by Delicate women and Delicate things Safely washed by Strong women.

Delicacy Demands Pearline

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THE STATIONERY OF QUALITY

It is the distinctive, clearly defined individuality of **AUTOCRAT** Papers which compels the friendship of the woman who selects her immediate possessions with the view of best expressing her own delightful personality.

Our Special Offer

To quickly acquaint you with the exceptional qualities of **AUTOCRAT** Stationery, we will send for ten cents, in stamps or silver, a liberal assortment of these papers in their varying sizes and tints — including our newest Linen Velour — with envelopes to match. Also our interesting booklet "Polite Correspondence," giving the approved forms of extending and accepting social invitations.

The best dealers sell **AUTOCRAT** Stationery. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, send us your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

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"His Master's Voice"

VICTOR

8-inch Records, 35c

A new size—ready May 1st

Twelve New Eight-inch 35c. Records

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| Victor Orchestra | Tenor Solos by Billy Murray (with orch.) |
| 4587. "Priscilla" Colonial Two-Step . . . Henry | 4595. "Good Bye, Maggie Doyle" . . . Schwartz |
| 4598. "La Sorella March" (La Matichiche) | 4594. "The Grand Old Rag" . . . Cohan |
| Bell Solo by Chris Chapman (with orch.) | 4160. "Star Spangled Banner" . . . Key |
| 4513. "Belle of the West Schottische" . . . Selling | Duet by Dudley and Macdonough (with orch.) |
| 4564. "Rakoczy March" . . . Hungarian Air | 4565. "Dreaming, Love, of You" . . . Harris |
| Tenor Solos by Harry Macdonough (orch.) | Come Song by Edward M. Favor (orch.) |
| 4655. "When the Mocking Birds are Singing in the Wildwood" . . . Blanke | 4567. "La Ti-dly I-dly Um" |
| 4572. "My Old Kentucky Home" . . . Foster | Miss Jones and Mr. Spencer (with orch.) |
| | 4570. Mandy and Her Man . . . Spencer |

Some of the 50 Popular Records—At dealers May 1st

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| Duets by Miss Nelson and Mr. Stanley | Victor Orchestra |
| 4553. "Samba and Dinah" . . . Cole | 4548. "Dance of the Song Birds" . . . Richmond |
| Duets by Collins and Harlan (with orch.) | 4550. "La Cinquant ne Polka" . . . Waldteufel |
| 4590. "L-A-Z-Y Spells Lazy" . . . Wallace | Boston Symphony Orchestra Trombone Quartet |
| Haydn Quartet (with orch.) | 4549. "Nearer My God to Thee" . . . Mason |
| 4555. "Let Me Write What I Never Dared to Tell" . . . Rosenfeld | Victor Brass Quartet |
| Torrey-Alexander Revival Hymns | 4551. "Sweet and Low" . . . Barnby |
| By the Haydn Quartet (with orch.) | Tenor Solo by Byron G. Harlan (with orch.) |
| 4554. "Tell Mother I'll Be There" . . . Fillmore | 4551. "Once Upon a Time" . . . Edwards |
| 4556. "The Old Time Religion" . . . Tillman | Tenor Solo by Harry Tally (with orch.) |
| Specialty by Jones and Spencer | 4547. "My Dusky Rose" . . . Allen |
| 4570. "Mandy and Her Man" | Tenor Solo by Richard J. Jose (orch.) |
| Specialty by Harlan and Stanley | 31575. "We've Been Chums for Fifty Years" |
| 31512. Two Rubes in an Eating House . . . Stanley | Bass Solo by Frank C. Stanley (orch.) |
| Arthur Pryor's Band | 31599. "I Want What I Want When I Want It" |
| 4544. "Yanklana March" . . . Loftis | George P. Watson (with Yodel) |
| 4545. "Priscilla Two-Step" . . . Henry | (with orch.) |
| 31511. Nalla Intermezzo . . . Delibes | 4563. "Hi-Le-Hi-Lo" . . . German Air |

Five Splendid New Caruso Records with orchestra

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| 10-INCH SIZE, \$2 EACH | |
| 8901. "Di Quella Pira"—Il Trovatore . . . Verdi | |
| 12-INCH SIZE, \$3 EACH | |
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| 8802. "Racconto di Radolfo"—La Boheme . . . Puccini | |
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| 8804. "Spirto gentil." Favorita . . . Donizetti | |

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The Winchester Model 1905 Self-Loading Rifle is not cumbersome, complicated and unsightly like most other self-loading firearms, but a simple, handsome, well-balanced gun. The Winchester self-loading system permits rapid shooting with great accuracy and on account of the novelty and ease of its operation adds much to the pleasure of rifle shooting either at target or game.

For certain kinds of hunting where the quarry is generally shot on the run, the Winchester Self-Loading Rifle is particularly well adapted. The .32 and .35 caliber cartridges that the Model 1905 handles are of the modern smokeless powder type and give excellent penetration and great shocking effect on animal tissue. Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition are made for one another.

FREE: Send name and address for large illustrated catalogue describing all our guns.

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First Aid to the Injured U. S. EMERGENCY CASE

Compact and handy. Contains 18 articles, including bandages, dressings, ointments, plasters, absorbent cotton, and scissors. Pure and antiseptic. Complete instructions enclosed.

Indispensable in every household. Remember prompt attention often prevents serious consequences.

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**FREE "AUTOFILLER" Reg. Price
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Help us introduce Hy-Jen Tooth Paste among your friends and neighbors and get this self-filling high grade guaranteed "AUTOFILLER" Fountain Pen, regularly sold at stationers for \$2.50, absolutely free. **DON'T SEND ANY MONEY**, but simply send us your name and address and we will send you free a sample package of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste for you to test yourself, that you may know how sweet, refreshing and cleansing this fine snow white dentifrice is. We will also enclose an application form, which, on its return to us properly signed, requests us to ship you by express, prepaid, 12 full size 25 cent packages of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste, which you will sell at the retail price of 25 cents each. After you have sold only 12 packages remit us the \$3 collected for the Paste, and we will forward immediately, all charges prepaid, the AUTOFILLER Fountain Pen, absolutely free. This is undoubtedly the greatest and most liberal offer ever made by a reputable firm, and you will have no trouble selling Hy-Jen, as our extensive advertising in the Ladies Home Journal, and other high class publications has created a demand and reputation for this deservedly popular tooth paste. Write today for the sample package of Hy-Jen and application form and get the AUTOFILLER Fountain Pen absolutely free. Address

HY-JEN CHEMICAL CO., 182 Kinzie St., CHICAGO.

Hy-Jen Tooth Paste is on Sale at all Drug Stores, 25 Cents Per Package.

You will confer a favor by mentioning PEARSON'S when you write to advertisers

The AUTOFILLER self-filling Fountain Pen is a strictly high grade article, made by the most skillful workmen and of the very best materials. It is guaranteed in every respect and should not be confused with any of the cheap, unsatisfactory pens with which the market is flooded. The AUTOFILLER is sold in high grade stationery stores for \$2.50, and there is no better at any price. It fills and cleans itself without using a dropper, without soiling fingers or clothes. The pen point is 14-karat gold. It is used and endorsed by bankers, professional and business men.

THIS PEN Absolutely Free
in exchange for a little of your time introducing Hy-Jen Tooth Paste.



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The *extra-particular* people are sure of finding the newest ultra-fashionable shoe-shapes among the 58 new Spring Regals—and the *average* citizen is just as safe. Whether you select *style* first and fit afterward, or exact fit first and don't bother so much about the style—it's all the same. When you buy Regals you *get* correct and faultless style whether you are anxious about it or not.

In correct style-modeling, in true-fitting quality, in careful workmanship, in quality of leather, every one of the new Spring Regals must be classed exclusively with the costly made-to-order shoes of the fashionable custom bootmakers who *set* the shoe-styles of the world.

Quarter Sizes!

SURE FIT BY MAIL

We Have Made the Selection of Style and Exactness of Fit as Certain as in any of our 114 Stores

If all our regular every-season mail-order customers were brought together they'd make a big city—and growing every day. Three things have done it: our personal system of filling orders—one expert mail-order shoe salesman to each section, our plain-English guarantee of fit and satisfaction, made possible by the exclusive Regal fitting system of quarter sizes in every style.

The New Spring Style Book

Free—and well worth sending for. This issue of the famous Style Book is *different*. If you think it is the usual shoe catalogue you have a surprise waiting for you. Don't wait until you are ready for your new shoes before sending for the Style Book.

Send Postal Request Now!

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, for 25 cents extra to cover delivery charges. Special rates to foreign countries.

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\$3.50 and \$4.00

REGAL

**THE SHOE THAT PROVES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

Cabot, \$3.50

Style No. 8 DE 1.
Made of Regal Black King Calf, with full comfortable toe, slanting backward with plenty of swing at the side. Vamp, quarters and tongue made of Regal Black King Calf. The vamp lined with white sail duck, and the quarters lined with tan-colored leather. Style No. 8 DE 2. Same, except high shoe and made of Russet King Calf.

114 STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Regal Shoe Stores

Men's

Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jersey City, N. J., Phila., Pa., Newark, N. J., Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Detroit, Mich., Washington, D. C., Cleveland, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., San Francisco, Cal., St. Paul, Minn., Milwaukee, Wis., Cincinnati, Ohio, Providence, R. I., Atlanta, Ga., Minneapolis, Minn., Pittsburgh, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., London, Eng., Utica, N. Y., Nashville, Tenn., Rochester, N. Y., New Orleans, La., Syracuse, N. Y., Kansas City, Mo., Richmond, Va., Oakland, Cal., New Haven, Conn., Los Angeles, Cal., Denver, Col., Seattle, Wash., Mexico City, San Luis Potosi, Mexico, Parral, Mexico, Cananea, Mexico, Savannah, Ga., Guadalajara, Mex., Norfolk, Va., Newport, R. I., Altoona, Pa., Tacoma, Wash., Panama, S. A., Manila, P. I., Hilo, P. I., Taunton, Mass., Monterey, Mex., Hartford, Conn., E. Whitman, Mass., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Tampa, Fla., Birmingham, Ala., Haverhill, Mass., Schenectady, N. Y., Troy, N. Y., Saratoga, N. Y., Dallas, Tex., Indianapolis, Ind., Worcester, Mass., Sunbury, Pa., Mobile, Ala., Jamestown, N. Y.

Women's

Boston, Mass., New York, N. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, Pa., Jersey City, N. J., Cleveland, Ohio, Minneapolis, Minn., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Buffalo, N. Y., Providence, R. I., Baltimore, Md., Chicago, Ill., Syracuse, N. Y., New Haven, Conn., Richmond, Va., Oakland, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Denver, Col., Mexico City, Savannah, Ga., Norfolk, Va., Newport, R. I., Altoona, Pa., Tacoma, Wash., Panama, S. A., Taunton, Mass., Lynn, Mass., Monterey, Mexico, E. Whitman, Mass., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Tampa, Fla., Birmingham, Ala., Haverhill, Mass., Schenectady, N. Y., Troy, N. Y., Saratoga, N. Y., Dallas, Tex., Indianapolis, Ind., Worcester, Mass., Sunbury, Pa., Mobile, Ala., Jamestown, N. Y.

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

1876

OF NEW YORK

1906

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This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for THIRTY YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is about FIVE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by Assets of about SEVEN AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of nearly THREE MILLIONS of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of nearly ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It has paid nearly TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS to its policy holders FOR LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give to its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

Insurance that Insures

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Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns



Haubner Knitted Utility Bags

Best for shopping and school. Not the trashy kind; stronger, handsomer, better, softer materials; made to wear. Neat handles, nickel trimmed; stylish, fit for any woman to carry. Capacity 25 lbs. Black or brown. Flemish Net (see cut) 16 x 16, 25c. Japanese (plain net) 13 x 18, 25c. Postpaid. Buy direct from manufacturer.

F. O. Haubner, 521-523B W. 45th St., New York

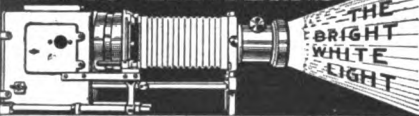


LEARN
BY MAIL
TO

MOUNT BIRDS

and animals. Taxidermy—the art long kept secret. Now easily and quickly learned by any one at home during spare time. Thousands of successful students, both men and women. 15 complete lessons, standard methods, reasonable tuition. Success Guaranteed. Big profits selling specimens or mounting for others. If you are a sportsman, hunter, naturalist, or desire to adorn home or office with fine specimens, you should learn Taxidermy. Full particulars, Fine Catalog and Taxidermy Magazine, all free. Write for them. THE N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 70 Y, Omaha, Neb.

MAGIC LANTERNS



STEREOPTICONS, SLIDES

AND MOVING PICTURES, the kind that are easy to use, perfect in every detail, and low in price. Our new features are the Bright White Light, the best portable, brilliant light, and the Reflecting Lantern for showing engravings, cuts and opaque objects. New illustrated stories, popular sets and Bible subjects. Slides for Secret Societies. Send for circulars.

WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, Dept. F, 915 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER



makes the complexion of those who use it as healthfully clear and daintily pink and white as the delicately tinted petals of the rose. Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c. for sample.
BEN. LEVY & CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 18, 125 Kingston Street
Boston, Mass.

THIS BOOK FREE

Write
for it
Today



Tells how to preserve the natural beauty of the hair—how to regain this beauty if it has been lost, and how any woman may acquire it. 48 pp., including list of latest styles of switches, wigs and every kind of fine hair goods at lowest prices. We send goods on approval—pay if satisfied. Write today for the free book; it is compiled from the best known authorities.

PARIS FASHION CO.

Dept. 435
209 State Street Chicago

Largest mail order
hair merchants in the world

48 pp.
Illustrated

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT **LOFTIS SYSTEM**

FOR WEDDING AND COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

Spring time is here the season when all the world is joyous and beautiful, when Diamonds and Flowers hold their sway. School days will soon be over and Commencement Day is close at hand—then too, it will soon be June the month of weddings, receptions and anniversaries. Will there be a June bride or graduate in your home? If not, surely there will be in the home of some loved one or friend and you will wish to remember the occasion by a suitable gift.

Let Us Help You to Select an Appropriate Gift. It is at such times that the **LOFTIS SYSTEM** is a welcome convenience. There are many who wish to give their loved ones suitable presents, but it is not always convenient for them to do so. It is our pleasure to offer our patrons their choice of our large and complete line of beautiful and artistic wedding and anniversary presents at terms to suit their convenience.

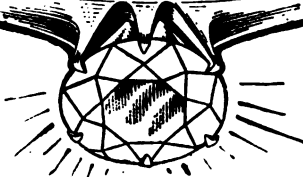
Write For Our Handsome New Catalogue

The Finest ever issued, 66 pages, 1,000 illustrations of Beautiful Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches, etc., ranging in prices from \$25.00 to \$500.00, High Grade Elgin and Waltham Watches, Ladies' and Gents' sizes, from \$10.00 to \$100.00, and all other kinds of Jewelry, Silverware, etc. Select any article you wish and it will be sent on approval. If entirely satisfactory, retain it, paying one-fifth cash, and the balance in eight equal monthly payments. Remember there is no interest to pay.

Our Prices Are From 10 to 15 Per Cent Lower than the ordinary spot cash retail jeweler. This is made possible by the fact that we are direct importers and sell a thousand Diamonds where the retail jeweler sells one.

THE OLD
ORIGINAL
DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT
HOUSE

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858



There is no better investment than a Diamond, they have increased in value more than 20% during the past twelve months and Diamond experts predict an even greater increase during the coming year. Write Today for Our New Catalog.

DIAMOND OUTTERS
WATCHMAKERS - JEWELERS
Dept. E102, 92 to 96 State St.
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



7th Last scene that ends this eventful history.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

FOR
Shakespeare's
Seven Ages

is a boon to the aged, the infant, and the invalid. A delicious, invigorating food-drink, nutritious and easily digested, that agrees with the weakest stomach. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. It not only stimulates, but also strengthens and invigorates.

Pure, rich milk, combined with the nutritive elements of carefully selected malted grains.

In powder form, it makes a delicious table drink in a moment by simply stirring in water. The Lunch Tablets are a convenient, quick lunch for busy people, and a pleasant, wholesome confection for children.

At all druggists. Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free, if mentioned.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.

Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England. Montreal, Canada.





KRELL AUTO-GRAND

**Even the Tots
Can Play
and Enjoy
the Krell
Auto-Grand
Piano**

From nursery
to music room
may seem a
far cry, but,
it is merely
the step of a
Lilliputian if you
have a **Krell Auto-
Grand Piano**. With that

instrument a child's touch
takes on the rare quality of a master, and
the four-year old boy or girl, the same as older people, can produce *without
study or practice*, the most charming of music.

Two Ways Are Better Than One

The **Krell Auto-Grand Piano** is a delight to the artist's soul. Its singing quality and exquisite tone cannot be excelled, and the same unsurpassed points are brought out mechanically by the *simple turning of a lever*. That action transforms it into an automatic instrument, operated by perforated rolls of music. It will play any standard music of 65 notes, and over 25,000 selections are already on the market. This gives the purchaser a larger selection and variety, than if requiring music made for only some one particular player.

The **Krell Auto-Grand Piano** possesses a durable charm. The tubing is all of metal, and *will never wear out*. Others use rubber. Easily tuned and adjusted. *Fully guaranteed for five years*, Catalog G and terms, in themselves superlatively attractive, for the asking.

THE AUTO-GRAND PIANO CO., New Castle, Ind.

We offer original plans for increased profit to Dealers, who are invited to write.



BEST SHAVE ON EARTH

NO STOPPING

NO HONING.

"The Gillette"

has won the Shaving World by its Merits

EVERY GENTLEMAN ON EARTH DELIGHTS IN
A QUICK, SMOOTH AND COMFORTABLE SHAVE

12. BLADES, 24 KEEN EDGES. 20 to 40 Satisfying Shaves from each Blade

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades	\$ 5.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades	10.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades and monogram	12.00
Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders	7.50
Other combination sets in silver and gold, up to	50.00

Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges,
for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of 50 cents.

**NO BLADES EXCHANGED OR RESHARPENED SOLD BY LEADING DRUG,
CUTLERY AND HARDWARE DEALERS**

Ask to see them, and for our booklet. Write for our special trial offer

**Gillette Sales Company Times Building
New York City**



Gillette Safety Razor



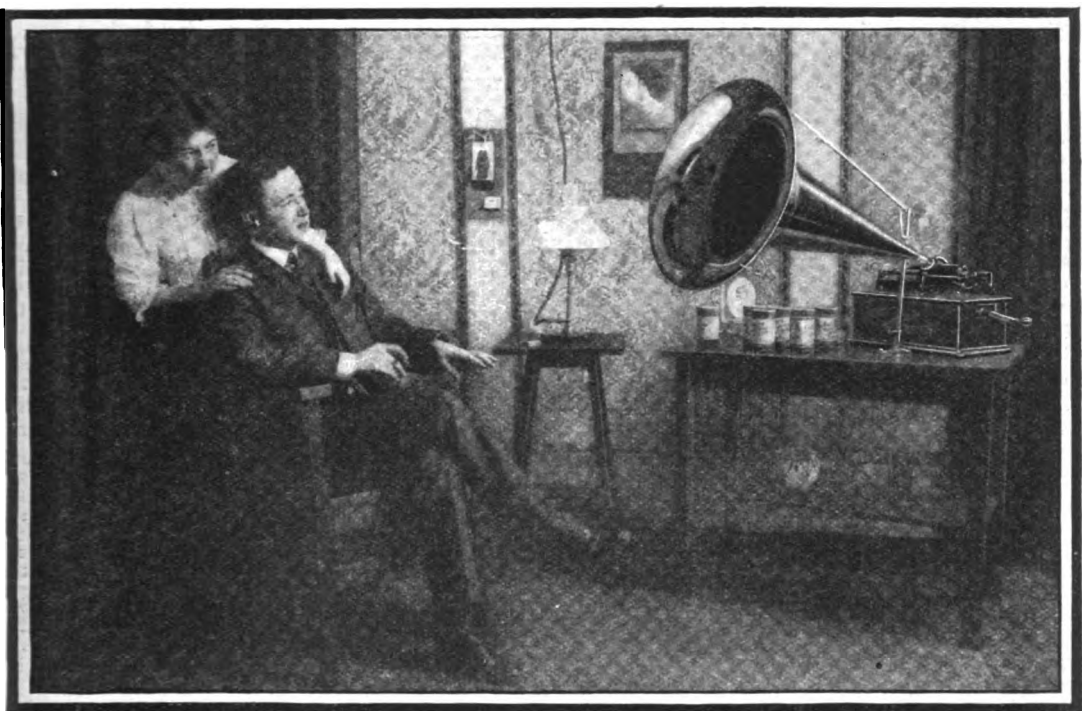
Wherever men of cultivated tastes—men who are used to the luxuries of life—come together for their moments or hours of relaxation, the superior qualities of the Murad are appreciated. Through their absolute uniformity and delicacy, their “full” and superb flavor,

MURAD CIGARETTES

have demonstrated beyond a doubt the success of a distinctive blend. Mild beyond criticism, rich beyond comparison, the Murad is the unvarying choice of the critic, and the favorite wherever superior cigarette quality is known. The Murad is a perfect product of expert skill and the rarest Turkish leaf.

10 for 15 cents

Yachting at
Marblehead, Mass.



"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"

"When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go."

THE happiest hours of life are those spent in the home, in easy enjoyment of pleasing melodies. No need for husband, wife, or children to go to clubs, theatres, or other places of amusement when home is made bright and attractive by

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

In the long evenings by the fireside, on the porch, or in the summer camp it talks, laughs, or sings at your pleasure. It renders band, orchestra, or instrumental solos; quartettes, duets, or vocal solos; sacred, classical, sentimental, or ragtime music; grand or comic opera; minstrel or vaudeville skits with equal facility.

What other automatic entertainer affords such variety, such quality, at so little cost?

Hear the improved Edison Phonograph at your nearest dealer's and you will understand why thousands are now buying it, who were once prejudiced against any form of "talking machine."

Write for free booklet "Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph," and name of nearest dealer.



National Phonograph Co., 34 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.
31 Union Square, New York

304 Wabash Ave., Chicago

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison
Digitized by Google



PRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST

The Market-Man of Pearson's

UPON the second page following may be found a composite picture made up of parts of a dozen different advertisements, which picture forms the basis of an interesting puzzle. We invite you to enter this contest to be conducted under the following rules:

EVERYTHING shown in the picture and bearing a number may be found among the advertisements appearing in this issue of the magazine.

We are going to give a lot of prizes to the people who identify the parts correctly and who make their answers in the cleverest or most artistic form.

With each answer we should like to have one (and only one) endorsement of something advertised in this issue of Pearson's.

This endorsement should of course be written of your own knowledge based upon your own experience with the article or service chosen.

THE PRIZES

THE first prize for this contest will be TEN DOLLARS in cash. The second prize will be FIVE DOLLARS. The third prize will be FOUR DOLLARS. The fourth prize

will be THREE DOLLARS. In addition there will be ten prizes of TWO DOLLARS each, to be paid in merchandise or service, to be selected from any advertisement in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. There will follow sixteen prizes of ONE DOLLAR each, to be paid in merchandise or service, to be selected from any advertisement in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Thirty prizes in all!
Total value, Fifty-Eight Dollars!

AWARDING THE PRIZES

A COMMITTEE of three—one representative from each of our Editorial, Advertising and Business Departments—will be the sole judge of the merits of the efforts of the contestants.

No answer will be considered that is mailed before May 5th or after May 25th. This rule is made so as to lend as wide an interest as

possible to the contest, by giving late readers of an issue an equal chance with early readers.

The prize awards for this Puzzle Contest will be published in the July number, issued June 20th.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER

WRITE on only one side of your sheet of paper.

Write nothing by way of a letter of transmittal—just stick to the matter of business in hand.

Number the identifications just as the parts are numbered in the picture.

Sign legibly

Your name.....Town.....

Street address.....State.....
and address

Puzzle Editor,

Pearson's Magazine,
Astor Place, New York.

GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE HOUSE OF REVENGE

By AUGUSTUS LERROK

The **HOUSE OF REVENGE** puzzle story contest which ran through three issues (January to March) was a tremendous success. Almost fifteen thousand answers were received, and the standard of excellence was strikingly high. It may interest our readers to know that of the fifty-two prize winners of the first two installments who were entitled to choose articles advertised in PEARSONS, thirty-four took magazine subscriptions. The others chose Cream of Wheat, Cuticura Soap, Corliss-Coon (Collars), Edgerton Mfg. Co. (Suspenders and Garters), New Haven Clock Co. (Yale Watch), Meriden Britannia Co. (Silverware), Frostilla, R. H. Ingersoll & Bros. (Watch), Warren-Mansfield Co. (Jewelers), Shaw Stocking Co., Brown Pub. Co. (Art Book), Ben Levy Co. (La Blanche Face Powder), Gillette Safety Razor, White & Wychoff (Autocrat Stationery), and Japan Famine Relief Fund. The winners of the third (March) installment are as follows:

1. H. A. Dobson, M.D....100 Eleventh St., N.E. Washing'n, D.C.
2. M. B. Hersman.....340 Harrison St., Richmond, Va.
3. Mrs. J. L. Davis.....522 Scribner St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
4. Louis Ball.....Elwyn, Pa.
5. Mrs. J. Griff Edwards....421 London St., Portsmouth, Va.
6. Mrs. C. L. Chamberlain...16 Concord St., Muskegon, Mich.
7. Lois Campbell Steere...R. F. D. No. 6, Ann Arbor, Mich.
8. Mrs. M. O. Campbell....10 W. Western Ave., Muskegon, Mich.
9. Edwin L. Cassidy.....241 Shillito St., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.
10. Master T. W. Bacon.....315 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
11. W. R. Ashford.....1013 A Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
12. H. Ganavak.....601 Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
13. A. G. Spencer.....Box 485, Reno, Nev.
14. Lin R. Fitch.....2304 P Street, Lincoln, Neb.
15. Edwin Elliott Blake....20 Wheeler Ave., Medford, Mass.
16. Virginia F. Brown.....370 Hudson St., New York City.
17. Mrs. J. B. Walker.....403 Iroquois Apartments, Pittsburg, Pa.
18. W. H. Jenkin.....826 Myrtle St., Scranton, Pa.
19. Henry Phillips.....401 East 42d St., Chicago, Ill.
20. Mrs. Laura N. Rose....Albuquerque, N. Mex.

21. Alice Clifford Smith...Care 327 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.
22. Arthur F. Adams.....Care Hammond Typewriter Co., 188 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
23. Simeon H. Kase.....Englewood, N. J.
24. O. O. Price.....858 N. Jefferson St., Springfield, Mo.
25. E. T. Nugent.....172 W. 79th St., New York City.
26. E. Bentley.....544 Gary St., P. O. Box 147 Shreveport, La.
27. E. R. Hutchins.....Box 441, Des Moines, Ia.
28. C. L. Higgins.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
29. Mrs. C. B. Ware.....1135 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
30. Brown F. Atkin.....Hospital Steward, U. S. Army, Cape Cottage, Me.

WINNERS OF GRAND PRIZES

(The three best averages of answers for the entire series.)

1. Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, 421 London St., Portsmouth, Va.
2. Mrs. C. L. Chamberlain, 16 Concord St., Muskegon, Mich.
3. Edwin L. Cassidy, 241 Shillito St., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

January 1st 1906

I am going to begin the New Year by taking out a Policy in The Prudential. No more lying awake nights and worrying days about the future for me. I am going to make the future safe at least for the family.

February 4th 1906

I must take out that Prudential Policy this month without fail.

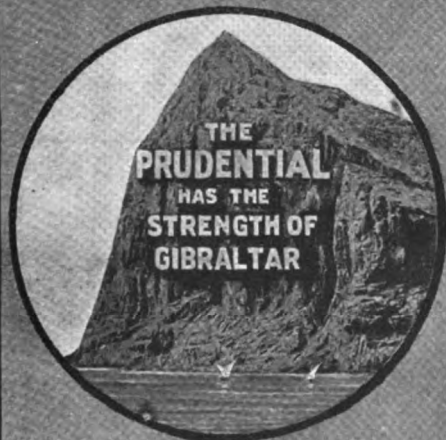
March 1st 1906

Was reminded by seeing an advertisement of The Prudential company, that I had not yet taken out that Policy. Must do it at once

MORNING NEWS

March 18th, 1906.

The affairs of John Smith, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, are being wound up. The estate is heavily involved. He left his family without life insurance.



Good intentions are worthless unless carried out. There's just one time to insure—that time is to-day. Make the future sure by taking a Policy in

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.

Write your name and address on the margin of this leaf and send it in for Information and Rates of Policies, Dept. 11



THE MARKET-MAN

Last month we introduced to you THE MARKET-MAN OF PEARSON'S and invited you to examine the contents of his basket and compete for one of the thirty prizes offered with a view to adding interest to the competition, the rules of which are stated upon the second preceding page.

THE MARKET-MAN, who last month presented himself at your door, this month is honored by being received in the sitting room. He has made himself welcome.

We felt entirely comfortable in asking even the most refined families to receive our representative, THE MARKET-MAN, as we knew that the wares he would offer for your inspection would be entirely as represented and free from objectionable features.

The young people of the family, boys or girls, can rummage in his basket with perfect safety. Parents need have no fear of contamination coming to their children through the contents of any portion of Pearson's Magazine.

If you can identify the articles shown in the picture printed above with the advertisements in which they appear in this issue of Pearson's, why not submit your set of answers and enter our monthly competition?

Read the rules upon the second preceding page.

Make better Pastry. -at less Cost!



CUT down your Butter bill!
Money can't buy finer Shortening than Armour's "Simon-Pure," the very Cream of Lard.

Made from the few crisp flakes of Waxy Fat that surround the kidneys of the Hog.

★ ★

These are naturally "drier," lighter, and less greasy than the regular Hog-fat from which ordinary Lard is rendered.

But, a skilful Armour Process now extracts practically all excess of Greasy factors that exist in them, with whatever porky odor and flavor is found in common Lard.

★ ★

It leaves a beautiful Crisp, light, waxy, Shortening, with a fine Creamy flavor, and entire absence of undesirable odor.

Its freedom from greasiness makes it work into flour freely, and produce a Pastry that is

deliciously tender, light, and digestible.

Almost impossible to make "Soggy" Pastry with Armour's "Simon-Pure" Lard if any reasonable care be used in the kneading.

★ ★

Yet this finest of Shortening costs *less* than common "Cooking Butter," though a trifle more than ordinary Lard.

Try a small pail of it, and see what wonders it will work in your Pastry.

Sold by Grocers and Butchers everywhere, in three pound, five pound, and ten pound, pails.

★ ★

When you take the cover off be sure to note the Crisp, *wrinkled*, appearance of this Creamy kind of Lard.

The label on the genuine reads distinctly:—

Armour's - "SIMON PURE" *Lard*

Suits \$12.50

Made to Your Order
\$6 Trousers Free
Perfect Fit Guaranteed



\$100 FORFEIT will be paid to anyone who can prove that we do not cut, trim and make every suit and extra trousers strictly to order

We will send you free of charge handsome assortment high-grade all-wool cloth samples of the very latest fabrics, together with new Spring Fashion Plates, and will make for you strictly to your order, a suit for \$12.50, \$15, \$18, or \$20, and give you an extra pair of \$6 all-wool Trousers absolutely free.

Money Refunded if not Satisfactory

If you want the satisfaction of having your new suit cut, trimmed and tailored to your order, and to fit you perfectly; if you wish to save \$10 to \$15 in cash; and if you will accept a pair of \$6 Trousers made to your measure, as a present, write today for our Samples, Fashion Plates, Tape measure, Order Blanks, asking for special Free Trousers Samples, which will be sent you by return mail, postpaid.

Owen T. Moses & Co. 211 Moses Bldg. Chicago

References: Our 1,000,000 satisfied customers or the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, \$250,000.

FREE

REVERSIBLE
Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid" — not "paper collars"; but made of fine cloth; exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten (2½ cents each).

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 prs. cuffs 30c. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. J, Boston, Mass.

\$7.98 FOR SUIT AND EXTRA TROUSERS

We make Suits exactly like illustration, guaranteed to fit perfectly, in latest style from fashionable cloths, durably trimmed and correctly tailored, for \$7.98 equal to any \$15.00 suit, and make you besides without additional charge an extra pair of Fancy Worsted Trousers.

YOU RUN NO RISK

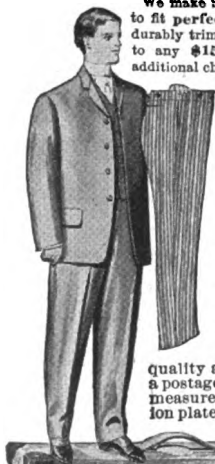
Any Suit and Trousers made by us, if not exactly as ordered and as represented, you return at our expense. We will at once return to you all money paid us thereon. Besides you keep the Elegant Patent Suit Case in which garments were shipped.

We want every man that reads this advertisement to write for our latest samples of cloth from which we make suits from \$7.98 to \$15.00, including extra Trousers and Suit Case. You will be astonished at the variety, quality and wonderful value. It costs you but a postage stamp to get these samples, with tape measure, measurement blanks and latest fashion plates. All are absolutely free.

Please Write To-day to

THE GENTS' COMPLETE OUTFITTING COMPANY

Dept. E-131
242-244 Market Street, Chicago.
Ref.: Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago. Capital and Surplus, \$1,000,000.00.



THIS ELEGANT SUIT CASE FREE EVEN IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT A SUIT MADE BY US

Take Your Pants Off

We Will Make You a \$5.00 Pair Free



Have your new suit made by the best tailors in the United States. "WE ARE."

We make to order from strictly all wool cloths for only \$10 the latest style suits, tailored and finished equal TO THE BEST.

Our \$10 suits lead the fashions—they are up to date—and guaranteed six months solid wear, or

YOUR MONEY BACK

Write for our samples at once. We guarantee cloth to be all wool and you pay for suit only after thorough examination and without obligation.

tion to accept unless a perfect fit and just as claimed and equal TO ANY \$25.00 SUIT. A pair of fine all-wool stylish \$5.00 pants, also a fancy dress vest, also a beautiful leather handled patent suit case, all FREE with every suit.

On request will send free samples of cloth for suit, extra pants and vest free, also illustration of patent suit case, fashion plate, measurement blanks, tape and full instructions. We dress you in style for every day, Sunday and party day, all for only \$10.

Address **THE FIFTH AVENUE TAILORS**

409 Kesner Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Reference: Royal Trust Bank, Capital and Surplus, \$900,000

On Water Or Wheels—

Dixon makes the Graphite
that makes the Motor go.

Dixon's Motor Graphite

for Motor Boats, Motor Cycles
and Automobiles. No lubri-
cant like it. It means more
power, more speed, more ease,
less wear and worry. Write
for book on motor lubrication.
It's knowledge worth having.

Address, Department BA,
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Jersey City, N. J.

THE "BEST"



Throw away your
spectacles and try

one of our lights. Save your eyes,
your temper and your money.
The "BEST" Light makes and burns its
own gas, is brighter than electricity or
acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. It
costs but 2 cents per week and produces a
safe, powerful, white, steady light.

No Grease, No Smoke, No Dirt, No
Odor. Made in over 100 different styles.
Every lamp warranted. Agents want-
ed everywhere. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

824 E. Fifth Street,
CANTON, O.

Owners of original
patents.



LIGHT

ALCOHOLISM IS A DISEASE

The causes for alcoholism are legion. Indulgence, social sur-
roundings, the need of stimulant to an overworked brain and a
thousand other conditions may have installed the craving in the
victim's system.

The result is always the same; an insidious physical disease,
that gradually but steadily saps the manhood, the vitality, the
brain and the will power until the final degradation of acute
dipsomania is reached.

How many men to-day are saying I could stop if I made up
my mind to it—and then **not** stopping?

Call such men drunkards and you insult them. Yet down deep
in their own hearts is the ever present recognition of the fact that
a power greater than that of will or moral sense is growing
steadily within them. A man's friends and relations are often
the first to recognize his true condition in the evidence of his loss
of self control.

It is a disease—this alcoholism. Intellect and morality
have no power against it any more than they have against con-
sumption, cancer or any other physical ailment. Remain blind
to this fact, keep on regarding alcoholism as moral obliquity and
there is little hope for reform. Awake to a realization that
alcoholism is nothing more nor less than an abnormal condition
of the physical being and set about sincerely to find relief in
scientific treatment and there is certainty of regeneration and of
returned normality.

Oppenheimer Treatment

is an absolute cure for alcoholism and drug addiction.
It strikes at the very root of the disease by alleviating the ab-
normal condition of the system and destroying the craving for
liquor or drugs. The strictly ethical lines upon which it was
founded and has since been carried on have given it a standing
both with the public and the medical profession held by no other
similar institution.

The alcoholic craving, by means of this treatment is absolutely
removed in

12 to 48 HOURS

and the patient is permanently restored to a normal condition.
There is **no** detention from business, **no** suffering, **no**
injections, no bad after effects.

Strong testimony as to the responsibility of the Oppenheimer
Institute is found in the prominence and high standing of those
who form the Advisory Board of Directors.

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Hon. Wm. T. Stead, Ed. Review of Reviews, Lon-
don, England

and 150 others.

These are but a few and are given merely to show the character
of the men willing to lend their names to the work of the Institute.

Representative Physicians in each city of the
U. S. administer this special treatment for alco-
holism or it can be obtained from your own
physician under the direction of the Oppen-
heimer Institute.

Full particulars will be sent in plain sealed envelopes on
your request. Fill out this coupon.

OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE, 159 West 34th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Name

Address

No. 809.
Canopy Top
Surrey.
Price com-
plete, \$63.
As good as
sells for \$36
more.



33 Years Selling Direct

Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century. We ship for examination and approval and guarantee safe delivery. You are not nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. **We are the Largest Manufacturers in the World** selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of harness. Send for large free catalog.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., Elkhart, Ind.

No. 629½. Combination Top Buggy with Bike Gear and ½ in. rubber tires. Price complete with extra stick seat, \$29.50. As good as sells for \$35.00 more.



Figure It Out

Did you ever stop to consider the money value of the energy you waste?

Here's a simple, but mighty convincing, illustration:

A man in walking two steps goes five feet.

On an ordinary bicycle he covers 17 feet in one pedal revolution. But, on a Standard-gear



Racycle



twenty-one feet is what he covers with one pedal turn.

Ride a RACYCLE and store your power.

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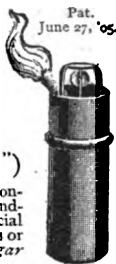
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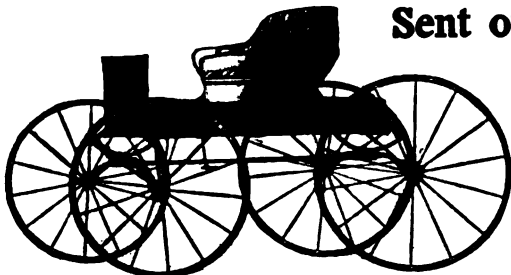
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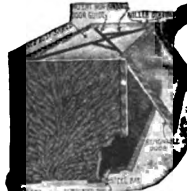
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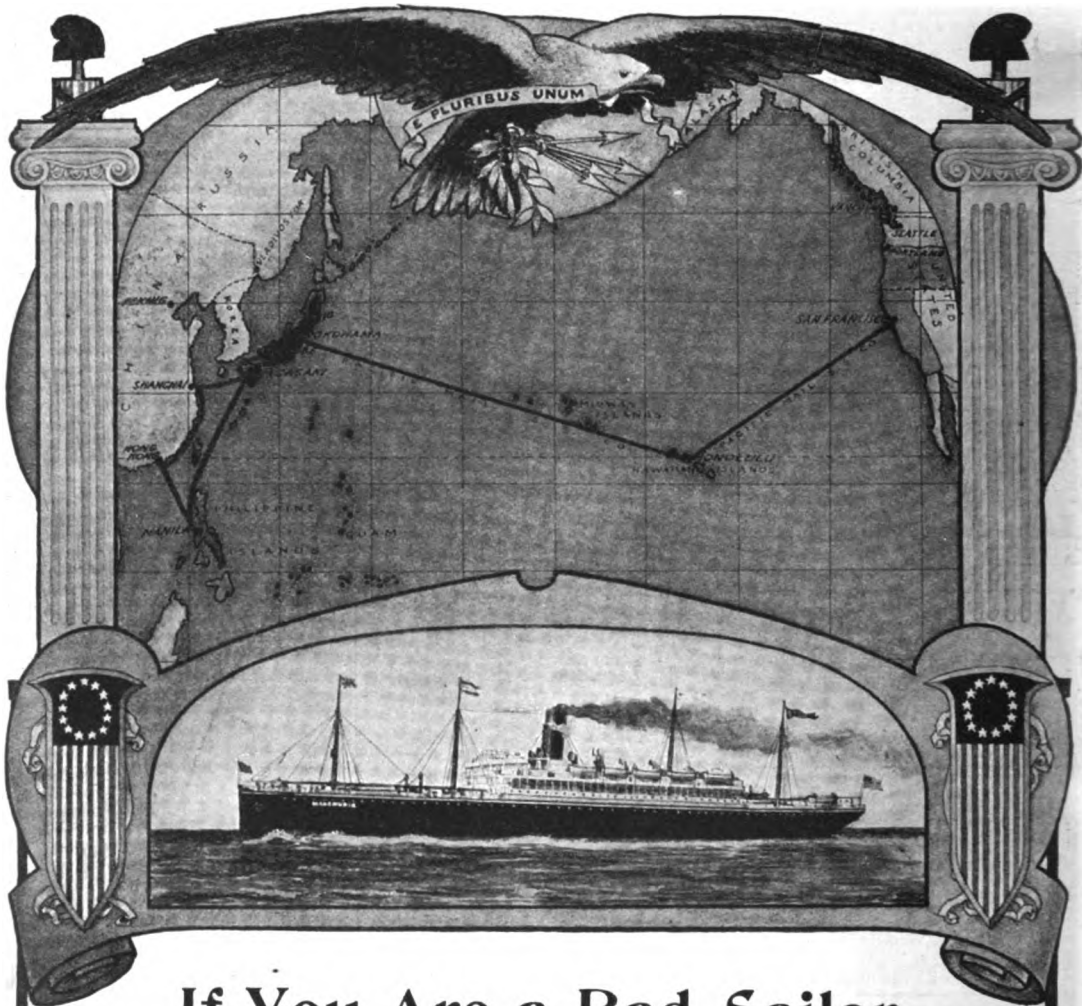
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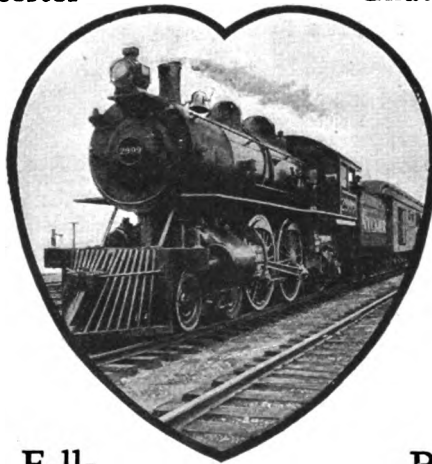
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The fact that Burr was the first boss of Tammany Hall and the first real, practical politician of what we now call the modern type, merely suggests one phase of his importance in the public affairs of the nation.

The full story of this coldly calculating, unscrupulously scheming, but irresistibly fascinating soldier, statesman and man of fashion, will be told by Mr. Lewis in a series of dramatic chapters just commencing in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

James Creelman's article entitled "ALL IS NOT DAMMED" is a strong, impartial tale of the constructive side of American business-life, for the information of demagogues and bewildered writers. In this contribution Mr. Creelman pictures the rise of the Pennsylvania Railroad system from the confusion and corruption of government ownership and operation; the destruction of the secret rate and rebate system under President Cassatt's leadership; and his successful stand against official blackmail in New York City.

Mr. Creelman will also run in the June Pearson's one of his world-famous interview character sketches of Senator Tillman, the picturesque farmer-statesman, who stands to-day before the world in the splendor of his rugged honesty, and commands the respect, even of his enemies, in a patriotic defense of the United States Senate.

The pathetic tragedy-romance of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and his beautiful wife Carlotta, is the great feature of the June installment of the reminiscences of Captain Osbon (Farragut's old Fleet Signal Officer), told in the inspiring language of Albert Bigelow Paine. Another unique and intensely interesting chapter in this installment tells of the intimate personal acquaintance enjoyed by Captain Osbon with Napoleon III. in Paris during the year 1868.

William Hamilton Osborne, as most Pearson readers know, chooses his subjects for fiction stories from that highly romantic field, advanced science—so far advanced, in fact, as to verge upon what seems at this day to be impossible; just as the suggestions of Jules Verne and Edward Bellamy seemed, in their days, to be utterly absurd and never to be realized. In this the May issue of Pearson's we are publishing one of Mr. Osborne's latest imaginative creations entitled *The Fountain of Youth*. In the June number we shall run a companion story called *The Halls of Death*.



